Saturday Review

February 5, 1966 25¢

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DO WE NEED NEW RULES FOR EXPERIMENTS ON PEOPLE?

BY JOHN LEAR

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THE PRESIDENCY-POWER & PARADOX

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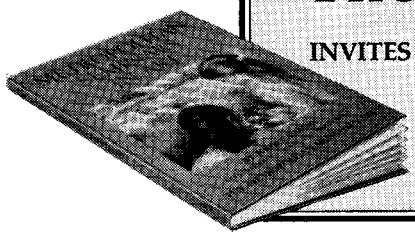
"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot as far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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and whither we are tending,
we could better judge what to do
and how to do it."

Abraham Lincoln

Surprisingly, one of the problems in the art and science of chemical research is deciding upon objectives.

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Saturday Review

February 5, 1966

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What a stock broker can and can't do for a new investor.

What he charges. How he can help you start an investment program.

Besides having questions about stocks, most new investors also want information about stock brokers. You may, too, if you've been thinking of investing as a way to help your family enjoy a better life. Here are a few typical questions and their answers:

—*—

Q. Just what does a stock broker do? A. His basic job is to act as your agent, executing your orders to buy or sell securities. However, he can aid you in many other ways. For example, he can explain how the market functions. He can give you facts he may have about companies that interest you. He can suggest investments you may not be familiar with, such as preferred stocks or bonds, and point out their special features.

—*—

Q. Will a broker give me advice on buying stocks? A. If you ask for it, he'll be glad to tell you his opinion. He may not always be right, but he can often suggest opportunities you may have overlooked. Remember, it's up to you to make your own investment decisions. But he'll try to help you make those judgments wisely.

—*—

Q. Are all brokers connected with the New York Stock Exchange? A. No. Only those with member firms. Each registered representative had to satisfy Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business at the time he was registered and agree to devote full time to his job. Member firm brokers handle orders for listed stocks (those that have been accepted for trading on the New York Stock Exchange).

—*—

Q. How much does a broker charge? A. In any member firm, the broker's basic charge is a commission on each transaction you ask him to make. Example: on a purchase of 100 shares for $3,000, according to the schedule now used by member firms, the charge would be $34, or about 1.1%. (When odd lots, usually less than 100 shares, are traded, cost per share is slightly higher.) A member firm broker's commission is among the lowest charged for the transfer of any type of property.

Why choose a member firm?

Each member firm is subject to a great many Exchange regulations. For instance, every member firm that deals with the public has agreed to:

* **Maintain adequate capital and increase its capital as its business increases.**
* **Accept a once-a-year surprise audit by its independent public accountant.**
* **Accept spot financial checks by the Exchange's own examiners.**
* **Cover all personnel with fidelity insurance.**

Rules alone don't prevent violations, but few organizations supervise their members more closely. That's one reason why last year, for example, the solvency record of member firms was superior even to that of the nation's banks.

Q. How do I find a member firm broker? A. With some 3,500 member firm offices throughout the U.S., there is probably one near you. Check your telephone directory's Yellow Pages. Or, look for an office that displays the sign "Member Firm New York Stock Exchange." Just drop in, look around, have a chat. You'll be under no obligation whatsoever.

—*—

How a broker can help you start your investment program.

1. He can discuss with you a realistic amount for you to invest. A good rule: don't use money you'll need for regular living expenses or for emergencies. All investments carry a certain risk.

—*—

2. *He can help you settle on a specific goal: Perhaps dividends to help make your life a little more comfortable. Maybe you're looking for a long-range increase in the value of your investment to help finance a child's college education or provide for a richer retirement. If your concern is the safety of your capital, you might consider bonds.*

—*—

3. He can give you, or suggest where you can get, information about a particular company's record and its reported condition so that you can make a more informed judgment as to its prospects in years to come.

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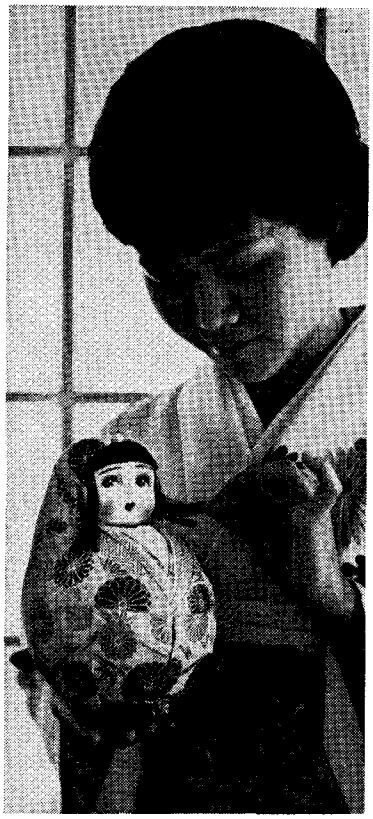

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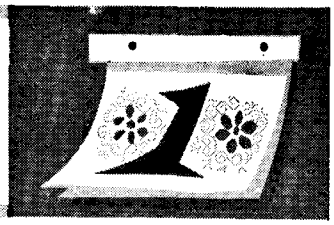
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

IT WAS the month of John Lindsay and Staughton Lynd, of Batman and Julian Bond, of *Tet* and Truman Capote, of Robert Weaver and Ronald Reagan, of Mrs. Indira Gandhi and Hector Garcia-Godoy. It was also the month when, via Senator Mansfield, Congress discovered the war in Vietnam —and the networks discovered, via equal time, that the State of the Union also belonged to two confederates named Ev and Gerry. Here and there, though, a Republican appeared who seemed to have some ideas besides me-tooism, only with more and bigger bombs. One in particular was Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon, who told the *National Observer* that his position was far removed from the kind of Republican thinking which, as he put it, was not only "support the President" but also "enlarge the war." Altogether, with Hatfield in the West and Lindsay in the East it looked like, at long last, the Republicans might be able to raise a party worth coming to the aid of.

In New York there was general dissatisfaction over sic transit gloria and the not so capital Capital capitulation to Labor. Part of the blame was focused on President Johnson, who did so little when the strike was on and then so much to damn the settlement when it was over. But, looking back, perhaps the primary responsibility still belonged to the television newsman who for so long thought Mike Quill was so cute. The casting of newscasts, these days, seems, unfortunately, to cast the news as well.

• • •

The month's silliest article was one published in the *Saturday Evening Post* and purporting to be a "memoir" found in the "private papers" of the late Lord Beaverbrook. Suspect to begin with—no man cut a shabbier role in the whole abdication crisis than Beaverbrook—the article not only attacked Stanley Baldwin for believing that the Duchess of Windsor was not the perfect candidate for Queen, but also stated that "if the choice were between becoming Queen and being a morganatic wife, she [the Duchess] would choose the latter." Interesting if true—but, unfortunately, not. The late Lord once said he ran his newspapers for the sole purpose of making propaganda. Which with his death, one might have hoped, would have ceased.

The merger of the month was Random House and RCA. We liked best Alfred A. Knopf's statement that it would not "in the foreseeable future affect in any way whatever the day-to-day operations of Alfred A. Knopf Incorporated—any more than the merger of Alfred A. Knopf into Random House in 1960 has affected in any way whatever our complete autonomy." Well, it was reassuring, all right—but what we wanted to know was how Alfred Autonomy Knopf felt about *My Mother, the Car.*

• • •

The trouble is, as we understand it, xerography and other copying techniques have already turned every office mailroom into a publishing house. And the RCA-Random House marriage, as well as the fact that *Time* and General Electric are now going steady, is all part of a trend. "Indeed," as *Newsweek* put it, "instead of having books, newspapers, and magazines printed, publishers may someday pipe their material into *the system.*" As for the publishing firms themselves, well apparently they will find themselves—and *Newsweek* put this in simple terms—"in a state of reluctant symbiosis, surviving as the programs-material subdivision of the datamation industry."

• • •

Russell Watson, in the *Wall Street Journal*, came up during the month with what may be the story of the year—the story of what some of the nation's biggest companies are doing about building, 100 miles north of New York, near Hudson, inside Iron Mountain, what they call "alternate headquarters"—safe, it is claimed from all but a direct H-bomb hit.

Here, Mr. Watson told us, buried by tons of rock, soil, and iron ore, will be not only the storehouse of the companies' vital records and documents, but also a place which would house, to live and work after an attack, "selected key employees."

And what is to be key to this selection of these selected key employees? Aha! Well, at Manufacturers Hanover Trust—trust them—they'll be selected by the Personnel Department. And they will select, they say, "from those left alive after an attack." However, they note, since their bunker at Iron Mountain can house only twenty-four people, they cannot take families. Jersey Standard, on the other hand, can take families. In fact, in

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SATURDAY REVIEW

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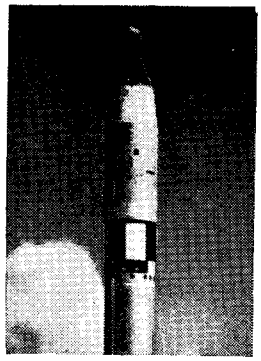

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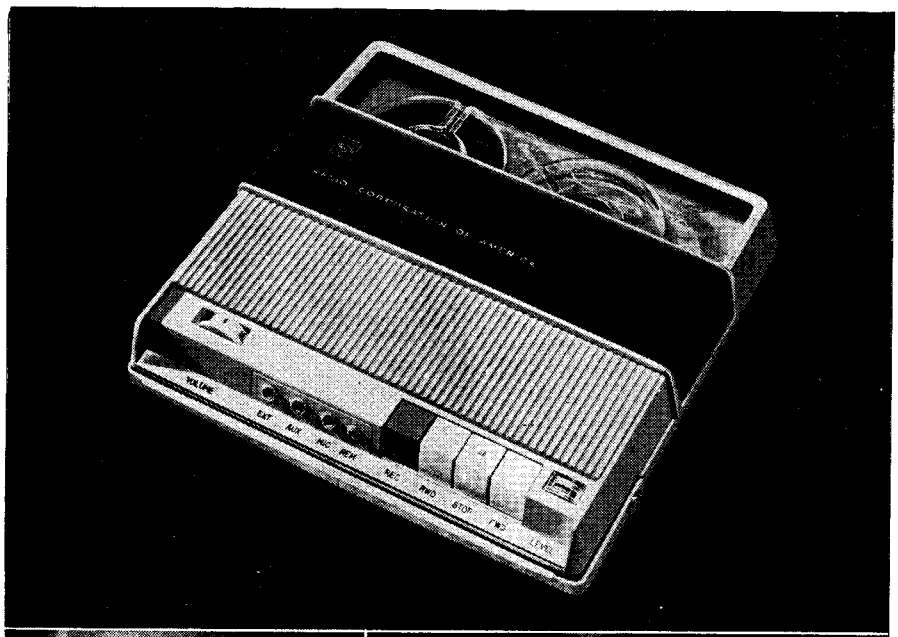

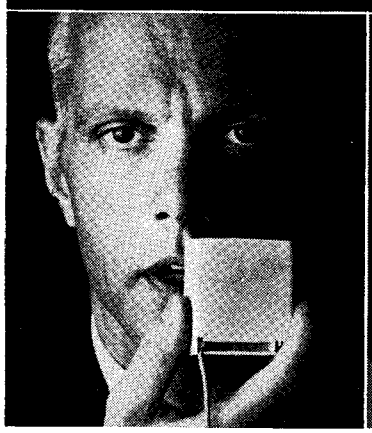

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their bunker, Mr. Watson reports, fifty double bedrooms and semi-private baths have already been assigned to all "high level personnel and families," including the Chairman of the Board, the President, and the entire Board of Directors. Those of lower rank, apparently, will be housed in what is already being called the "slave" quarters.

Well, we've always said slavery's a relative thing anyway, when you come right down to it. But one thing that is causing Jersey Standard problems is that it is evidently possible to have a job and then get a promotion and then, because of the promotion, lose your desk in Iron Mountain. It's all because, evidently, you didn't have an *operating* job. "I have nothing against vice presidents," says Chester O. French, assistant security administrator of Jersey Standard, "but we need operating specialists."

Oh, he does, does he? Well, our answer to Chester O. French is promote *him*—make him a vice president and see how he likes them operating apples.

Manufacturers Hanover, the article stated, recently dispatched ten of its officers to Iron Mountain for an "exercise." There they reconstructed the accounts of a branch bank which theoretically had been destroyed and, using duplicate records stored in the alternate headquarters, they had, they reported, not only complete success in identifying customer accounts but also, in tracing the branch's outstanding loans, came out only $6,800 short.

Only $6,800 short. Golly, it sure is comforting to know that after you and your family have all been incinerated at, say Madison Avenue, up there at Iron Mountain your account is still good at Manufacturers Hanover Trust—as soon, of course, as you restore that $6,800.

It's good to know, too, that for "survivability purposes" good old AT&T is maintaining not only survival corporate headquarters but also survival quarters for its "long lines" department. Here, we are told, "100 survivors could live for two weeks and direct the operations of far-flung manufacturing plants."

Some of which, we suppose, may be even farther flung than they're planning for. But, in any case, one thing is certain. These "alternate headquarters" are elaborate. Shell Oil's bunker is, the article informed us, lined with artificial flowers and colored spotlights and the entire layout has "a cozy, country air." At Jersey Standard the walls are painted in a variety of "bright colors" and are adorned by "vivid prints." There is a nice dining room, a full-sized commercial kitchen, and also a music room "where easy chairs and a red-and-gold couch invite comfortable listening to piped-in concerts."

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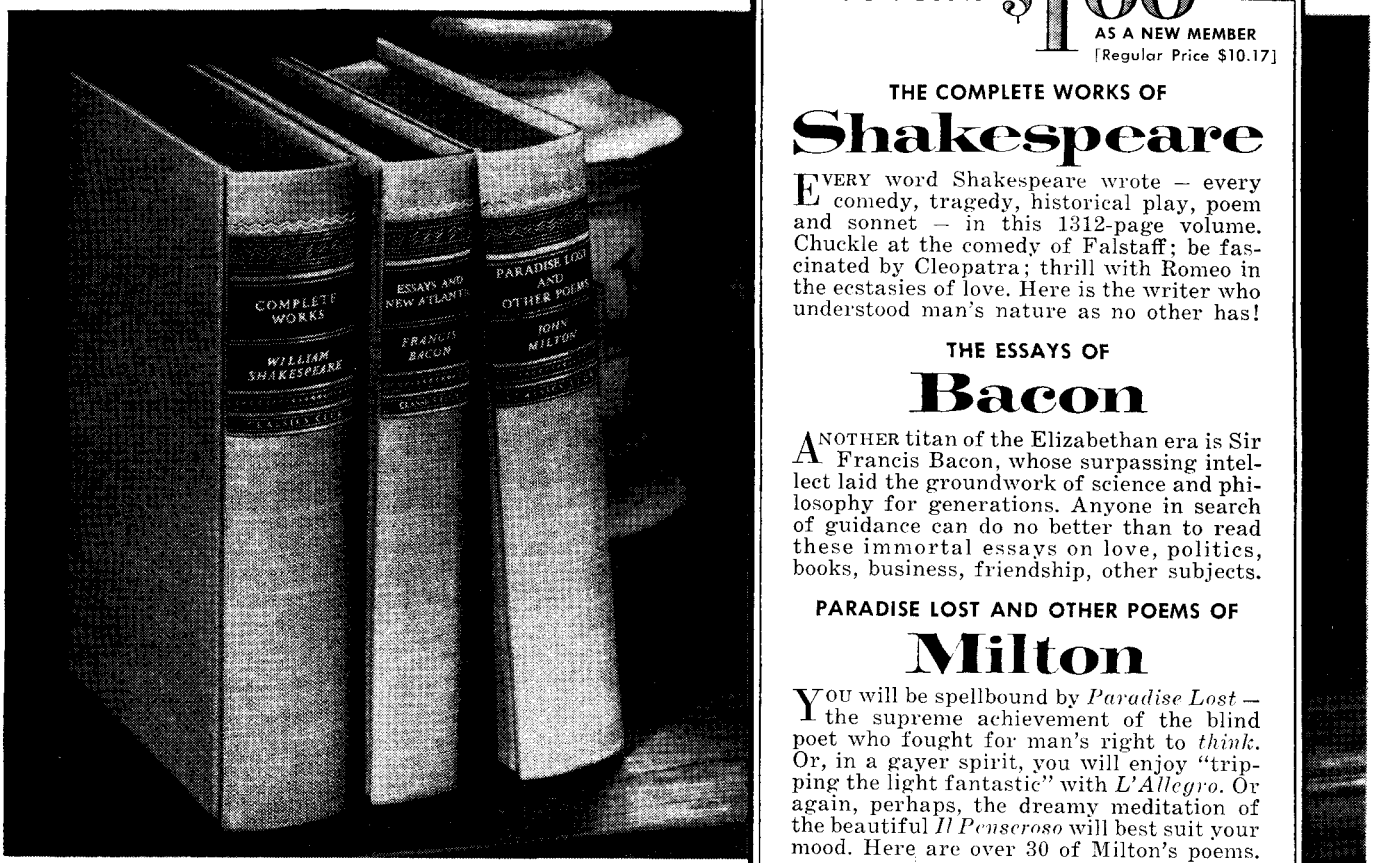

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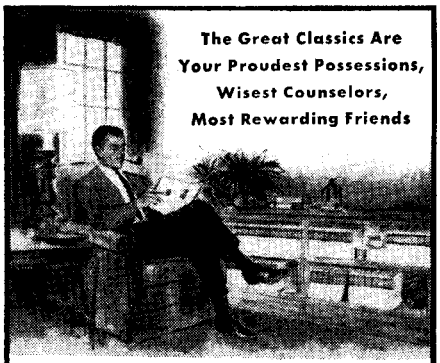

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TIME ESSAY

Every week TIME's newest department, Essay, takes an unhurried look at a significant topic or trend. The Essay below appeared in TIME earlier this year. In a sense it is a very real measure of TIME's audience—nearly 14 million men and women who enjoy ideas, insight and information. Many readers of SR are already in this audience. If you are not, here is a special opportunity to join it.

What (If Anything) to Expect from Today's Philosophers

THERE is an old saying that philosophy bakes no bread. It is perhaps equally true that no bread would ever have been baked without philosophy. For the act of baking implies a decision on the philosophical issue of whether life is worthwhile at all. Bakers may not have often asked themselves the question in so many words. But philosophy traditionally has been nothing less than the attempt to ask and answer, in a formal and disciplined way, the great questions of life that ordinary men might put to themselves in reflected moments.

The world has both favored and feared the philosophers' answers. Thomas Aquinas became a saint, Aristotle was tutor to Alexander the Great, and Voltaire was a confidant of kings. But Socrates was put to death, and Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake. Nowadays, Historian Will Durant has noted, no one would think of doing that—"not because men are more delicate about killing, but because there is no need to kill that which is already dead."

Philosophy dead? It often seems so. In a world of war and change, of principles armed with bombs and technology searching for principles, the alarming thing is not what philosophers say but what they fail to say. When reason is overturned, blind passions are rampant, and urgent questions mount, men turn for guidance to scientists, psychiatrists, sociologists, ideologues, politicians, historians, journalists—almost anyone except their traditional guide, the philosopher. Ironically, the once remote theologians are in closer touch with humanity's immediate and intense concerns than most philosophers, who today tend to be relatively obscure academic technicians. No living U.S. philosopher has the significance to the world at large that John Dewey or George Santayana had a generation or two ago. Many feel that philosophy has played out its role in the history of human culture; the "queen of sciences" has been dethroned.

Once all sciences were part of philosophy's domain, but gradually, from physics to psychology, they seceded and established themselves as independent disciplines. Above all, for some time now, philosophy itself has been engaged in a vast revolt against its own past and against its traditional function. This intellectual purge may well have been necessary, but as a result contemporary philosophy looks inward at its own problems rather than outward at men, and philosophizes about philosophy, not about life. A great many of his colleagues in the U.S. today would agree with Donald Kalish, chairman of the philosophy department at U.C.L.A., who says: "There is no system of philosophy to spin out. There are no ethical truths, there are just clarifications of particular ethical problems. Take advantage of these clarifications and work out your own existence. You are mistaken to think that anyone ever had the answers. There are no answers. Be brave and face up to it."

Revolt of the Logicians

Before such chilling views took hold, philosophers always were men who thought, says Yale's Professor Emeritus Brand Blanshard, that "they could sit down in their studies and arrive by reasoning at a knowledge of the ultimate nature of the world." Perhaps in no other age had philosophers greater confidence in their capacity to do this than in the 19th century. Hegel tried to encompass all aspects of life within his dialectical logic of thesis-antithesis-synthesis, in 18 ponderous tomes. His idealistic principle that the material world exists only in relation to the Absolute mind led to the metaphysics of F. H. Bradley, who denied—even during the course of an hour's conversation in an Oxford chamber—that time or space had objective reality.

By the turn of the century, science and common sense alike dictated a shift away from idealism. "Damn the Absolute," roared William James, and the American pragmatists turned from principles and categories to results and facts. But the most effective rebellion against Hegelianism was carried out by two groups—the analytic philosophers, who prevail in U.S. and British universities, and the partisans of phenomenology and existentialism, who predominate in Western Europe. On some U.S. campuses, they are known as "the logicians and the lotus-eaters."

The analytic revolt began with two convictions: first, that experience contradicted the idealistic theory that material objects are not in themselves "real"; second, that philosophy could not compete with science as a way of studying the real world and thus would have to turn to other tasks. The analytic thinkers decided that philosophy's true job was to answer that old Socratic question "What does it mean?"

The study of meaning takes many forms. One stems from G. E. Moore of Cambridge, who argued that the business of philosophy was simply the analysis and clarification of common sense beliefs. Moore's colleague Bertrand Russell tried to eliminate fallacies by using an artificial language of symbols into which the truths of science and ordinary descriptive statements could be translated in order to test their accuracy. The "Vienna Circle" of logical positivists—who carried their ideas to Britain and the U.S. in the 1930s—declared that the criterion of meaning was verifiability; if the meaning of a statement could not be verified by empirical procedures, it was literally nonsense. But, as Russell pointed out, this criterion was itself a philosophical principle.

Finally Ludwig Wittgenstein, an Austrian-born Cambridge don, and such Oxonians as J. L. Austin and Gilbert Ryle decided independently that philosophy was concerned not so much with meaning as with use, and should seek to establish the rules of the various "language games" that men played with ordinary words, describing when a word was used legitimately, and when it was not. About all the various analytic schools had in common was the beliefs that philosophy has nothing to say about the world and that clarity and straight thinking will dissolve most of the classical metaphysical problems.

The Rise of the Lotus-Eaters

On the Continent, the philosophical revolt took a different form. Germany's Edmund Husserl developed a "descriptive science" that he called phenomenology. His method was to examine and describe a particular experience—at the same time mentally blocking off any speculations about its origin or significance, any memories of similar experiences. By this act of epoche, a deliberate suspension of judgment, Husserl felt that the mind could eventually intuit the essence of the object being studied. Husserl's bafflingly difficult approach influenced such modern existentialist philosophers as Martin Heidegger and Jean-Paul Sartre.

What the existentialists emphasize about man is that he, alone among other beings, is a decision-making creature blessed, or cursed, with the freedom to choose among a variety of possibilities in an absurd and mysterious existence; to be truly human, man must accept this freedom and conquer the anxiety and despair that threaten it by "commitment" to a way of life. This message can be bracing, notably in the religious version of existentialism, in which the commitment is directed toward a spiritual goal. It can also be nihilistic, notably in the atheistic

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version, in which commitment is demanded for its own sake only and the despair of the human situation is emphasized more than its conquest.

Both movements, the logicians as well as the lotus-eaters, appear to do away with what has usually been considered the very heart of philosophy: metaphysics, the attempt to comprehend through reason the nature of reality. In *The Conditions of Philosophy*, a current examination of the discipline, Mortimer Adler charges that the analytic thinkers abandon "first-order questions" that metaphysics used to ask—such as the nature of being, causation, free will—and are concerned mostly with second-order problems of method. The existentialists, on the other hand, continue to ask large-size questions, but because of their man-centered approach they are indifferent to systematic thinking...

The War of the Schools

Both movements have turned philosophy into a private game for professionals. Laymen glancing at the June 10, 1965, issue of the *Journal of Philosophy* will find a brace of learned analysts discussing whether the sentence "There are brown things and there are cows" is best expressed by the formula $(\exists x)Exw \cdot (\exists x)Exy$ or by $(\exists x)Bx \cdot (\exists x)Cx$. And while the existentialists speak dramatically enough about the condition of man in novels and plays, their philosophical writing is so dense that Brandeis' Henry Aiken complains: "Reading Heidegger is like trying to swim through wet sand." One typical passage of Heidegger's alleged masterwork, *Being and Time*, reads: "If the Being of everyday Being-with-one-another is already different in principle from pure presence-at-hand—in spite of the fact that it is seemingly close to it ontologically—still less can the Being of the authentic Self be conceived as presence-at-hand."

Philosophy cannot and need not make sense to the layman in every detail; excerpts from Aristotle or Hegel (or, for that matter, Einstein) may also seem like gibberish to the uninitiated. But it is significant that the analytic and phenomenological thinkers don't even understand one another.

As a result, philosophy today is bitterly segregated. Most of the major philosophy departments and scholarly journals are the exclusive property of one sect or another. Harvard, U.C.L.A. and Cornell are oriented toward analytic thinking, for example, while Penn State and Northwestern are among the minority leaning toward phenomenology. Despite much academic talk about the horrors of conformity, some philosophy departments are rigidly conformist. Instructors or students with the "wrong" approach are forced out. The attitude at U.C.L.A., for instance, is that "a lot of nice young people who might be wholesome philosophers of the non-analytic kind can't get through our requirements."

Many students who do make the grade in analytic courses are disappointed because they had expected more from philosophy. To some, the analytic approach is now old hat, while the older, unfashionable philosophies take on a new excitement. There are many older-line philosophers left in the U.S. who belong to neither of the two warring sides, including Yale's Paul Weiss, Chicago's Richard McKeon, the University of Texas' Charles Hartshorne, and Michigan's Abraham Kaplan, who states wryly: "The word philosophy means the love of wisdom. And the love of wisdom, I suppose, is like any other sort of love—the professionals are the ones who know least about it."

There are signs that, hesitantly and sometimes unintentionally, professional philosophers are beginning to take such reproaches to heart. At long last, philosophy may have stopped attacking the Hegelian bogey and be about ready to put its analytic tools to work on the real issues facing man...

Some analytic philosophers are even daring to "do metaphysics" again. P. F. Strawson, one of the most respected of Oxford's analytic philosophers, boldly subtitled his latest book, *Individuals, An Essay in Descriptive Metaphysics*. The book is partly concerned with the difference between material objects and human beings, a highly technical question that, by extension, has to do with the very real problem of whether man can be explained like a flesh-and-blood object or whether he is an organism with a purpose. Another, younger Oxonian, Anthony Quinton, is completing a philosophical treatise, grandly titled *The Nature of Things*, that starts from the problem of identity and reference: Is a given object simply a bundle of qualities, or is it something more than that? Quinton points out that the question is as old as Aristotle, who grappled with the meaning of "substance." Strawson, as well as such U.S. figures as Harvard's Morton White, emphasizes that analytic technique is a means rather than an end.

The early analytic thinkers believed that with the clarifying of language the old questions of philosophy would simply disappear, but their intellectual offsprings are wiser. "Once you see that language permeates the world," says Morris Kaplan, a Ph.D. candidate at Yale, "all the problems you had with the world come back." Strawson agrees that "the insatiable appetite of philosophers for generality has reasserted itself." In other words, the philosophers are beginning to re-invent philosophy.

In Britain, philosophers are newly concerned over such ancient issues as the relationship of body to mind and the problem of causation in human behavior. David Wiggins of Oxford is currently exploring "the entire concept of event identity—what makes it right to say that event A is the same as event B?" An American illustrates Wiggins' problem with a homely example: "Is my act of flipping on the light switch the same act as my act of alerting the prowler, if in fact by flipping on the switch and illuminating the room, I do alert the prowler?" Although the question sounds as relevant as the medieval puzzler about how many angels can dance on a pinhead, Wiggins notes that it has highly practical implications in fixing intention and responsibility, and theoretical ones in helping to solve the age-old puzzler of free will *v.* determinism. Free will is back in philosophical style, and Wiggins concedes that the traditional way of stating that problem "wasn't after all in quite such a mess as had recently been supposed."

Time to Wake Up

In the Middle Ages, the questions that philosophy asked were determined largely by theology; today major philosophical issues are posed by science. Says Chicago's McKeon: "The new priests come from the lab and hand us the tablet—how do we handle it?" Philosopher Hubert Dreyfus of M.I.T. is wondering about the possibility of creating a computer that would be completely determined by programming but would behave as if it were a free, intelligent agent. "If something that we knew was just a machine could behave intelligently," he muses, "it would tend to suggest that maybe we are just machines." Would such computers have to be considered conscious beings? Would they raise a civil liberties problem? To some, such questions suggest that science is creating more problems than philosophy can readily cope with; and concepts like antimatter and the expanding universe make some philosophers quite nervous.

Chances are, however, that philosophy will learn to coexist with science and (in Mortimer Adler's phrase) reach its delayed maturity, provided it resolutely insists on being a separate discipline dealing publicly and intelligibly in first-order questions. Caution is bound to remain. Instead of one-man systems, philosophy in the future will probably consist of a dialogue of many thinkers, each seeking to explore to the fullest one aspect of a common problem. Says Oxford's James Urmson, a visiting professor at the University of Michigan: "It is just like Galileo experimenting with little balls on inclined planes before he addressed the heavens."

The question remains: Will philosophy ever again address the heavens? Will it contribute anything to man's vision, rather than merely clarifying it? Caution and confusion are not necessarily signs of disaster, and even Hegel remarked that "the owl of Minerva spreads its wings only with the falling of the dusk." But the shadows are deep and the time for an awakening is at hand.

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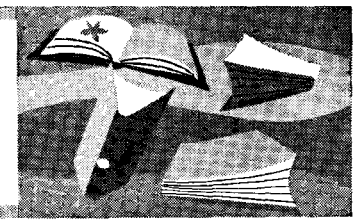
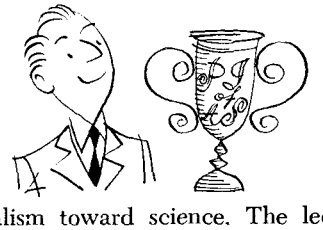


The job of puncturing the Iron Curtain culturally, from either direction, has been difficult but not altogether without success. Russians have applauded Benny Goodman and Van Cliburn, among others, and Americans have screamed and huzza'd for the Bolshoi Ballet and the Moiseyev Dance Company. In addition to the efforts of the State Department and Sol Hurok, however, another organization is quietly trying to improve nonpolitical and cultural relations between the East and West, and is making some impressive headway. It is the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, founded in 1942 when the University of Cracow faculty was, almost to a man, flung into concentration camps by Hitler, an act that wiped out in one blow almost the entire Polish Academy of Arts and Sciences. In effect, the Polish Institute recreated that body here in this country. The German methods back in 1939 were illustrated by this statement by a Polish writer: "Shortly after the occupation of Cracow, the President of Cracow University was instructed to summon faculty members to a lecture on the attitude of National



Socialism toward science. The lecture never took place. The 200 faculty members who attended were arrested and deported to the Reich." Similar methods were used by Russia.

Today the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America is trying to overcome the political situation in order to recreate and sustain the 1,000-year-old cultural traditions of Poland. We dropped by the Institute on Manhattan's 66th Street, a fine old town house. While being ushered up the carpeted stairs to the office of Damian Wandycz, Secretary General and acting director of the organization, we passed a hastily scrawled card on the downstairs door reading: "Prosimy Zamykac Drzwi," which means "Please Close the Door."

Mr. Wandycz, a relaxed and charming gentleman, was sitting to one side of a handsome fireplace, surrounded by a walnut-paneled wall. The Old World charm of the building apparently was plagued by drafts, because the elegant, leaded windows also bore a sign, this time in English: "Please Do Not Open These Windows."

"The few Polish professors in exile were able to escape and help us start the Institute," Mr. Wandycz said, "and we've been able to re-establish a link between the Eastern and Western worlds

in spite of the political situation. We keep sending books and materials on Western arts and sciences to schools and institutions over there, and we feel somehow that they are much appreciated. Also, our 20,000-volume library is a depository for people who are interested in knowing everything they can about Poland. It's the only major library here with

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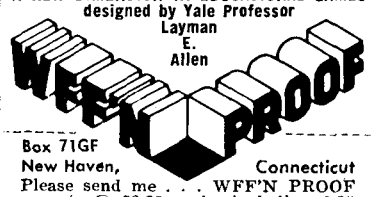

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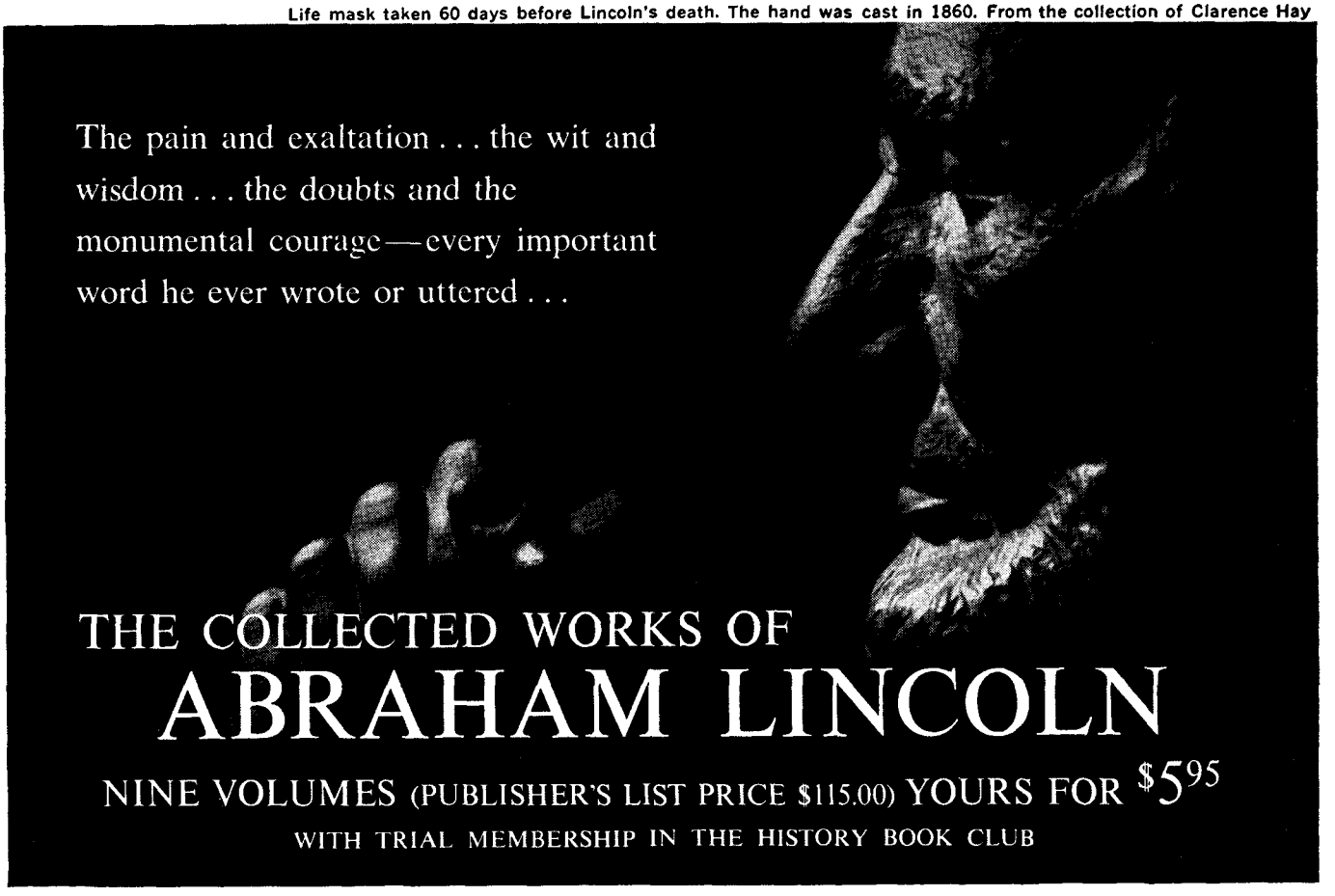
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay



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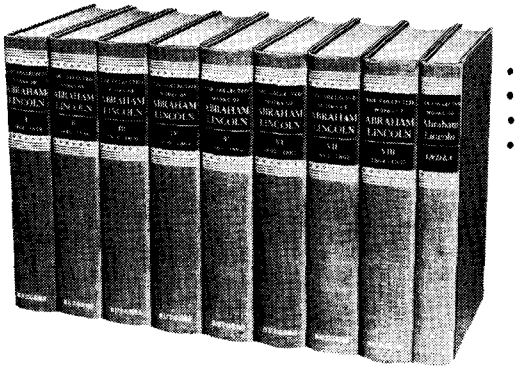

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such material. We have lectures in both English and Polish, and we help exchange and scholarship students in this country. By keeping nonpolitical, we feel we're able to advance the universal Polish culture in its finest light."

One of the concrete efforts in helping keep Polish culture alive is what the Institute likes to refer to as the "Polish Pulitzer Prizes," which the Alfred Jurzykowski Foundation has set up for deserving Polish authors, artists, musicians, and scientists, regardless of which side of the Iron Curtain they live on. Mr. Jurzykowski, a Polish refugee from Hitler, has been an extremely successful automotive man in Brazil, where he now lives, and has set up a generous fund to be awarded to the recipients the Institute selects.

At the recent awards dinner at the Yale Club, nearly a dozen Poles received up to $2,000 each for their contribution to Polish culture, but ironically only the two from New York were able to be on hand to receive the checks personally. One was the poet-classicist Joseph Wittlin, who has also been honored by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for his novel *Salt of the Earth*. The other was Zdzislaw Czermanski, the cartoonist and contributor to *Fortune* and other leading periodicals. The rest were either in Western Europe or Poland, and received their awards in absentia.

The traditional affection of the Polish people for Americans and American culture still remains in spite of the political blocks, according to Mr. Wandycz. "The Polish people are extremely fond of American writers," he told us. "If you had to pick out favorites, I'd say Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Arthur Miller, and Tennessee Williams rank high. An amusing thing happened several years ago, when *Streetcar Named Desire* was produced in Warsaw. Instead of a shabby New Orleans flat, the stage designer created a beautiful modern apartment for the set, which rather destroyed the intent of Tennessee Williams, I'm sure. When he was told that the setting should be rough and basically unpleasant in atmosphere, the designer said emphatically that he couldn't have done that. He gave two reasons, both rather ironic: 1) Nobody would believe they had crumbling flats in America, and 2) people would think he was trying to indulge in anti-American propaganda."

Polish wit and humor still flourish, regardless of politics, Mr. Wandycz said. "There is strong, biting political humor there, even in the worst of circumstances. There's an old story now, which came into being after Gomulka came back to power in 1956, that eased up a considerable amount of oppression in the country from the Stalin regime. Poland was actually considered far more free-breathing than Czechoslavakia at that time. The story has it that two dogs were racing on a head-on collision course, and they smashed directly into each other. 'Where are you running so fast?' asked the first dog. 'I'm running to Czechoslavakia—to eat,' said the second. 'And where are you going?' 'I'm running to Poland,' said the first dog, "to bark!'"

We pressed Mr. Wandycz for more humor. "A favorite story in Poland," he went on, "concerned the Palace of Culture, which was presented to the Polish people as the gift of Soviet Russia. It was hardly an architectural gem. Immediately the word went around that the best view in Poland was from the top of the Palace—because you couldn't see it when you stood there. Another story involved a man who went to a medical agency to get a ticket for an examination. When he began to fill out the required form, he found that he couldn't complete it. This was at the time when Communist propaganda was at its height. When he was asked why he had trouble filling out the form, he replied that he couldn't decide whether to go to an ophthalmologist for his eyes or to an ear specialist for his ears. 'The trouble is,' he said, 'I'm constantly hearing one thing and seeing another.'"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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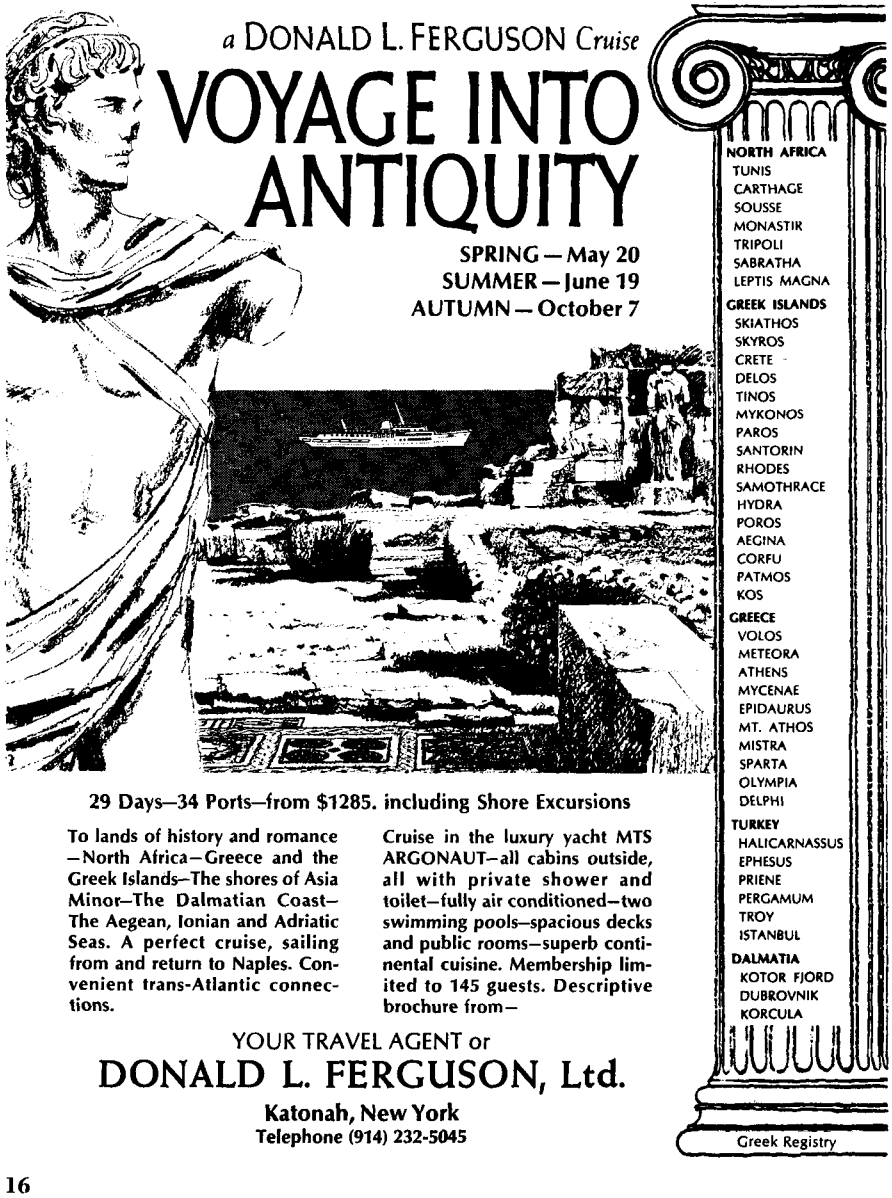
As readers will have noticed, most of the tenses used in this chapter are past tenses. That is because the old, voluntary keepers of the lights belong now to the past. They have become a part of our history; yet they should never be forgotten.



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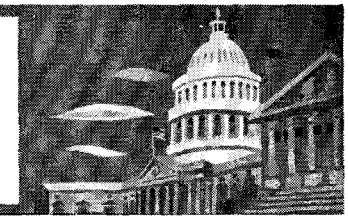

The China Watchers

WASHINGTON is worrying about how to contain China and in this it not only has a co-worrier; it has an accomplice: the Soviet Union. The Kremlin, in fact, has even larger reason to worry, because of its long, common border with China. And now that it is involved in an intra-party conflict with her that is far more searing, far more widespread in global terms than was Stalin's with Trotsky, it is no wonder that the closer one analyzes Soviet policy in Asia the more obvious it becomes that the Kremlin is taking a leaf from the American "containment" book.

In the last few weeks Soviet diplomatic activity to that end has been remarkably intense, remarkably enterprising, and, at least for the time being, remarkably successful. There was, first of all, Mr. Kosygin's extraordinary effort at what the West would term personal diplomacy at Tashkent; with the exception of Peking, this brought him plaudits from everyone, including the United States. It was a novel experience for American diplomacy to stand on the sidelines, distant and watchful, while the Soviet Union brought off what they themselves could not; for despite the vast amount of aid the United States has poured into both India and Pakistan, it has lost the necessary pull in New Delhi and Karachi.

The British, in a sense, felt even more remote from what was once their undisputed sphere of influence and what nominally is still part of the British Commonwealth. Lord Curzon might have turned in his grave, but contemporary Whitehall welcomed Russia's new role in that part of the world. Geopolitics no doubt helped and so did the heavyhandedness of American policy, which has alienated Indian and Pakistani public opinion.

What impressed official Washington most and what inspired new hopes for some sort of tacit parallelism of Western and Soviet policies was the basic aim of Mr. Kosygin's intervention: the furthering of stability and cooperation in the Indian subcontinent. This represents a fundamental change, for in the past Soviet policy has been out to undermine and disrupt non-Communist territory wherever and whenever possible. Mr. Kosygin's performance will undoubtedly harden Soviet influence on the subcontinent. To what extent it will also weaken the links between Karachi and Peking remains to be seen, for that was plainly one of the Soviet leader's aims; but strong Soviet pressure on India (at first reluctant even to agree to the Tashkent meeting), which resulted in her withdrawal from Pakistan territory occupied by India since the cease-fire, must have caused Ayub no small feeling of gratitude. The Tashkent agreement was, of course, only a first step on very uncertain ground, and massive problems remain to be solved. But with the Soviet Union exerting responsible influence and the West ready to cooperate with economic aid as soon as it is satisfied that Indian and Pakistan are not wasting it on replenishing their armories, the outlook for stability in the subcontinent should improve, depressing any hopes for new Chinese adventures.

Mr. Kosygin does not strike the visitor on first acquaintance as a flexible, imaginative diplomat or one likely to take large risks. But in his calm, politely determined way once he has set himself a target, he is apt to be a most persistent and cogent bargainer who knows how to mix reason with pressure. To Mr. Khrushchev words came easier than action. With Mr. Kosygin the opposite is true; the Soviet Prime Minister is not a man to waste words. In his general political outlook he is probably more conservative than his deposed predecessor, but that doesn't prevent him from seeing where Russia's real interests lie (he may, in fact, see these more clearly and less adventurously than Mr. Khrushchev).

The visits of Mr. Shelepin to Hanoi and Mr. Brezhnev to Outer Mongolia and the Japanese Foreign Minister's call in Moscow also seem to fall into the general scheme of containment of China, a policy the new rulers must have decided on when the attempts to reach a modus vivendi, following Mr. Khrushchev's fall, had clearly failed. This containment policy in fact has priority in Moscow, taking precedence over the improvement of East-West relations.

The results of the visits to Hanoi and Outer Mongolia by two of the highest Soviet leaders, designed no doubt to strengthen Moscow's influence and to impress the hosts, are not yet crystal-clear. Both North Vietnam and Outer Mongolia border directly on China—a fact they cannot ignore. Hence whatever is said publicly is carefully weighed

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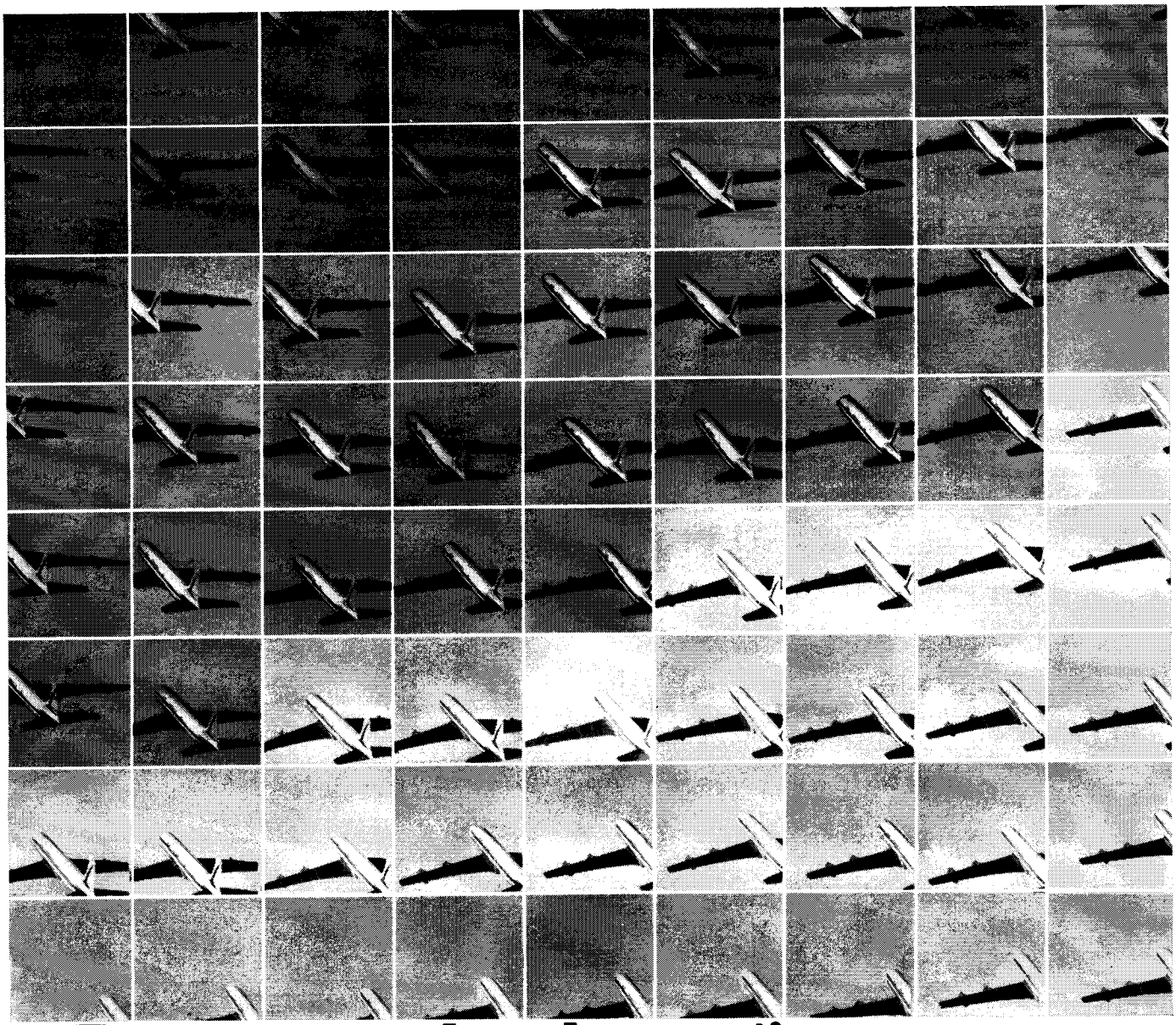

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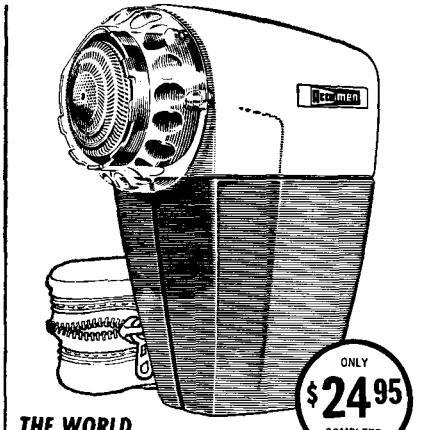

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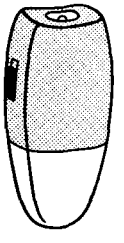

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to avoid giving offense to Peking. When Western statesmen tried hopefully to induce Mr. Khrushchev to counteract the Chinese in Laos and Vietnam, he used to say in private talks that those areas were too far distant for the Soviet Union to take any real interest. But after Kosygin a year ago, it was Mr. Shelepin this year who did not think Hanoi was too far off to try to harden Russia's influence there. The Kremlin must realize that in order to bring the Vietnamese war to an end at some point it must try to preserve among the North Vietnamese a political balance between sympathies for the Soviet Union and those for China; so that when the time comes Russia will be in a position to help counteract the Chinese—who will never bow to an end to the war short of total victory for their Vietnam.

Relations between the Soviet Union and Japan have been tenuous up to now; but the visit of the Japanese Foreign Minister to Moscow recently is a sign of slow but perceptive improvement. In the 1904-05 war Japan defeated Russia and has kept a sharp eye on her ever since. Today the Soviet Union would doubtless welcome Japanese help in the containment of China.

Here again, Soviet and American interests may sooner or later find themselves on a parallel course.

—HENRY BRANDON.

The Suicide's Daughter

By S. Dorman

THE girl whose mother took
poison wouldn't drink from a glass
unless it was rinsed. Her childhood
swelled in a castle of doubt; stones
turned when she touched them.
Asleep, she killed
rumours with her teeth, climbed
turrets no one had built, and dizzy
with perspective, fell.
Each time
the curtains flapped, her windows
opened on the smell of graves.
Portly as balloons, tall people smiled
that it was noon and all was well
but when dinner knives
lay wisely by the spoons,
she never dropped a crumb,
or spoke.
Nourished
on secrets she grew up
and for her child's sake
planted herbs and greens.
The daughter's
daughter would not climb
the towers or dip a drink up
from a hidden well. Outspoken,
she screamed
aloud her griefs, and sang
her mother's piece: that all
doors open on a view of graves.

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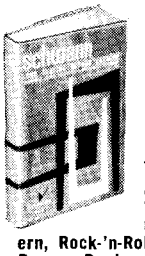

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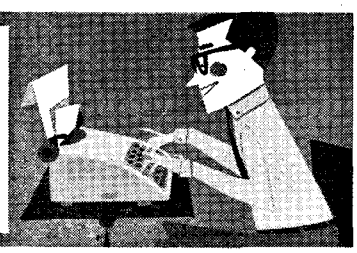

What Makes Sammy Shuffle?

From a New York Times interview with Sammy Davis a week before his first TV hour:

"Is there anything distinctive about your show, compared to other weekly variety programs?"

"Yes," replied Davis. "There's a colored fellow who's the host and star of it."

IT'S ALL too confusing. Forty years ago there was a young Jewish entertainer named Al Jolson who was trying to pass as Negro. Today there is a young Negro entertainer named Sammy Davis who is trying to pass as Jewish.

What genetics has to do with entertainment at this late date eludes me. And it certainly should have eluded Mr. Davis when you consider the many alternative answers he could have given to the question of how his show will be different from other hour variety programs. He could have replied that the host and star of the show can dance rings around any other host. He can sing with the best. He is more graceful, more energetic, and a much greater impressionist than any other host of any other variety program.

Mr. Davis is under the delusion that he is still in the old show-business era of the great Bert Williams. I recall the famous poker-game sketch in which Mr. Williams called another player's bet. The player said, "I've got a straight flush, what have you got?" And Mr. Williams replied, "I've got two deuces and a sharp razor."

And what has Mr. Davis got? Nothing—only talent, show biz know-how, a rapport with any audience, and a sharp wit. But also, he apparently has a chip on his shoulder. He breaks no new ground. He's no Jackie Robinson. There was the king, Cole, a host before him. Also the queen, Lena. And Bob Cosby, co-star of *I Spy*. Color them any hue in the spectrum and their talent prevails.

Mr. Davis seems still to be fighting to overcome. If he is, he's shadow boxing. Actually all he had to overcome on his first program was the appearance of two of his guests, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. This, as I understand it, was Miss Taylor's first appearance as a guest on a variety program. Miss Taylor is an important star in movies and has big talents. But not for the twenty-one-inch home screen. Mr. Burton, aloof and unbending, lent a stark dignity to the program, which Mr. Davis was not able to overcome as he all but groveled before such majestic grandeur.

I don't know how well acquainted you are with these two guests but I recall reading some obscure newspaper stories about their first meeting in Rome a couple of summers ago when they starred in a movie. That was also too confusing. It seems that Miss Taylor, an English girl turned Jewish, was in Rome trying to pass as Egyptian. While Mr. Burton, a Welshman, was in a toga trying to pass as Orson. And now here they were, guests on a show starring Sammy Davis, who is—well, I've lost track.

It is quite obvious that booking this famous couple on a program of song and dance, neither of which either did well, was intended to get what is known as a high rating with a high percentage of viewers. Which, according to the decimal counters, they did quite well. Actually Mr. Burton and Miss Taylor would have enhanced the rating that night even if the host had been Conway Twitty.

But in enhancing the rating, the producers failed to enhance the capabilities of Mr. Davis. I say "producers" because in a prior statement the star had announced that any mistakes made on this show would be his. And one of the mistakes was booking these two great stars if Mr. Davis was going to spend the hour genuflecting before the presence. The only spark of the real Sammy Davis showed up toward the end of the program when he was reunited briefly with his father and uncle and they performed the Chilton and Thomas airplane glide that used to close their old vaudeville act.

The *coup d'état* for this viewer was when he hung the picture of Miss Taylor and Mr. Burton on one of his memory walls and vowed that no other picture of any future guest would ever grace that wall. Amen.

Next Friday Mr. Davis returns as host of his weekly hour variety program. I hope Mr. Davis feels equal to the task. I also hope he feels equal. And finally I hope I will be able to say of his next show, "I come not to bury Davis, but to praise him," if I may paraphrase the noblest Roman of them all, Richard Burton.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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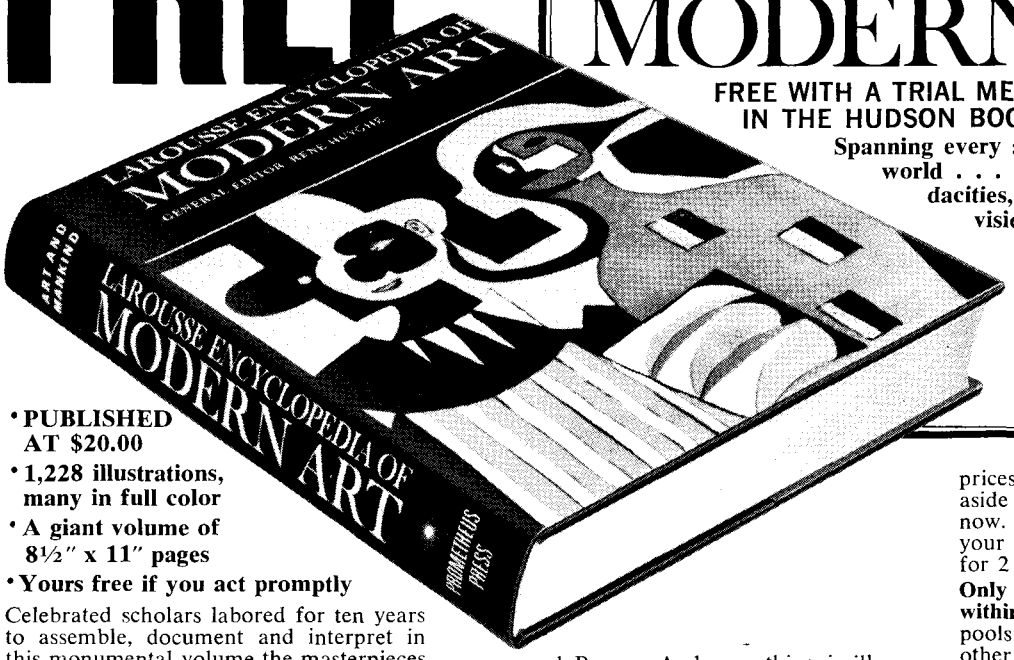

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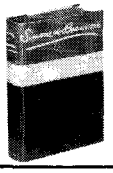

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BOOKS

Nonfiction

THE PROUD TOWER: A PORTRAIT OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE WAR, 1890-1914, Barbara W. Tuchman. Macmillan, $7.95 (*SR,* Jan. 15)—Recreates beguilingly and instructively the golden age that was terminated by the guns of August.

IN COLD BLOOD, Truman Capote. Random House, $5.95 (*SR,* Jan. 22)—This, a novelist's skillful re-creation of the real-life murder of a Kansas family, seems even better in book form than it did as a *New Yorker* series.

BEYOND THE COLD WAR, Marshall D. Shulman. Yale University Press, Hardbound, $3.75; paperback, $1.25 (*SR,* Jan. 22)—Concludes that our relations with the Soviet Union should be multidimensional so that we can oppose where necessary, collaborate where possible.

MAN OF HONOR, MAN OF PEACE: THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ADLAI STEVENSON, by the editors of *Country Beautiful.* Putnam, $5.95 (*SR,* Jan. 1)—Presents the man through innumerable pictures and his own words.

MAN AS AN END: A DEFENSE OF HUMANISM, Alberto Moravia; tr. from the Italian by Bernard Wall. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50 (*SR,* Jan. 22)—Seventeen essays about art, and another, "Man as an End," that holds that although man is being used like a pig for pork, a lifeline back to humanness remains in his sense of the absurdity practiced upon him.

THE NOBLEST CRY: A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, Charles Lam Markmann. St. Martin's, $7.95 (*SR,* Jan. 1)—Recalls the forgotten facts about the good fight against hundreds of infringements of the rights of those in the minority.

HEROES' TWILIGHT, Bernard Bergonzi. Coward-McCann, $5 (*SR,* Jan. 15)—Traces the decline of the romantic idea of war as seen in the work of British poets, autobiographers, and novelists of the 1914-18 conflict.

THE WORLD CHANGERS, Bruce Bliven. John Day, $6.50 (*SR,* Jan. 1)—Detached sketches of eight leaders of the Thirties and Forties containing a few notable surprises.

THE UNREPENTANT PILGRIM, J. Percy Smith. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95 (*SR,* Jan. 8)—A study of the life of George Bernard Shaw that fully documents the evolution of a genius.

THE WILD SWAN: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, Monica Stirling. Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95 (*SR,* Jan. 8)—Presents, along with the biography, a lively picture of nineteenth-century European life and personages.

THE UNCOMMITTED: ALIENATED YOUTH IN AMERICAN SOCIETY, Kenneth Keniston. Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.50 (*SR,* Jan. 8)—Examines provocatively the interaction between individual and community that nurtures contemporary disillusionment.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SLAVERY: STUDIES IN THE ECONOMY AND SOCIETY OF THE SLAVE SOUTH, Eugene D. Genovese. Pantheon $6.95 (*SR,* Jan. 1)—One of those books that rearrange basic concepts so that even though debate continues it no longer travels over the same tracks.

THE PETITIONERS: THE STORY OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE NEGRO, Loren Miller. Pantheon, $8.95 (*SR,* Jan. 29)—Valuable reading for those who, in addition to emotional accord with the Negro's cause, want to understand the evolution of his problem.

POLITICS AND THE WARREN COURT, Alexander M. Bickel. Harper & Row, $6.95 (*SR,* Jan. 29)—Shows, by case study, how Supreme Court decisions—particularly in civil rights—could not have been implemented without political support.

MISSION WITH LEMAY: MY STORY, General Curtis E. LeMay with MacKinlay Kantor, Doubleday, $7.95 (*SR,* Jan. 29)—The memoirs of an important architect of that "air power" which has remorselessly reshaped our age.

WHEELS FOR A NATION: HOW AMERICA FELL IN LOVE WITH THE AUTOMOBILE AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. . . . WELL, ALMOST, Frank Donovan. Crowell, $6.95 (*SR,* Jan. 8)—Wittily charts the heartbeat of the nation's passion for a mobile status symbol.

UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED: THE DESIGNED-IN DANGERS OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE, Ralph Nader. Grossman, $5.95 (*SR,* Jan. 8)—The advisor to the Senate subcommittee investigating automobile hazards documents, with names of makes, the reasons why he believes the rising number of deaths by automobiles is caused in part by a deterioration in the quality of the product.

DILEMMAS OF URBAN AMERICA, Robert C. Weaver. Harvard University Press, $3.50 (*SR,* Jan. 8)—Focuses on the need to build decent housing for the victims of color prejudice.

THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH, Michael V. DiSalle. Random House, $4.95 (*SR,* Jan. 1)—The former Governor of Ohio, who had to pass on the appeals of more than 100 persons sentenced to life imprisonment or death, sets forth arguments for abolition of capital punishment.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS: ITS ORIGINS AND MEANING, Irving Brant. Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50 (*SR,* Jan. 1)—Holds that there should be no exception to the first ten Amendments to the Constitution and is highly critical of those courts that the author feels have subordinated their mandate to considerations of national security.

Fiction

THE COMEDIANS, Graham Greene. Viking, $5.75 (*SR,* Jan. 29)—Four average, uncommitted Americans get caught up in a Haitian revolution. Greene tells his usual superb story, but this time with a new breadth of sympathy.

THE EVENING OF THE HOLIDAY, Shirley Hazzard. Knopf, $3.95 (*SR,* Jan. 8)—A sensitive recounting of a love affair in which hopes for permanency are overshadowed by incommunicable personal conflicts and "civilized" attitudes.

MOVIES

OTHELLO (*SR,* Feb. 5)—Great Britain's National Theatre with Laurence Olivier, Frank Finlay, and others, proves that theater and film can serve each other and serve us all.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX (*SR,* Jan. 29)—The pat plot (a plane downed in the Sahara) is counterbalanced by acting on the part of James Stewart and others that makes us feel the full extent of man's frailties as well as his indomitable will to survive.

LIFE AT THE TOP, THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY, and **YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**

THEATER

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE (*SR,* Jan. 15)—Magnificent theater.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE (*SR,* Dec. 18)—John Osborne's latest in this country is an all-out theatrical statement, naked and shattering yet ultimately soaring above the desperation it so relentlessly presents.

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN (*SR,* Nov. 13)—One of the season's most thrilling, most imaginative, and most beautiful events.

CACTUS FLOWER, MAN OF LA MANCHA, and **YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU.**

ART

Exhibitions

GREEK GOLD: JEWELRY FROM THE AGE OF ALEXANDER, Brooklyn Museum, New York. More than 200 pieces of rare Greek jewelry, much of it unearthed during the past fifteen years in Greece, Italy, Syria, and Turkey, celebrate the Hellenistic Age of Alexander the Great. Influenced by Persian art, the jewelry includes examples of diadems, earrings, necklaces, clasps, thigh bands, bracelets, pins, rings, and belts.

FIFTEENTH NATIONAL PRINT EXHIBITION, also at the Brooklyn Museum. An exhibition of 180 prints in various media represents contemporary work by artists living and working in the United States. The Brooklyn Museum's National Print Exhibitions are always among the best graphic reviews in the country.

TURKOMAN RUG EXHIBITION, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Said to be the first exhibition in this country devoted exclusively to Turkoman rugs, the show demonstrates the superb skill of a fierce, nomadic Asian people. In addition to large floor rugs, the display includes small prayer rugs, pillows, saddle bags, door hangings, gun cases, and water bottle covers.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

DOROTHEA LANGE (200 prints), Museum of Modern Art, New York—The first major retrospective of the late photographer's work does honor both to her special documentary art and to the Museum's photography department. Through March 27.

FAMILY (140 Ken Heyman prints—from the book of the same title), Hallmark Gallery, New York. A show definitely in the large "family size" adds its own graphic dimension to the printed pages that inspired it. Through February 25.

POETRY CENTER

92nd Street and Lexington Ave., New York

(Readings begin at 8:30 p.m.)

Sunday, February 6—Louis Auchincloss reading from a new novel, *The Embezzler,* and other works.

Sunday, February 13—Symposium on literature and politics with Irving Howe, Norman Mailer, and Norman Podhoretz. Steven Marcus, moderator.

Monday, February 14—Leonard Cohen and Irving Layton reading and talking.

Wednesday, February 16—Meier Sticker reading in Yiddish.

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If you want to see the world this February, stay home.

This month, television takes you to Greece, West Berlin, Moscow, and the Netherlands.

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Sammy and His Friends
Sammy Davis Jr. with Frank Sinatra, Edie Adams, Count Basie Orchestra.
Tuesday, February 1 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Magnificent Yankee
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne star as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and his wife.
Thursday, February 3 (8:30-10 PM)

Garry Moore's People Poll
Entertainment-documentary featuring interviews with Americans on what they think and do.
Friday, February 4 (10-11 PM)

Discovery
Discovery Goes to Greece, Parts I and II; West Berlin; Unesco Puppet Caravan, Part I. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30 AM-12 Noon)

Directions '66
A series on Catholic writers: Muriel Spark; James T. Farrell; Thomas Merton; J. F. Powers. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (1-1:30 PM)

The Voice of the Dragon
Pictorial account of mass indoctrination and persuasion campaign in Red China.
Sunday, February 6 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Twentieth Century
How to Fight a Guerrilla War; What a Way to Run a Railroad; Moscow University; Man of the Month; Walter Cronkite narrates. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (6-6:30 PM)

Hello, Dolly! 'Round the World
Mary Martin's tour with *Hello, Dolly!* including the visit to Viet Nam.
Monday, February 7 (9-10 PM)

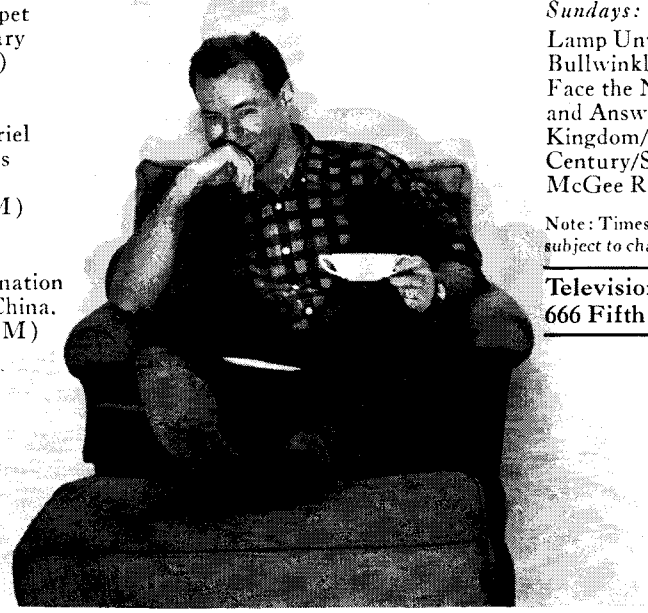
The Voyage of the Brigantine Yankee
Twenty-two young Americans sail before the mast, circling the globe.
Friday, February 11 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Gene Kelly in New York, N.Y.
Gower Champion, Woody Allen and Tommy Steele join Kelly in musical.
Monday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

Anatomy of Pop: The Music Explosion
The sounds and forces at work in the popular music world today.
Tuesday, February 15 (10-11 PM) and Sunday, February 27 (5-6 PM)

An Evening with Carol Channing
Musical variety with Miss Channing, George Burns and David McCallum.
Friday, February 18 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Daughters of Orange
The mounting problems confronting Holland and the Dutch royal family.
Sunday, February 20 (6:30-7:30 PM)



The Way Out West
Explores the Coast with William Saroyan, Pierre Salinger and the San Francisco Ballet.
Sunday, February 20 (8-9 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert
Leonard Bernstein and young soloists.
Tuesday, February 22 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Cinderella
Stars Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm, Jo Van Fleet, Lesley Ann Warren.
Wednesday, February 23 (7:30-9 PM)

Michelangelo: The Last Giant
The second of two documentaries on the Renaissance genius' life and work.
Wednesday, February 23 (9-10 PM)

Testing: How Quick is Your Eye?
Audience participation tests viewers on how much and how accurately they see.
Monday, February 28 (10-11 PM)

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Sundays:
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Note: Times (EST), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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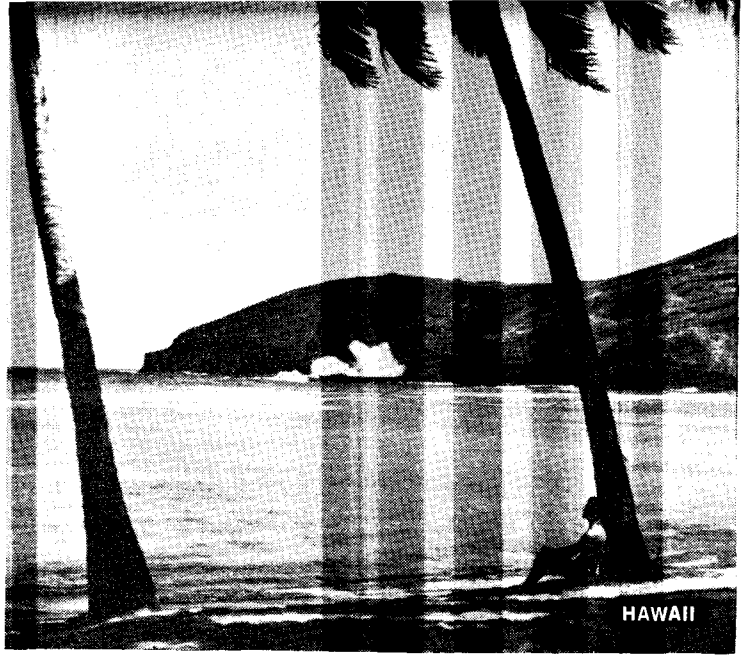

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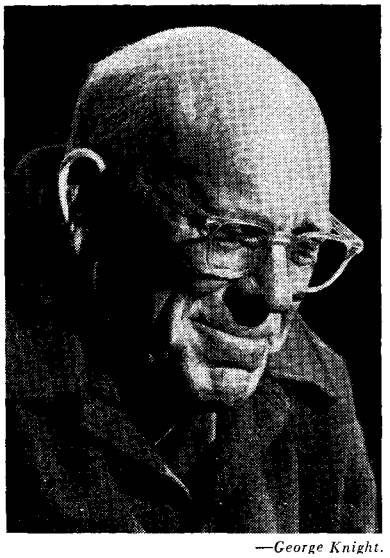
Saturday Review
February 5, 1966

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—IV

A Strategy for the War with Nature

The Celebrated Longshoreman-Philosopher Tells What He Knows About the Art of Living

By ERIC HOFFER



—*George Knight.*

ERIC HOFFER, who writes the fourth in *SR*'s continuing series on the lessons various distinguished contemporaries have learned from life, sprang to national prominence in 1951 with the publication of *The True Believer*, a brief, brilliant history of fanaticism in its myriad forms. His credentials for so scholarly an undertaking were curious ones. Totally unschooled and almost blind until he was fifteen, he suddenly regained his sight and began to read voraciously, meanwhile supporting himself by working as a migratory laborer, a miner, and finally a longshoreman. His works—*The True Believer* was followed by *The Passionate State of Mind* and *The Ordeal of Change*—are characterized by a sharply epigrammatic style, a biting wit, and a wide-ranging knowledge that belies their author's lack of formal education. Now in his mid-sixties, Mr. Hoffer tells here what life, viewed from his special vantage point, has meant.

ALL THROUGH adult life I have had a feeling of revulsion when told how nature aids and guides us, how like a stern mother she nudges and pushes man to fulfil her wise designs. As a migratory worker from the age of eighteen I knew nature as ill-disposed and inhospitable. If I stretched on the ground to rest, nature pushed its hard knuckles into my sides, and sent bugs, burrs, and foxtails to make me get up and be gone. As a placer miner I had to run the gantlet of buckbrush, manzanita, and poison oak when I left the road to find my way to a creek. Direct contact with nature almost always meant scratches, bites, torn clothes, and grime that ate its way into every pore of the body. To make life bearable I had to interpose a protective layer between myself and nature. On the paved road, even when miles from anywhere, I felt at home. I had a sense of kinship with the winding, endless road that cares not where it goes or what its load.

Almost all the books I read spoke worshipfully of nature. Nature was pure, innocent, serene, health-giving, bountiful, the fountainhead of elevated thoughts and noble feelings. It seemed that every writer was a "nature boy." I assumed that these people had no share in the world's work and did not know nature at close quarters. It also seemed to me that they had a grievance. For coupled with their admiration of nature was a distaste for man and man's work. Man was a violator, a defiler and deformer.

The truth about nature I found in the newspapers, in the almost daily reports of floods, fires, tornados, blizzards, hurricanes, typhoons, hailstorms, sandstorms, earthquakes, avalanches, eruptions, inundations, pests, plagues, and famines. Sometimes when reading about nature's terrible visitations and her massacre of the innocents it seemed to me that we were surrounded by devouring, pitiless forces, that the earth was full of anger, the sky dark with wrath, and that man had built the city as a refuge from a hostile, nonhuman cosmos. I realized that the contest between man and nature has been the central drama of the universe.

Man became what he is, not with the aid of, but in spite of nature. Humanization meant breaking away from nature, getting out from underneath the iron necessities which dominate nature. By the same token, dehumanization means the reclamation of man by nature. It means the return of nature. It is significant that humanization had its start in the fact that man was an unfinished, defective animal. Nature dealt niggardly with him from the beginning. It brought him forth naked and helpless, without inborn skills and without specialized organs to serve him as weapons and tools. Unlike other animals, man was not a born technician with a built-in tool kit. Small wonder that for millennia man worshipped animals, nature's more favored children. Yet this misbegotten creature has made himself lord of the globe. He has evolved fabulous substi-

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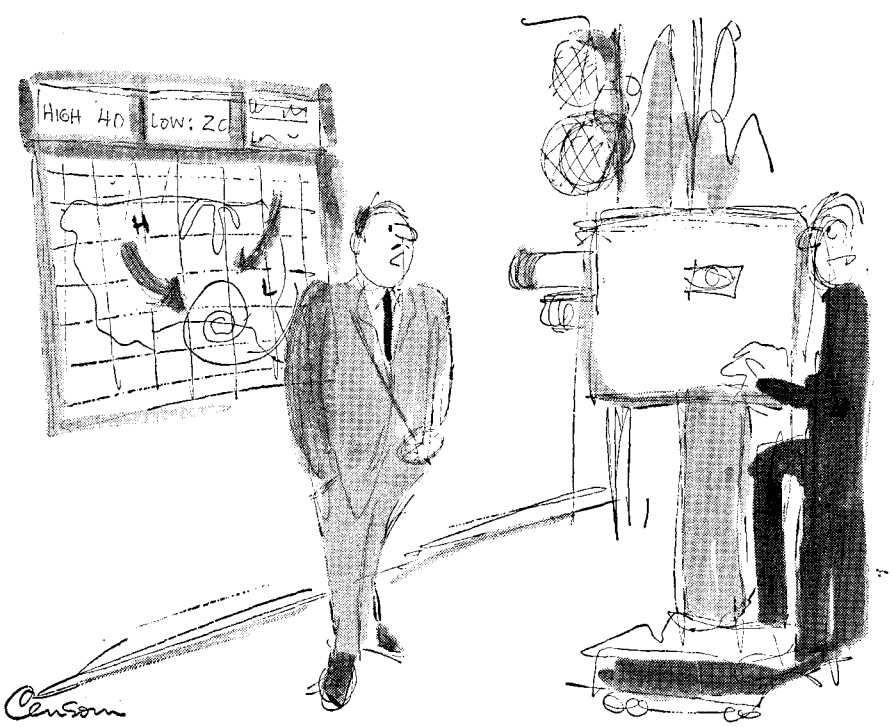
tutes for the instincts and the specialized organs that he lacked, and rather than adjust himself to the world he has changed the world to fit him. This, surely, is the supreme miracle. If history is to have meaning it must be the history of humanization, of man's tortuous ascent through the ages, of his ceaseless effort to break away from the rest of creation and become an order apart.

MAN became human by finishing himself. Yet his humanness is never finished and final. Man is not only an unfinished animal; he is an unfinished man. His human uniqueness is something he has to achieve and preserve. Nature is always around and within us, ready to reclaim us and sweep away all that man has wrought and achieved. Man's chief goal in life is still to become and stay human, and defend his achievements against the encroachment of nature. Nature is in almost complete possession of us when we are born. The child has to be brought up and made human. And no sooner is this accomplished than comes a crisis, the transition from childhood to manhood, in which nature reasserts itself. The humanness of the adolescent is a precarious thing. He has to be reborn to manhood, and be rehumanized. Indeed, every drastic change from one way of life to another constitutes a strain that may crack the uppermost layers of the mind and lay bare the less human layers. Hence a time of drastic change, even when the change is a leap forward, is a time of barbarization. Each generation has to humanize itself.

The contest with nature has the refined trickery we have come to associate with totalitarian wars. There are fifth columns, subversion, and a constant probing for soft spots. Just as man uses the forces of nature to subdue nature, so does nature use men to dehumanize their fellow men; and it is in the city that nature's fifth column finds its most fertile ground. The birth of the city was a crucial step in man's separation from nature. The city cut man off not only from the nonhuman cosmos but also from clans, tribes, and other primitive modes of organization. A self-governing city populated by more or less autonomous individuals has been the cradle of freedom, art, literature, science, and technology. But the city that has been a citadel against the nature around us cannot defend us against the nature within us—in our lusts and fears, and in the subconscious cellars of our minds. It is in the city that man's lusts and fears have free play, and that dehumanization spreads like the plague. The lust for power in particular has shown itself to be antihuman. We savor power not when we move mountains and tell rivers whither to flow but when we can turn men into objects, robots, puppets, automata, or veritable animals. Power is power to dehumanize, and it is in the city that this lust finds the human material to work on. It is easier to dehumanize man in the mass than any individual man. Thus the city has been the breeding ground of all movements and developments that tend to press man back into the matrix of nature from which he has risen.

A fateful feature of the war with nature is its circularity. Victory and defeat run into each other. Just when man seems to be within reach of his ultimate goal he is likely to find himself caught in a trap. Everywhere there are booby traps and pitfalls, and nature strikes back from unexpected quarters. A most recent example is the splitting of the atom. Man cracked nature's strongbox only to discover that he had cracked Pandora's box of ills and woes and evil spirits, and let loose the poisonous mushroom cloud of total annihilation.

One thinks of the fantastic spectacle of the nineteenth century when the industrial revolution seemed to make man's dream of total victory over nature come true, and the prospect of a man-made world blanketing the whole of the globe seemed within reach. The fateful fact that man was not inventive enough to automate his second creation, that his machines were half-machines lacking the gears and filaments of thought and will, set in motion a process of mass dehumanization that turned the machine age into a nightmare. Human beings had to be used as a stopgap for inventiveness. Men, women, and children were coupled with iron and steam, millions of peasants were scooped off the land and shoveled into the bellies of smoke-belching factories, the machines were consuming human beings as fast as coal. It was as if nature had infiltrated the metal of the machines and subverted the man-made world. Factories, mass armies, and mass movements combined to strip people of their human uniqueness and transmute them into a homogeneous, malleable mass. Lenin, the leader of a mass movement, recognized that the "hard school" of the factory was readying people for a totalitarian dictatorship. The mass armies trained people to obedience and mass action. At the same time, Lenin's revolution saw as its main task the conversion of peasants into factory workers and soldiers. Thus industrialists, generals, and revolutionaries worked hand in hand. And not they alone. Carlyle's glorification of brute force, Gobineau's race theories, Marx's economic determinism and his theory of the class struggle, Darwin's and Pavlov's zoological sociology, the dark forces of Wagner's music, Nietzche's cult of the superman, and Freud's emphasis on the less human components of man's soul were all part of a blind striving to reintegrate man with nature. The deliberate dehumanization practiced by Stalin and Hitler was an intensification and acceleration of something that had been going for decades. There is hardly an enormity committed in the twentieth century that has not been foreshadowed and even advocated by some noble "man of words" in the nineteenth. Even such clear-cut opposites as the fascination with science and the romantic back-to-nature movements were actually pulling



"But when you come right down to it, only God knows for sure."

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in the same direction—helping to equate man with nature, and cooperating in the dehumanization of man. They who leaped ahead and they who plunged backward arrived simultaneously at the gates of the twentieth-century annihilation camps.

One of the strangest features of man's war with nature is its undeclaredness. The men who are in the forefront of the battle are as a rule unaware that they are fighting a war. They are usually animated by a hunger for profit or for spectacular action. I have not come across a clarion call to mankind to abandon war between brothers and mobilize all its energies in a titanic struggle with the nonhuman universe. You can count on the fingers of one hand unequivocal expressions of the eternal enmity between man and nature. I can think only of Hardy's "Man begins where nature ends; nature and man can never be friends." Thoreau, who sided with nature, recognized that "you cannot have a deep sympathy with both man and nature" and admitted, "I love nature because she is not man but a retreat from him." Toward the end of his life Thomas Huxley realized that man's ascent was something different from his descent. In his Romanes lecture, in 1893, he warned: "Let us understand once for all that the ethical progress of societies depends not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."

There is an echo of man's first blows against nature in some myths. The Babylonian God Marduk slew the dragon Tiamath and created arable land of her carcass. Prometheus stole fire from the Gods and gave it to man to compensate him for the meagerness of his physical endowments. Yet, on the whole, the impression conveyed by mythologies is of a close relationship between man and nature in which nature always has the upper hand and must be supplicated and propitiated. There is a Darwinian motif in the totemic assumption of a kinship between man and other forms of life. The whole structure of magic is founded on an identity between human nature and nature. Both the scientist and the savage postulate the oneness of man and nature. The difference between them is that the savage tries to influence nature by means that have proved their efficacy in influencing human nature, while the scientist wants to deal with human nature the way he deals with matter and other forms of life. The scientist reads the equation "human nature equals nature" from left to right, while the savage reads it from right to left. Yet it is worth noting that Darwin, too, read the equation from right to left when he read cutthroat capitalist competition into the economy of nature.

"I don't know why I feel guilty, I just do feel guilty!"

In this as in other fields the uniqueness of the ancient Hebrews is startlingly striking. They were the first to enunciate a clear-cut separation between man and nature. Though monotheism was born of tribal pride—the desire to be the one and only people of a one and only God—it brought with it a downgrading of nature. The one and only God created both nature and man yet made man in his own image and appointed him His viceroy on earth. Jehovah's injunction to man (Genesis, Chapter I) is unequivocal: Be fruitful and multiply, and subdue the earth. Nature lost its divine attributes. Sun, stars, sky, earth, mountains, rivers, plants, and animals were no longer the seat of mysterious powers and the arbiters of man's fate. Though man had to wrestle with the earth for his bread, he was the masterful male Adam, and the earth, Adama, a female to be beaten into submission. The writers of the Old Testament picked as the father of the race not Esau, a man of nature, whose garments, like those of Thoreau's ideal man, smelled of grassy fields and flowery meadows, but his twin Jacob, who was all too human in his anxieties and cunning scheming, and who preferred the inside of a tent to the great outdoors, and the smell of lentil soup to the smell of trees and fields.

IT is true that the downgrading of nature had not prompted the ancient Hebrews to become mighty tamers of nature. Still, their endurance as a weak minority through centuries of persecution constitutes a grand defiance of nature, a putting to naught of the law of survival of the strong that rules the rest of life. Moreover, the mighty Jehovah did play a role in the rise of the scientific and technological civilization of the modern Occident. It is hard for us to realize how god-conscious were the scientists and technologists active at the birth of the modern Occident. Jehovah was to them the supreme mathematician and technician who had created the world and set it going. To unravel the mysteries of nature was to decipher God's text and rethink his thoughts. When Kepler formulated the laws of planetary motion he boasted that God had to wait 6,000 years for his first reader. These early scientists and technicians felt close to God; they stood in awe of him yet felt as if they were of this school, and whether they knew it or not aspired to be like him. Perhaps one of the reasons that other civilizations, with all their ingenuity and skill, did not develop a machine age is that they had no god who was an all-powerful engineer whom they could imitate and vie with.

The first great assault upon nature took place in the Neolithic Age when there was as yet no writing; thus it remained unrecorded and unsung. Yet it is legitimate to wonder whether the presence of scribes would have mattered one way or another—whether the "men of words" would have been aware of the import of that which was happening before their eyes, let alone moved enough to declaim and sing. For when the second great assault came in the nineteenth century the "men of words" were not in the fight and, indeed, a great many of them sided with nature against man. It

(*Continued on page 73*)

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THE PRESIDENCY

Power & Paradox

By JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

A FEW YEARS AGO some grade-school children in the Chicago area were polled on their attitudes toward political authority. Two figures, it developed, first appeared on their political horizon—the local policeman and the President of the United States. The children saw their President as something of a superman. To almost all the children he appeared as either a good person or the "best in the world." Even the youngest seemed to know a good deal about him.

That was in Eisenhower's time. We have just concluded a year in which the obsession with the President's personality, health, and state of mind has reached new heights. We used to think that the obsessive interest in John Kennedy, his family, and his friends was due to Kennedy's youthfulness, glamour, wife, and other special attributes. But the absorption with Lyndon Johnson is just as great. The press has followed his every movement, mood, and motive in endless detail.

So we know a great deal about Presidents. But how much do we know about the Presidency? Most studies of the office are really accounts of Presidents in office, the men around them, their decisions and crises. While we have been focusing on personality, the office itself has been changing drastically. Today it may have a far greater effect on its incumbents than we have recognized.

One by one the Presidency has absorbed the men and institutions that once were centers of separate and countervailing power. There was a time when Presidents had to cope with opposition—or at least foot-dragging—in their Cabinets, Vice Presidents, and party leaders. Today Cabinet members, Vice Presidents, and national party chairmen are essentially assistants to the President. The process of "Presidential aggrandizement" has been accelerating. Not more than once or twice since the mid-1930s has the Supreme Court been a major deterrent to Presidential action. The Chief Executive has become virtually "President of the Cities" through his control of urban funds and policy, and hence has pulverized some of the barriers of federalism established by the Founding Fathers to limit national power. Thanks to Barry Goldwater's dragging scores of Republican Congressmen down to defeat in 1964, Congress has overcome its old deadlocks and has occasionally even moved ahead of the President on items of the Great Society. And a close study of two social power centers, the press and the intelligentsia, would reveal, I think, that they have been drawn—far more than they would admit—into the orbit of Presidential influence.

I AM not, of course, predicting eternal joyous harmony between President and Congress. Doubtless Mr. Johnson will lose some of his strongest congressional boosters in this year's elections, and the Democrats cannot hope for another Barry Goldwater to overwhelm in 1968. But in the long run Congress will be drawn increasingly into the orbit of executive power as a result of reapportionment, the erosion of one-party districts, party realignment, and the widening consensus over quantitative liberalism—over social welfare, federal regulation, and even Negro rights.

For years American conservatives have been jumping up and down and pointing to Presidential aggrandizement. In this the conservatives have been profoundly right. But where they have been profoundly wrong is in seeing Presidential power as a direct threat to individual liberty. Quite the opposite has happened. In the protection of civil liberties, in the broadening of civil rights, in the pressure for social welfare legislation such as aid to education and to the poor that has done so much to expand individual liberty, the President has been the leader, the innovator, the cutting edge in the immense widening of social, economic, and individual liberty that has occurred in this nation during the last three decades. In this sense the power of the Presidency has been paradoxical.

That power may become more paradoxical, but for a different reason. As we increasingly achieve freedom and equality for the great number of Americans, Presidential government may exhaust the purpose for which it has been such an eminently suited means. The great machinery of government that has been shaped to distribute welfare and overcome poverty and broaden opportunity and protect liberty will become devoted to increasingly automatic tasks of dividing up shares in the welfare state. The old passions, the old compulsion of purpose, will be dissipated. Purpose will no longer be toughened in conflict; creativity will no longer rise from challenge and crisis. As the consensus widens—that is, as the ends of government become increasingly agreed upon between President and Congress, between the parties, between national and state and local governments—issues will revolve mainly around questions of technique. And the more humdrum these matters become, the more Presidents will turn to their ceremonial and symbolic roles to provide circuses for the people—the bread already being in abundance.

Many would reject any call today for high purposes and fighting issues. They prefer a polity that is not rent by great issues, scarred by savage conflict, absorbed in passionate controversy, or even distracted by political problems. The very realization of the historic goals of freedom and equality would, they believe, create a basis on which people could turn to the enduring problems of

This article is based on the author's latest book, *Presidential Government: The Crucible of Leadership*, reviewed on page 38.

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the richness and quality of life, and could forsake some of the old ideological quarrels.

Those who spurn ideology will contend, moreover, that progress flows not from the pursuit of central, synoptic visions or plans or purposes, but from the pursuit of a wide range of alternative policies, from flexible methods, from refusal to make ultimate commitments to any means or any end, from incremental and adjustive tactics that permit day-to-day reconciliations of differences. Such an approach, they hold, produces innovation, creativity, and excitement. It rejects the grand formulations of interrelated ends and means in favor of special angles of vision, the social dynamics of a loosely articulated, highly accessible, and open-ended polity. The incrementalists would proceed step by step, renouncing passion and commitment in favor of prudence and calculation.

Yet many who have lived through decades of traumatic and even bloody political conflict at home and abroad will wonder about a nation in which the great issues have dwindled to matters of technique. They will worry first about a people so bored by the relatively trivial political issues of the day that they have become largely absorbed in the minutiae of their private lives. They will worry that people may fall into adjustment, conformity, undiscriminating tolerance, and aimless, time-filling activities, and that this will lead to the acceptance of mediocrity and a compulsive togetherness rather than the pursuit of excellence and individuality.

THEY will be concerned about the governors as well as the governed. For a government agreed on the larger issues and proceeding by calculation and adjustment is likely to attract to its service the little foxes who in Archilochus's phrase know many little things—the operators, the careerists, the opportunists, the technicians, the fixers, the managers. Some of these men may be resourceful, flexible, and prudent. But they will be so absorbed in adjusting things and mediating among people that it will be difficult for them to separate issues of policy from questions of their own immediate self-enhancement. Certainly there would be little room for the Churchills who give up office in pursuit of broader principles, or even for the innovators who wish to create something more exalted than a better administrative mousetrap. Thus the governors, too, would lose their way, become lost in technique, become absorbed in private motives, and substitute the means for the ends.

For this is the corruption of consensus—the attempt to find universal agreement on so many issues that great public purposes are eroded by a torrent of tiny problems solved by adjustment and adaptation. Ways and means are more and more rationally elaborated by mounting numbers of technicians for a society having less and less human purpose.

IN the Presidency this trend would mean the submergence of the nation's supreme political decision maker in an ever-widening tide of incremental adjustments. The President might still be a hero to most of his people, but his policy and program would not be heroic, only his image. He would still seem a potent figure to children—and grown-ups—but his actual influence over events would be dwindling. He would still be visible as he mediated among the technicians and occasionally coped with crises; but it would be the visibility of the tightrope walker whom the great public watches, entranced but uninvolved. The defeat of Presidential government would be inherent in its very success. Having taken over the Cabinet and the rest of the government, Presidential government would finally have taken over the President.

Can we exploit the immense potential of Presidential government for power and creativity and still escape creeping consensus and enervation? Not, I think, by reimposing the old constitutional barriers against the President. The main hope of keeping the Presidency as an alert and daring agency of popular government lies in a vigorous and vibrant opposition. Such an opposition cannot be built on Capitol Hill, for Congress fragmentizes minority-party power just as it does the majority. It must be built anew. The Republicans have a fine opportunity to fashion party machinery—an annual conference or convention, for example, to keep its platform and leadership up to date—that could empower a clear, unified, and loyal "Shadow Presidency."

PRESIDENTIAL government is a superb instrument for realizing our national purpose as we redefine it over the years. But purpose in turn is steeled not amid agreement, adjustment, conformity, but in crisis and conflict; it was out of crisis and conflict that Roosevelt, Nehru, Lenin, Churchill, and the other great leaders of the century emerged. A great society needs not consensus but creative leadership and creative opposition—hence it needs the sting of challenge in a society rich in diversity, in a politics rich with dissent.

—UPI.

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Dilemmas and Agonies for All

IN ONE RESPECT, at least, the participants and many of the nonparticipants involved in Vietnam stand on the same ground. All of them are bedeviled by dilemmas and agonies; none of them has an unmuddied choice or prospect. This may make life hard for all concerned but it may also represent a hope for peace in Vietnam.

Begin with the United States. The United States has been getting deeper into Vietnam because it wants to get out. That is, the United States feels its only chance of ending the war in Vietnam is by convincing the enemy it is prepared to fight the war on ever higher levels—levels too costly for the enemy to sustain. But these same levels may be even more costly for the United States than for the enemy. For the last thing in this world the United States wants is a toe-to-toe encounter with Communist China and its limitless reserves of manpower. And the United States knows that if it should attempt to bypass a land war by reaching for nuclear firepower, the result could be a larger fire than we or anyone else might be able to put out.

Just as the United States is trapped between the impossible and the intolerable, the government of South Vietnam has its own agonies and dilemmas. It is irrevocably and totally dependent on the United States. If the United States withdraws, the wall against the North, already permeable, would evaporate. But if the United States stays in Vietnam and succeeds in bringing about negotiations, the specific result is likely to be a test of self-determination, since the United States has proclaimed from the start that its main objective in Vietnam is to give the people a chance to choose their own government and way of life, free of coercion or subversion. Self-determination, however, is a test which South Vietnam officials have sought to discourage on the grounds it may be premature. So South Vietnam would like the Americans to press for victory in a situation which the Americans have already declared permits no victory.

North Vietnam's cup of dilemmas is no less full. It cannot fight the war without outside aid. If it takes as much aid as it needs from the Russians, who live far away, the Chinese, who live next door, may decide to occupy the entire premises. And if the North Vietnamese get as much aid as they need from the Chinese, the Chinese will insist on controlling its use. If North Vietnam refuses to negotiate with the Americans, the result is likely to be a sharp step-up in the American military effort. But the alternative—negotiations—calls for a measure of independence and detachment from the Chinese that Hanoi may be reluctant to attempt, especially if no other big brothers are nearby.

AND the Russians, too, are literally saturated with dilemmas. Their basic interests in Vietnam are not too dissimilar from those of the United States. The one thing the Soviet Union would not like to see happen is the extension of Chinese influence or power anywhere in the world, especially in Asia. And the total or precipitate withdrawal of the United States from Indochina would produce a significant increase in that probability. But the Soviet Union feels compelled to send military aid to North Vietnam because of the requirements of solidarity inside the Communist world.

Communist China is in a position to exploit the agonies and dilemmas of others in Vietnam, but it is far from enjoying a confident serenity itself. For despite everything they may say about their ability to survive an atomic war, the Chinese have had far more difficulty in raising the level of their industry and agriculture than they had anticipated. Even if China should survive a major war, it is highly doubtful that the present government or any government could survive post-atomic conditions, assuming the wreckage is not complete. And the more Peking goads Hanoi to carry on or step up the fight, the closer Peking itself gets to a confrontation in which the prospects will be as bleak for her as they are for anyone else.

The agonies and dilemmas spill over to the nations of Central Europe. The longer the war continues, the greater the danger that the hard-liners inside the Kremlin will return to power. If that should happen, there would be a tightening of controls over Central Europe, especially in Poland, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. Those governments have a direct stake in an early end to the Vietnam war but ideological unity calls for their support of North Vietnam, which is not the surest way of ending the war.

• • •

In a curious sense, there is hope in the very fact of agonies and dilemmas, for if there are enough of them and if they are severe enough, alternatives that were rejected out of hand in the past may seem less unattractive now. Peace begins with the awareness by all parties concerned that there is very little personal gain in a continuation of the present struggle. The one agency which so far has not been able to play a vital role, for a wide variety of reasons, may be increasingly relevant and useful. That agency, of course, is the United Nations. True, the U.N. cannot enforce a settlement; it may not even be able to command one. But the U.N. can at least help to provide the auspices under which a settlement might take shape, and it could help monitor the terms—if enough of the principals have enough of a desire to find a way out.

At the very least, the U.N. is now in a position to define an alternative to the present dead end. It will take adroitness to weave the U.N. into Vietnam. But at least the U.N. is less vulnerable to the agonies and dilemmas of the national sovereignties. Such was the original intention and hope. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

On the Move

CONGRATULATIONS to William D. Patterson for his fine editorial "The World Is a Campus" [*SR*, Jan. 1], which described the heart of the White House Conference on International Cooperation. The recommendations of that conference are ringing tributes to American confidence in unhampered international travel as a step toward international understanding.

Readers of *SR* should be aware too, that the world is a campus in another real sense. More than 80,000 students from all over the world are now studying in the United States and the number grows each year. Thousands of Americans are studying abroad. Even the USSR and the USA have an exchange program involving 100 full-time students annually.

The familiar "junior year abroad" is now being replaced by more imaginative programs in more and more countries beyond Europe. Some universities have "overseas campuses" such as the group-sponsored center in Poona, India. There is at least one floating university that tours the world for a year's full academic credit, "The University of the Seven Seas."

The first real attempt to establish a truly international institution of higher learning was described in *SR* last year by Harold Taylor in an article on Friends World College, headquartered on Long Island. This unique experiment, now fully under way, involves one campus in the United States and eight others scattered around the world. Students move after every one or two quarters. Both students and faculty are international on each campus.

If man is to increase his ability to understand and appreciate those who are different, all barriers that discourage contact and communication must be removed. Technology has placed the world at our doorstep; we must open the door in friendship before that same technology drives us underground in fear.

NORVAL REECE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

In Captivity

THANK YOU FOR printing the article "The American Indian: Citizen in Captivity" [*SR*, Dec 11]. Don't retract it because of opposition to it.

I am an Indian and have lived on the reservation all my life. I know we are still in captivity under the Indian bureaucrats in Washington, D.C. . . . Since we have been declared citizens of the United States, why should we continue to live under the control of the Bureau of Indian Affairs?

FRED A. JOHNSON.

Oraibi, Ariz.

A Look at the City

I HAVE BEEN A subscriber to *SR* for the past six years and have always felt your magazine to be outstanding. Being in the real estate business, I was particularly interested in your report on making American cities more livable [*SR*, Jan. 8]. The in-depth reporting you do on important subjects (like your recent issue on the water crisis) makes *SR* in my opinion, the most valuable, and certainly the most thoroughly read, magazine I receive.

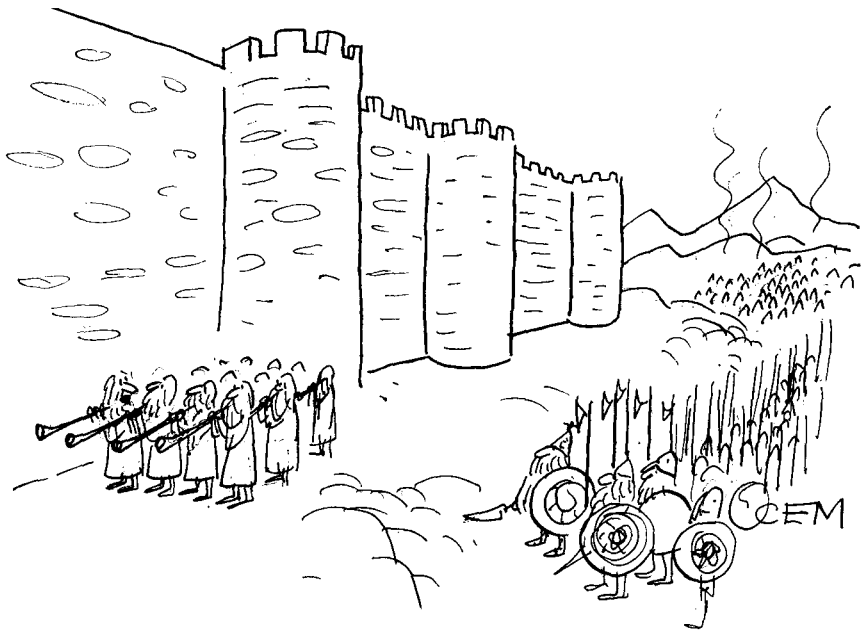
CHARLES E. MATHER.

San Francisco, Calif.

I LIKED A NUMBER of things about the January 8 issue of *SR*. The two articles on Milwaukee, particularly the one on "Education for Industry," were excellent for a dean of guidance anywhere. The "Education for Industry" article opens up vistas that modern education needs to see, and its delineation of specific programs was very enlightening.

C. W. BOWMAN,
Dean of Guidance,
San Mateo High School.

San Mateo, Calif.



"Say, I just happened to think. Which way are those walls going to come tumbling down?"

Saving the Past

WE WHO LIVE so far from the East Coast depend heavily on *SR* for news of what is going on in the world of arts and letters, to say nothing of politics, racial relations, and international affairs. How could we do without it? I am especially grateful for Katharine Kuh's FINE ARTS columns. Her recent article about Olana Castle [*SR*, Nov. 27] was particularly interesting since it parallels a problem we have here in Bellingham. Some time ago the roof and central tower of our former City Hall—built in 1892 and used as a museum for the past twenty-five years—were damaged by fire, and we are struggling to raise enough money for its restoration.

We are assured that the building itself is sound, and museum authorities acclaim its possibilities in the matter of museum display and storage. Unfortunately, there is a division of opinion as to whether it is better to save the building or to build a new one "just like everything else." Many of us feel that it has character, and it is one of the few older buildings left in a city little more than 100 years old. But not everyone appreciates the importance of preserving "meaningful architectural monuments."

MRS. C. ALBIN JOHNSON,
Director,
Bellingham Public Museum.

Bellingham, Wash.

Skid Row

IT PAINS ME when the usually impeccable *Saturday Review* misuses the English language. I refer to the use of the words "skid row" in the issue of January 8. The correct term is "skid road."

This word originated in the method early-day loggers used to get logs out of the woods. They cut a road through the woods, laid small logs crossways on it, greased them with tallow, then used oxen or horses to *skid* logs out on this road. The term then became employed to designate the street in town that catered to the Saturday-night entertainment of the loggers. . . .

There is no such thing as "skid row."

MAURICE WINDUS.

Longview, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Windus is historically correct, but this phrase, like so many others, has tended to depart from its origins. Today both common speech and up-to-date dictionaries recognize "skid row" as an acceptable alternate.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Michelangeli—Lady Conductor—New *Lac*

"EXPECT an Italian pianist to play Bach and Beethoven?" said a voice from the seat next to me at Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli's piano recital in Carnegie Hall, "as well expect a German tenor to sing Canio in *Pagliacci.*" The observation was interesting enough, but, even more interesting, the seat was empty. It could only mean that some such bygone occupant of Y-21 as James Gibbons Huneker, having heard of the esteem earned by Michelangeli at his performance with the Philharmonic of Beethoven's *Emperor* Concerto a few weeks ago, had taken leave of the celestial sphere in which he was enjoying eternity, to see and hear for himself.

What he saw would, undoubtedly, have been persuasive—a pianist who attacked the Bach-Busoni *Chaconne* with the assurance born of complete keyboard mastery and who had, obviously, nothing to fear from the complexities of Beethoven's last (C minor, Opus 111) sonata. What he heard, as might be the case with the German tenor and Canio, was not so much a matter of competence but of character. The Bach-Busoni is, without question, a nourishing piece for any pianist's ego and this one took it in a bite. The powers of digestion were somewhat more taxed in the Beethoven, which asks something beyond physical command. Michelangeli has all of that and a good deal more, including the control of tonal values to make the opening of the Arietta suitably sublime. What he lacks is patience with structure, interest in architecture, to sustain a long line of thought and carry through a saturating mood. Great piano playing, of course. But the wraith of Huneker that could be heard muttering "Hofmann" (or was it "D'Albert?") in silent dissent, might have had other echoes, such as "Schnabel," "Backhaus," "Petri" or (even "Gieseking") from those whose experience postdated his. Obviously this did not include most of the audience, which could have not been more ecstatic had the pianist been Beethoven himself.

While they were preparing themselves for what was to come, another figure appeared in the shadowy dusk of the stage and took his place at the piano bench. This was not a relief performer, but a technician assigned to provide Michelangeli with relief from some responses in the piano that had been troubling him. More to the point, however, was the change of repertory. Scholarship behind him, Michelangeli applied himself to the two sets of Debussy *Images,* with quite miraculous results. *Reflêts dans l'eau* was not merely liquid in its rippling sonorities, but also reflective in its utilization of them; and the *Cloches à travers les feuilles* rang all the bell changes Debussy imparted to his imagery. As for the Chopin that followed, the *Berceuse* would have delighted the soul of the astral Huneker himself, had he not, true to conditioning, already departed to make his deadline at the *Morning Star.* As well that he left, for one could imagine him murmuring "Structure; Structure! No sense of Structure" at Michelangeli's version of the B-flat-minor Scherzo. Now and then during the evening, the piano-minded and the music-minded could meet on a common ground of admiration but, only now and then.

Ashley Montagu would have had a good time on a recent evening in Philharmonic Hall, where the natural superiority of women asserted itself in a field hitherto infrequently accessible to them. This came about through the decision of Swiss-born Sylvia Caduff to enter the Mitropoulous International Competition for conductors, and the supporting decisions of the judges, up to and including Leonard Bernstein, that she had been well advised to do so. In the end, she became one of three first prize winners also to be accepted as assistants with the Philharmonic next season, which may change some of the rehearsal language, if nothing else.

In the special concert arranged to permit the winners to show their wares, and also to decide which odd man was out (the fourth "winner" will spend his winter in Washington with Howard Mitchell and the National Symphony), Miss Caduff elected the Adagio of Mahler's Tenth Symphony, a bold if not a wise choice. She clearly had the sense of the music in mind and an appropriately concise way of communicating it to the players. However this is a very long stretch of sustained slow music, and it seemed to get slower as it went on.

Among her fellow laureates, the most advancement (also the boldest, least inhibited manner) was evident in Alain Lombard's direction of a suite from Bartók's *Miraculous Mandarin.* This was hardly unexpected, for his record of public performance includes the direction, for the American Opera Society, of Massenet's *Herodiade* several years ago (though he is now only twenty-five). Sometimes Lombard was conducting at a pace that his brass players had not learned to follow, but he has the breezy assurance that wins audience favor if it does not influence his friends, the performers. The most musicianship as well as the largest amount of sensitivity was displayed by Walter Gillessen, who was born in Cologne (under the sign of the RAF) and showed a real feeling for Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll.* It became more idle than idyll as it approached the end at a slow slow tread, but older conductors than Gillessen have similarly misread its composer's intent. He promises to be heard from after his year in Washington, as does Juan Pablo Izquierdo of Chile. At thirty, the last named is oldest of the present group, and showed a broadly based sense of orchestral sonorities in the opening of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet,* likewise a good discrimination among the numerous opportunities this work offers for exaggeration and over-emphasis.

THE Ballet Theater's return to the State Theater brings with it the distinctions that attach to a company into its second quarter century. That is, not so much the ballets it does better than anybody else, but the ones that nobody else does. Outstanding among these, at this stage of the engagement, is the revival of Stravinsky's *Les Noces,* introduced last spring. As conducted by Kenneth Schermerhorn the music may not sound as dynamic as it did under Leonard Bernstein, but it has the imperishable attributes associated with one of Stravinsky's most original scores. It set in motion a whole wave of musical tide, washing up, among other things, the raft of chanted works by Orff and others.

To this mind, the choreography of Jerome Robbins is a mite formalistic, even antiseptic, by measure of the revival directed by its original creator, Bronislava Nijinska, in the late Thirties. It fills out the rhythmic design of Stravinsky's score, step by step, group by group, but without matching its enormous vitality or elemental force. It brings to mind a square dance in a high school gym, rather than the village barn.

As down payment on a project to present, eventually, a newly produced, full-length version of *Lac des Cygnes,* Ballet Theater is offering a freshly staged, newly designed treatment of Act II. However this is hardly a new *Lac,* even less a new look—for the setting of Oliver Smith is as coolly conventional as the dance action supervised by David Blair, of the Royal Ballet. Cool, too, is the character of Lupe Serrano's White Swan which, for all its finesse, lacks character or real mood. Royes Fernandez, as Prince Siegfried, has little dancing to do in this version, and the ensemble was more than a mite ragged.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Bad Legend in His Lifetime

IN THE first paragraph of Louis Auchincloss's new novel, *The Embezzler* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), we read: "I have the distinction of having become a legend in my lifetime, but not a very nice one. In this year 1960, perhaps not every school child (for what do they know of America's past?) but surely every college man who has taken even a casual course in current history knows of Guy Prime. I am a symbol of financial iniquity, of betrayal of trust, of the rot in old Wall Street before the cleaning hose of the New Deal. If I had not existed, Franklin Roosevelt (who had a far more devious soul than mine) would have had to create me. The Jews were not more useful to Hitler than was my petty embezzlement to the Squire of the Hudson."

Reading this, I remembered that there was a prominent Wall Street figure who was convicted of some sort of malfeasance and jailed in the years of the New Deal. But when I tried to look up this man, whose name I finally recalled, in four books about the Thirties, he was not in the index of any of them. The evil that men do may live after them, but not always very long.

However, the paragraph neatly introduces the reader to Guy Prime's apology for his crime. A man well on in his seventies, living in Panama with a young second wife, Prime tells about his life prior to his downfall, and tries to explain why he embezzled several hundred thousand dollars. In a mildly amusing and somewhat ingratiating tone, he talks about his family, about his first wife, Angelica, and particularly about his best friend, Rex Geer, who was for a time Angelica's lover and who, after Guy's disgrace and divorce and the death of his own wife, became Angelica's second husband.

Guy's memoir ends, and we learn that after his death in 1962 it came into the hands of Rex and Angelica Geer, as Guy had hoped it would. Rex sits down to write his version of his early relationship with Guy, of the steps leading to the embezzlement, and of his affair with Angelica. Then Angelica, having read both manuscripts, has her say.

Letting each of several participants in an action give his account of what happened is not a new device. Joyce Cary used it in the Chester Nimmo trilogy, and Lawrence Durrell successfully carried through a tricky variation of it in *The Alexandria Quartet*. Auchincloss, working on a smaller scale, handles the device adroitly. The ways in which the three interpretations vary are entertaining, and the reader is left to determine for himself where the truth—if, indeed, it is possible to speak of *the* truth—lies.

It has often enough been pointed out that Auchincloss knows more about "good" society than most contemporary novelists. A member of a prominent family and a Wall Street lawyer, he is acquainted with people of wealth, power, and social prestige, and he has written a dozen novels about such people. They are good novels, too, for as an admirer if not exactly a disciple of Henry James and Edith Wharton he has worked hard at the craft of fiction.

A few other authors have shared his preference for characters who are reasonably well placed in American society. J. P. Marquand began by poking a mild sort of fun at the good old Boston families, but almost all his novels are concerned with the achievement of success, usually of a material sort. James Gould Cozzens has never dealt with people at the top of the pyramid, but the Coateses, the Rosses, and the Winners are all substantial people, at least comfortably well off, respected members of their professions, honored residents of their communities. Even Doctor Bull, the nonconformist hero of *The Last Adam*, belongs to a good Connecticut family. John O'Hara has ranged widely in his short stories, but most of his novels portray the actions of the leading citizens of various Pennsylvania communities—the Tates, the Chapins, the Eatons, the Lockwoods.

Ernest Hemingway, on the other hand, never wrote about the rich and successful, except sardonically in *To Have and Have Not*; he was more at home in the world of bullfighters, boxers, smugglers, fishermen, and journalists. Faulkner wrote much about the old Southern aristocracy, but he showed it in decline, and he was even more concerned with the poor whites and the Negroes. Saul Bellow has almost always written about misfits—Augie March, Tommy Wilhelm, Henderson, and Herzog. Bernard Malamud has often portrayed the desperately poor, and most of Flannery O'Connor's characters are Georgia crackers. As I said a while ago (*SR*, Aug. 21), and was scolded for saying, the characteristic hero of our time is a misfit.

One explanation of this situation is the fact that, with increased social mobility, more of our writers come from underprivileged and often minority groups; but that is not the whole story. To many people, myself included, an Italian boy who robs a poor Jew is a more challenging subject than an upperclass New Yorker who misappropriates funds, and a bewildered intellectual in search of

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wholeness of spirit belongs more truly to our times than the aged headmaster of a fashionable preparatory school.

It is also important to observe that Cozzens, O'Hara, and Auchincloss are in the tradition of nineteenth-century fiction. O'Hara, as I have often complained, gets his effects through an undisciplined amassing of details, but Cozzens and Auchincloss are fine craftsmen. They write, however, as if Proust and Joyce and Kafka had never lived. Faulkner was always experimenting, often with magnificent success, and Bellow has used a different technique in each of his books. Ellison, Malamud, Hawkes, Salinger, Flannery O'Connor, and Updike, among others, have experimented with fantasy, symbolism, deliberate distortion, and the use of the grotesque.

I have no quarrel with what has been called social realism, and I appreciate the contribution that Cozzens and Auchincloss have made to American literature. For me, however, as for many others, their limitations are serious. Who are the chief characters in *The Embezzler*? A man whose great pride is in the way he runs a country club, a woman who is interested only in her horses and dogs, and a man whose sole ambition is to make money. Try as he may, Auchincloss cannot persuade the reader to take these people at their own valuation. One has to be wary in stating this kind of judgment; certainly the plots of many of Henry James's novels can be described in such a way as to make them sound ridiculously trivial. But James had resources, both of insight and of stylistic subtlety, that Auchincloss cannot draw on.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1174

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1174 will be found in the next issue.

GNN JGVVW IGEDNDYU KYUYE-

ZNY CRY GRCQJYK; YPYKW AR-

JGVVW IGEDNW DU ARJGVVW

DR DQU CLR LGW.

—QCNUQCW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1173

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

—Carlyle.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Axiom in Peking

In castigating Harry Schwartz's *China* as "a foolish tract," reviewer Howard Boorman [*SR*, Jan. 15] issues a justified rebuke to the "creeping imperialism of experts on Soviet affairs, who have gradually added China to their analytic domain" although lacking the qualifications of any feel for the Chinese as Chinese.

As a resident of China for some fifty years, involving calculated study of why the Chinese think and act as they do, not excepting the present era of their "communization," I am astounded—and nauseated—by the bumptious arrogance of all too many of our "analysts" who mislead the public with their cavalier disposal of China's destiny. All too many of these "experts" evince no consciousness of the Chinese as human beings, since they lack any full grounding in Chinese history or culture, and therefore are innocents in the field of China's realities.

In the tragically needed tutoring of these blind guides, may I suggest that they start with the kindergarten lesson that Peking acts upon the axiom that what is good for China is good for Communism, rather than what is good for Communism is good for China.

Ernest T. Nash.

Woodland, Calif.

Mature Synthesis

Howard L. Boorman says, "The problem for the critic is not that Mr. Schwartz has produced a foolish tract but that the lay reader in our affluent society does not have easy access to more mature syntheses on contemporary China." In response, I recommend highly *China*, by Felix Greene.

Mary S. Bullen.

Hillsboro, N.H.

Pretenders and Bewilderers

I was surprised to see in *SR*, Jan. 22, a letter from Miss Karen Featherman of Elmira, New York, complaining that A. M. Sullivan in his review of *Re Joyce* did not mention Stuart Gilbert. Miss Featherman is probably not aware that Stuart Gilbert is really James Joyce himself, hiding behind a clever and purely Joycean pen-name.

Stuart may, of course, be spelled Stewart or Steward. Esau, brother of Jacob, was a steward and his stewardship passed to Jacob. Jacob was a supplanter or pretender. The French form for Jacob is James. James II of the family of Stuarts and his son and grandson were all pretenders, too, as was James Joyce himself in this particularly engaging deception.

Among the clues to the deception is the passage of the name of Esau into the name (or birthright) of Jacob. Esau, as noted above, was a steward—a shepherd, a keeper of the sty (sty-ward) or pen (as good a place as any to find, incidentally, a pen-name). When Ulysses returned to Ithaca, Athene herself called him a deceiver, disguised him and sent him first to meet Eumaeus, his swineherd or steward. Ulysses the deceiver, then, meets Eumaeus the steward: Jacob meets Esau, and the clue is complete—steward (stuart) becomes James. Now we have James Gilbert. Taking steward a step further and considering the latter half of the word, we have *ward* or *guard* which by a small pun and slurring of pronunciation could be Latin *gaudia,* the plural of *gaudium*—joy or joys: Jacob Guardian becomes James Joyce. But also Gilbert in Old High German is Willibert or Will and will implies choice—or Joyce by pun. Will also is desire or pleasure which implies joy or joys or Joyce. Will also in an obsolete form means to go astray, used now only in the form bewilder—or send astray.

So now we have Stuart Gilbert, the pretender bewildering or the pretender by choice. It's a bit bewildering, but you can take your Joyce.

Sey Chassler.

New York, N.Y.

Thoreau in Utopia

In his review of *The Days of Henry Thoreau*, by Walter Harding [*SR*, Jan. 15], Sterling North notes Thoreau's aversion to "reformers," adding that he declined invitations to visit both Brook Farm and Fruitlands.

Thoreau, however, made an exception in the case of Raritan Bay Union, a "Utopia" envisioned by Marcus and Rebecca Spring and operated by them in the 1850s at Eagleswood, on the outskirts of Perth Amboy, New Jersey. He not only accepted the Springs' invitation to visit the community as a lecturer, but while in residence to survey the property as well. His surveyor's map is still preserved in Concord. An account of his visit is given in a letter to his sister, Sophia. Although he thought little of the New Jersey terrain, he admired the Springs and was impressed by their undertaking. Yet, characteristically, he concluded: "This is a queer place."

Dale Warren.

Boston, Mass.

Fabled Clue

Your reviewer of John Fowles's *The Magus* [*SR*, Jan. 15] should have read on to the end of the novel and perhaps then he could have known what it was all about. In those last hundred pages, which he admits he did not read, is a fable which provides an obvious clue to some of the meanings previously only suggested.

Howard A. Burton.

Riverside, Calif.

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Interviewing the Interviewer

Now it can be told. Remember the dark-eyed beauty of last month's column, the unidentified creature who attended the restaurant reading of a French menu by Martin Dale, author of *How to Read a French Menu*; that lovely, unnamed lady with a passion for treep (tripe)? Well, her name is Dolores Ziff, she hails from Philadelphia, works in New York publishing, and is a rabid baseball fan. This much I already knew; but since the last column I have discovered that Miss Ziff, one of America's least-known shortstops, is also an unknown poet. I quote with thanks—I think—her note to me:

Today I read a column, entitled
"On the Fringe";
I was prepared to laugh, prepared to
cry, indeed prepared to cringe.

But I can't express my feelings
at making my début
As the notorious "dark-haired lady" of
the *Saturday Review*.

Truly, you're too good to me. Can I
ever reciprocate
For opening new horizons—for
swinging wide the gate?

Think what this means to a girl who can't
cook, can't drink, can't do anything.
It's nothing to know a ball from a strike—
what rewards can that know-how bring?

But now you've immortalized me, and
when I'm laid to my final sleep
On the tombstone will be the inscription:
"Here lies a creep who liked treep!"

Alex Haley, magazine writer and interviewer, has, himself, been heavily interviewed ever since his collaboration on *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (*SR*, Nov. 20, 1965). Everyone wants to ask him about Malcolm X, but no one has bothered to find out about Alex Haley. As the book is starting to snowball its way onto the best-seller lists, it seems time to talk to the man everyone is talking to about the other man.

It is usually difficult to "turn on" someone who makes a living interviewing others, but I had no trouble with Mr. Haley—age forty-four, height 5'9", weight 185 pounds—who looks and moves like a football player but wasn't ("I played as a kid but it was no thing."). I simply took a tip from Alex Haley's own method of work: "If you are up against a subject who has been so heavily interviewed that there are pat answers, go back to his childhood and ask a question there." And I did.

"I was born in Ithaca, New York, in 1921. My dad was getting his M.A. in agriculture at Cornell at the time. He taught about forty years—Dean of Agriculture—at successive Negro Land Grant Colleges around the South before retiring. Home to me was Henning, Tennessee, where I did most of my growing up. It had 500 souls then—half white, half Negro. Henning was the world to me. Agrarian peasants, that's what we were. 'To go north to Chicago and do good'—you'd hear that all the time; that was the big Negro dream in Henning.

"I attended North Carolina State Teachers College and finished my sophomore year when I was seventeen. The plan was that I would teach, but Dad felt that I would be too young at nineteen to get my M.A. and start out, so I enlisted in the Coast Guard for three years—that was in the summer of 1939—and stayed twenty. None of us—I have two brothers—became teachers. My brother Julius is an architect in Washington, D.C., and George is a Kansas State Senator.

"My first ten years in the Coast Guard I was a messboy and then a cook. I started writing aboard ship—an ammo ship, the *U.S.S. Murzin*, in the South Pacific. I had nothing to do at night and I had a typewriter. I began by writing love letters for the crew. I wrote flowery stuff to girls all over Australia and New Zealand for the guys. Maybe that's why I started writing those love-confession stories for the magazines—you know, *Modern Romances* and *True Confessions*—but they never bought any of them.

"Well, anyway, finally I was stationed in New York City running a mimeo machine and typing, though I still had my steward's rating. And then came that epochal Christmas when I sold three stories to the old *Coronet* magazine, all on the history of the Coast Guard. That started me. The Coast Guard being small, news gets around. I became known as 'the steward who writes for magazines.' In December of 1950 a rating was created for me—Chief Journalist. It was sort of public relations work, writing speeches and working with the press on rescue stories. And on my own I was writing articles for magazines, articles that I could research at short range.

"My twenty years ended in San Francisco in 1959. I was thirty-seven and I wanted to make it as a writer, but I turned chicken and came to New York to find a job. I knew of other guys who had served their hitches and then gotten public relations jobs, so I made a careful résumé and sent it to twenty-five of the biggest advertising and PR agencies. I put my picture on every résumé—I was being practical. I got back only two replies. One sent me a form to fill out; the other wrote me a note, 'Thank you for thinking of us.' That was one of the two times I was furious about race prejudice directed at me.

"The other time was in 1954 when the Coast Guard transferred me from New York to San Francisco. I bought a station wagon and started cross-country. I can't tell you how I felt after driving all day and then coming to a line of motels, all with vacancy signs, and being told they were filled up. On some nights I had to sleep in the car. One motel let me in and charged me $20 for an $8 room. It was ironic because I was wearing a uniform with lots of battle stars. By the time I got to San Francisco I was ready to join the Black Muslims, only I hadn't heard about them then.

"Anyway, back to New York. When I didn't get a job, I decided to make it as a writer or else. Just jump off the limb, go for broke. I guess I wrote sixteen to eighteen hours a day for seven days a week. Come to think of it, I guess I haven't relaxed that schedule much since."

Today Alex Haley functions out of Rome, New York, a town he retreated to during the heavy writing of *Malcolm X*. "I write better there than anywhere else. It's a very hospitable town. And the Jervis Library is one of the finest small libraries I've seen anywhere. I have a small six-room house. There's a kitchen, living room, bedroom, and three writing rooms. In one I have material for a musical comedy I want to do; in another, my regular stuff, my magazine work; and in another, the material for *Before This Anger*, my next book, the one I'm doing for Doubleday. Depending on what I want to work on, that's the room I go to.

"Let me tell you about *Before This Anger*. It's a biography of my family, a chronicle of how an American Negro

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family rooted itself in this country over a 200-year period. I can take us back to the beginning of us here. He was very likely a Mandingo from Gambia, and he was brought to South Carolina as a slave in 1766. I know this because the daughter of that first African was fortunate enough to have been kept on the same plantation as her father until she was fourteen. She told the story of her father to her son, and a tradition of oral history was born into our family.

"I remember when I was fourteen, I was sitting in a window watching my grandmother baking biscuits. She said to me, 'Boy, sit down. You need to know where you came from.' She talked for hours. I've been told our history over and over again through the years. Storytelling was our family's television. We've been lucky enough to have a storyteller in each generation. I guess it's me now.

"I've been researching our story for five years. I'm planning to go to Africa,

and to visit all the plantations my family has been on—I know where they all are. I've been in the U.S. Archives, the Congressional Library, and the DAR Library. A Negro searching for his genealogy has to have a lot of specific nucleus information—the names of masters, the names and locations of plantations, the age of everyone he is seeking. You see, until 1870 slaves were not listed by names on the Slave Schedules—a sort of census. Every slave was an X on a Schedule, with an M or an F beside it for male or female, the age, and the color—B or M, for black or mulatto. Since most plantations had under fifteen slaves, if you know the exact age of the person you are seeking, you can tell which X he was. It's going to be a big book, take a lot of work, but imagine—from an African slave to an architect, a writer, and a state senator!" —HASKEL FRANKEL.

System of Checks and Challenges

Presidential Government: The Crucible of Leadership, *by James MacGregor Burns (Houghton Mifflin. 366 pp. $5.95), examines the historical models—Hamiltonian, Madisonian, and Jeffersonian—which have been followed by American Presidents, and recommends the establishment of a "shadow president" as a means of maintaining a creative opposition. Frank Freidel is the author of the three-volume biography "Franklin D. Roosevelt."*

By FRANK FREIDEL

BEFORE President-elect John F. Kennedy took office, his biographer James MacGregor Burns suggested to him the directions the new Administration should take, and urged him to reorganize and strengthen the Democratic Party. "You must be the Jefferson of the twentieth century." Three and a half years later, at a White House conclave, President Johnson asked a group of political scientists and historians to give new attention to the origins, history, and functions of the Presidency. Burns, who was already planning to restudy the office, set to work with a will. He has produced an eloquent and persuasive manual, a thought-provoking analysis of "the Presidential problems, potentials, and paradoxes."

Historically, Presidents have followed three models, Burns suggests: the Washington Administration as shaped by Hamilton—"a vigorous executive working within the system of checks and balances," but, in the case of Hamilton, not setting great humane ends as the goal; the Madisonian concept of a Presidency functioning within an intricate scheme of balanced powers, as, indeed, John Adams conceived it, and the "Jeffersonian model . . . implying government by majority rule, under strong Presidential leadership, with a highly competitive two-party system and with a more popular, democratic, and egalitarian impulse than the Madisonian."

Strong Presidents in the twentieth century have come closer to following the Jeffersonian model that Burns admires, but more often than not have failed to remodel the political party to which they belonged in keeping with their long-range goals. They have been strong enough to become dominant figures and to establish Presidential government, as contrasted with the Congress-controlled government of the latter part of the nineteenth century; but one result has been a schism within each major party, dividing it into Presidential and Congressional factions. (The problems growing out of what are in effect four major parties, rather than the official two, was the subject of a book Burns published in 1963, *The Deadlock of Democracy.*)

The split between the Congress party and the White House party seems to worry Burns less since the 1964 election. The voters acted in a more sophisticated fashion than had seemed likely, to reaffirm the basic goals of the 1960s. In the Johnson Administration the "power and paradox of the Presidency have reached a new peak." Johnson, backed by a formidable, institutionalized Presidential staff, utilizing to the utmost his prestige as party leader, seems to be combining the best of the Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian models. The paradox, as Johnson himself has expressed it, is that he must "build for tomorrow in the immediacy of today." He must, says Burns, "foster greatness in the midst of so much that is mediocre and complacent"— a difficult undertaking for "the President who aspires to his own greatness in history but must work in a tangle of day-to-day problems."

The overwhelming power of the President seems to Burns salutary, since it replaces deadlock with positive action. Nor is the novelists' nightmare of a President cracking up and precipitating a holocaust something that bothers Burns. He points out that the large staff participating in momentous decisions provides a "fail-safe" system in the White House.

For the future, the most serious difficulties facing the President of a nation bound by a top-heavy consensus are that he is more likely to become a technician than an innovator, and that ceremonial functions are likely to supersede planning. He might better be kept on his toes if the opposition party were more effective, and to this end Burns recommends the establishment of a vigorous "shadow president," similar to the "shadow cabinet" in the British parliamentary system. "A great society," he concludes, "needs not consensus but creative leadership and creative opposition—hence it needs the sting of challenge in a society rich in diversity and in a politics rich with dissent."

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Toward a Wider World of Choice

***Freedom in the Modern World,** by Herbert J. Muller (Harper & Row. 559 pp. $10), completes the author's trilogy on the "History of Freedom" by tracing the major liberating developments from the French Revolution to World War II. Geoffrey Bruun's many historical works include "Revolution and Reaction."*

By GEOFFREY BRUUN

FOR HERBERT J. MULLER freedom means "the condition of being able to choose and carry out purposes." In two earlier books, *Freedom in the Ancient World* (1961) and *Freedom in the Western World* (1963), he made use of this liberty to wander through past centuries at will, his purpose being to estimate the measure of freedom enjoyed by earlier generations. *Freedom in the Modern World* completes the trilogy by tracing (and sometimes retracing) the major liberating developments from the French Revolution to World War II. Muller emphasizes, however, that like the two preceding volumes in his "History of Freedom," this one is designed as a work complete in itself.

It is a work that, like its protean author, resists conventional classification; the safest label is "historical interpretation." A few authoritative sections contain deft and authentic literary criticism —Muller's original academic field. Other essays, of uneven merit, discuss democracy, nationalism, socialism, politics, religion, education, art, music, and popular culture. Part I, "The Nineteenth Century," is the longer and more discursive. Part II, "The Twentieth Century," has four shorter and somewhat firmer chapters on "World War I," "The Aftermath of the War," "The Rise of Totalitarianism," and "The Impact on the Non-Western World." The final thirty pages, entitled "Epilogue: World War II and Its Aftermath," offer a superficial diagnosis of the contemporary world and its ills, and closes on a note of sober optimism.

Among a dozen earlier books by Muller several have enjoyed exceptional popularity, most notably *The Loom of History* and *The Uses of the Past.* Almost all, including the first two volumes of the "Freedom" trilogy, have been reissued as paperbacks. It is evident that Muller knows how to attract readers, but it is not easy to explain how he does this.

Perhaps the key is his courage. In an age of specialization he ignores the jealously guarded hedges between academic disciplines and surveys with a wide-angle lens the broad and urgent issues of the day. What, he inquires, are the basic differences that divide East and West? What are the essential factors that promote human freedom? What can the study of history offer to help clarify such problems?

To these questions Professor Muller brings the resources of an erudite, lively, and independent mind. The verve, the gusto of his thinking and writing carry his readers at jet speed from theme to theme, providing stratospheric glimpses of complex historical terrains. The result is a succession of swift impressions and startling illuminations difficult to obtain in any other manner.

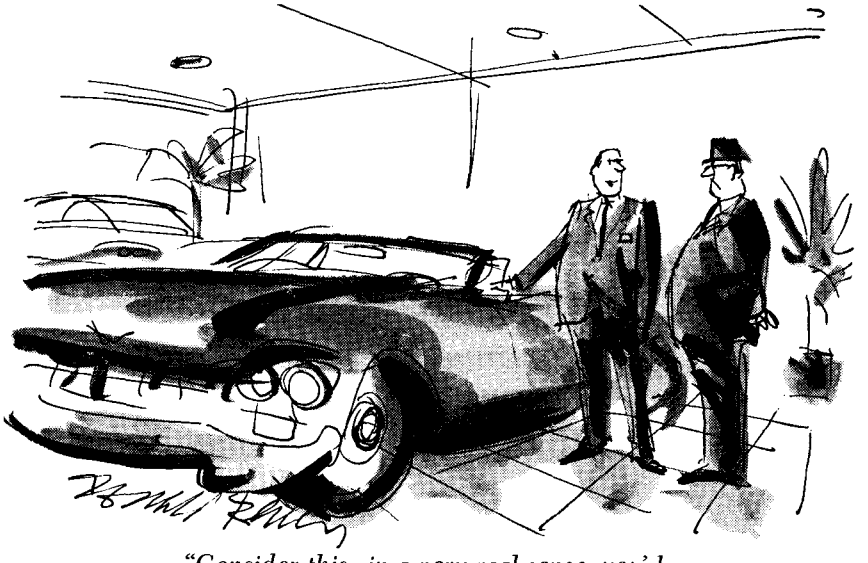
As pilot and guide Muller distinguishes the cultural wastes and watersheds of history, and his lively comments linger in the memory. Like Voltaire and Shaw, he can be most meaningful when he appears most flippant. "Science," he notes in a paradoxical aside, "had the curious effect of belittling man, its author." In an acid moment he can toss off such aphorisms as "In America . . . the outcome of our material progress has been the highest standard of low living in history." And, more severely, "At home the obsessive fear of Communism has given America the worst political record of the Western democracies."

Muller knows that "history is people," and in principle he is on the side of the sentient individual against the oblivious generality. "To me," he insists, "it seems obvious that every specific innovation throughout history must have been the work of some individual, just as was every new idea—ideas cannot come out of the head of 'society' even if it is called the social organism." A valiant avowal; yet one that the author himself repeatedly forgets.

For, although his formula in this latest work is "once over lightly as before," the method is wearing thin. The stratospheric flight is becoming so rapid and erratic that the focus too often blurs, individuals vanish, and details dissolve. After six pages of generalities on modern painting, for example, pages that never mention a single individual picture, the brain grows dizzy from the rarefied air. And after a quarter-million words of print, in a study that has no illustrative matter, no balanced structure, no systematic organization, the average reader finds himself haunted by the feeling that he has been sculpturing in smoke. This book deserved more orderly planning, more careful writing, and a more critical bibliography. But first and foremost, it deserved tighter thinking and more concrete imagery.

. . . THE TECHNOLOGY that continues to regiment, mechanize, and standardize modern life also continues to serve as the main hope of the poor, to free many men from a fixed status and lowly job, to provide a wealth of varied opportunity for talented persons, and to give all more leisure for their private pursuits. It recalls that our standardized mass society is in another aspect by all odds the most heterogeneous and fluid in history, intrinsically much more open than "organic" society.

—*From the book.*



"Consider this—in a very real sense, you'd be striking a blow against Communism."

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Historical Interpretation of Horror

Three Faces of Fascism, *by Ernst Nolte, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 561 pp. $7.95), analyzes the Fascist movements in France, Italy, and Germany and attempts to place them "in a philosophical and metaphysical perspective." Franz Schoenberner recorded his observations of the rise of Nazism in his "Confessions of a European Intellectual."*

By FRANZ SCHOENBERNER

THIS heavy (in every respect) tome of *circa* 300,000 words, including an appendix A, an appendix B, and about 100 pages of footnotes, is in an almost parodistic sense a monument of German scholarship. Ernst Nolte, according to the book jacket, was born in 1923, studied at the universities of Muenster, Berlin, and Freiburg, received his Ph.D. in 1952, and is now professor of European history at Marburg University. His work proves that the legendary type of the German professor has survived the most horrible—and nearly final—catastrophe of German history.

Dr. Nolte was ten years old when Hitler came to power. It would be interesting, historically and psychologically, to learn how he lived through the Third Reich and its aftermath. To judge from the ponderous, dryly detached style of his writing, which the translator, Mrs. Leila Vennewitz, has preserved almost too well, one might imagine that he had passed most of his life somewhere on the moon, immersed in an astonishing amount of reading and philosophizing, glancing only occasionally over high piles of books (often the wrong ones) at the realities of his times. It has been often remarked that German scholars move almost exclusively in abstractions. This explains, for example, the certainly sincere postwar confession of the old philosopher Karl Jaspers that he, unfortunately, had been much too deeply involved in his philosophical problems to notice anything wrong with the rising Nazism.

The typically academic task chosen by Professor Nolte was the writing of *Three Faces of Fascism,* in which, according to the publisher, he "studies in turn French, Italian, and German Fascism, analyzing and comparing their history, practice, and doctrine, and placing Fascism in a philosophical and metaphysical perspective."

Despite the author's long and complicated explanations and definitions, it does not become quite clear why he begins with the study of the royalist, Catholic, fanatically nationalistic, and anti-Semitic Action Française, founded around 1898 by the brilliant but somehow perverted writer Charles Maurras. Maurras's practical political influence, almost exclusively limited to Paris and to a small group of enthusiastic disciples supported by an even smaller number of roughnecks (the so-called *Camelots du Roi*), was an anachronistic remnant of the Anti-Dreyfusards. Dr. Nolte insists for more than 110 pages on seeing in the Action Française the first face of Fascism, while almost ignoring much more "fascistoid" groups such as Doriot's Parti Populaire Française, de la Rocque's Croix de Feu, and the conspiratorial Cagoulards of the early Thirties.

Part Three of the book deals with Italian Fascism, which, in its similarity to and interdependence upon National Socialism, is of course more easily recognizable as the second face of Fascism. But due to space limitations I must leave the examination of this part to Italian experts. Part Five, "Fascism as a Metapolitical Phenomenon," which discusses "the concept of transcendence" and "the outline of a transcendental sociology of this period" with references to Marx, Nietzsche, and Max Weber, moves in so thick a philosophical fog that I shall refrain from any analysis.

The study of National Socialism occupies Part Four. Here I can claim a certain competence. I spent the years from 1918 to March 1933 in Munich, editing successively three magazines, until, as the last anti-Nazi editor of the political-satirical weekly *Simplicissimus,* I had to flee to France to carry on my fight against Nazism.

Obviously, events would look quite different to a grown-up eyewitness than to even the most industrious researcher. It has to be conceded that, in contrast to many other German historians, Professor Nolte does not hesitate to give a more or less clear picture of Hitler's pathological personality. But he comes up repeatedly with astonishing statements which seem to him so obvious that he does not even bother to present any evidence. He prefers dealing less with facts than with ideas, which "sometimes are no ideas at all," as he himself occasionally remarks. His sources are often such documents as the various editions of *Hitler's Table Talks,* or the famous book *Mein Kampf,* written not by the almost illiterate Hitler alone but with the help of the at least half-educated Rudolf Hess, and edited by a Father Bernhard Stempfle, who later on was murdered at Hitler's order.

Professor Nolte makes two fantastic statements regarding Hitler's famous Beerhall Putsch of November 9, 1923: ". . . the population was on [the Nazi] side and an efficiently led popular uprising could perhaps have turned the tide"; "In 1923 the whole of Bavaria had wanted to march on Berlin, and all Hitler had wanted was to take the lead." Not even Hitler himself would have dared invent such a tall story after the débacle of the Putsch, especially since there was no "unanimity" at all in Munich let alone the whole of Bavaria.

IT IS almost touching to observe how the author, with the best intentions of objectivity, often fails to overcome certain Nazi conceptions presumably learned in school. He brings up in all naïveté the old chestnut that the German Jews, though totaling only 1 per cent of the population, in certain professions made up a proportion "which could not be maintained indefinitely." He insists that "anti-Semitism is . . . under certain conditions an element of national consciousness itself."

I cannot help quoting a few other sentences illustrating Professor Nolte's complete confusion (which seems typical also of other young German professors): "In Hitler's extermination of the Jews it was not a case of criminals committing criminal deeds, but of a uniquely monstrous action in which principles ran riot in a frenzy of self-destruction." "When Hitler's retinue of leaders were on trial in Nuremberg, there was not one who had not been inspired by moderate and sensible views. Sabotage of

(*Continued on page 76*)

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Keeping Alive in Space: A report from General Dynamics

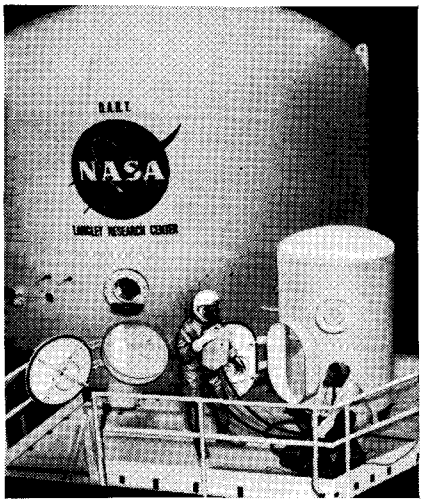
QUESTION: An astronaut in space needs 11 pounds of water and two pounds of oxygen a day to live. If you seal him into a spaceship, how long could just 11 pounds of water and two pounds of oxygen last him?

ANSWER: Forever, if necessary.

The reason, of course, is that air and water can be regenerated indefinitely, providing that a total man-machine system is properly organized.

Such a system is the heart of an experimental life-support facility which General Dynamics has recently built for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. It is designed to take care of the basic physiological requirements of four men in a zero-gravity environment for a full year, with minimal resupply once every three months.

Regeneration is a basic fact of nature—nothing is ever really lost. The job is done by the total biosphere of the earth, its billions of cubic miles of atmosphere, its millions of miles of earth and sea, its thousands of species of animals, plants, insects and bacteria.



This sealable structure contains the prototype of a life-support system which includes facilities to maintain four men in space for a year.

Compressing even part of that system to meet the requirements of men in space is a capability that has developed only recently.

The problem—weight:

General Dynamics has been involved in the requirements of space travel for almost a generation through its development of the Atlas and Centaur space vehicles. We've been working even longer with the problem of sealed environments in the submarines we've been building since 1900.

But the submarine problem is somewhat different. Drinking water and oxygen can be produced directly from the surrounding water—which, because of its buoyancy, also makes weight a relatively minor problem.

In space, weight, including supplies, comes at an incredibly high premium.

Thirteen pounds of water and oxygen per man per day for four men for 365 days adds up to almost ten tons of water and oxygen.

One manned space platform now in development will weigh approximately 25,000 pounds. Without regeneration another 20,000 pounds of just water and air would be needed.

New water from old:

To avoid carrying such excess weight, the system General Dynamics put together for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration ties water, air and waste removal requirements into one integrated system.

Exhaled carbon dioxide, humidity, air contaminants, used washing water and urine are filtered, absorbed, heated, cooled, catalyzed and electrolyzed in a constantly operating process to create pure water and pure oxygen for reuse.

For water recovery in our system, we chose an evaporative method as the most efficient.

Excess vapor from the cabin air, used wash water and urine are collected in holding tanks and are drawn into wicks by capillary action. At the other end of the wick, water is evaporated into a stream of warmed air. The contaminants are left behind in the replaceable wicks. Condensed vapor moves through a series of filters finally to return to a central reservoir as pure water.

Regenerating air:

Air regeneration presents a more complicated problem.

Normal air is a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, water vapor, trace gases and contaminants. Exhaled air contains less oxygen and is enriched with carbon dioxide. On earth the constant interchange between animals, atmosphere and plants consumes the carbon dioxide and the contaminants and supplies fresh oxygen.

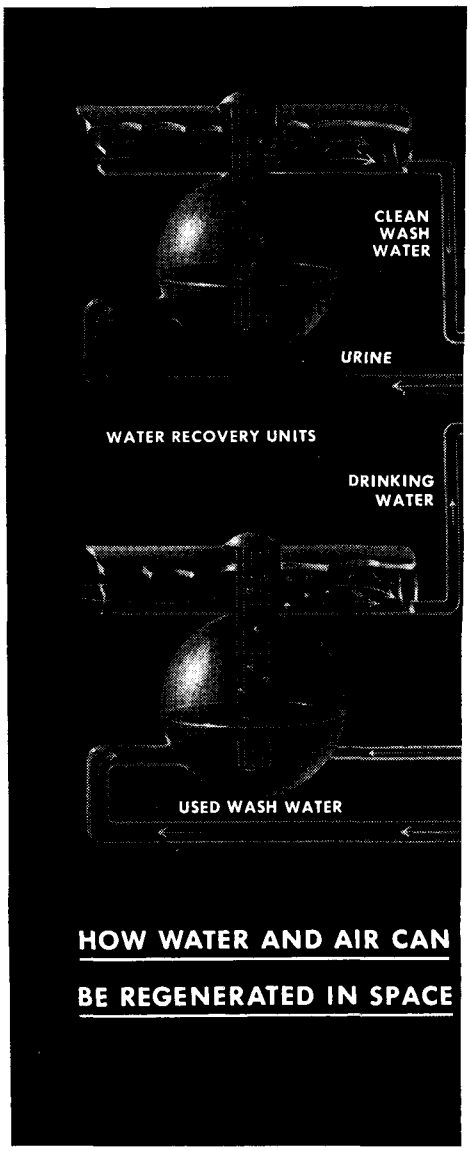
In a sealed ship the oxygen would be rapidly used up and the carbon dioxide built to a poisonous concentration.

Moreover, new contaminants are constantly being formed. At the end of some Project Mercury flights, the cabin air filter contained dozens of contaminants not present at takeoff. Some, such as ammonia, can come from ordinary chemical reactions to an astronaut's own perspiration.

Machinery now has to do the job otherwise done by nature.

How it works:

In our "spaceship," cabin air—the original mixture, plus exhaled breath, excess moisture from cooling systems and new contaminants—is continually circulated through a bank of equipment. A *dehumidifier* removes excess moisture. A



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charcoal filter holds back some contaminants. A *catalytic burner* converts others. And a *separator* screens out the carbon dioxide. But the removal isn't final.

The water wrung out by the dehumidifier, for instance, is added to the central tanks for reuse. The carbon dioxide is moved to another chamber where it is mixed with hydrogen at a high temperature in the presence of a catalyst. That reaction creates water and pure carbon.

Techniques have not yet been developed to use the carbon, so it is simply blown into a storage area. But the water, collected through a porous plate, is transferred to an electrolytic cell where an electric current breaks it into hydrogen and oxygen.

The hydrogen is pumped back to fuel the previous reaction in which the water was formed. The oxygen returns to the cabin air to be breathed again.

A separate problem is presented by solid wastes. In a biological food system utilizing algae or bacteria, these wastes might fuel the growth process, but now there is no use for them. International agreements forbid the contamination of space, so they cannot be jettisoned.

Solid wastes, therefore, are dehydrated into a powdery dry residue and stored. In operating spaceships, this may serve as additional shielding against radiation or meteorites.

The work ahead:

The entire life-support system is the most advanced yet developed and does include, of course, much more than the air and water regeneration loop.

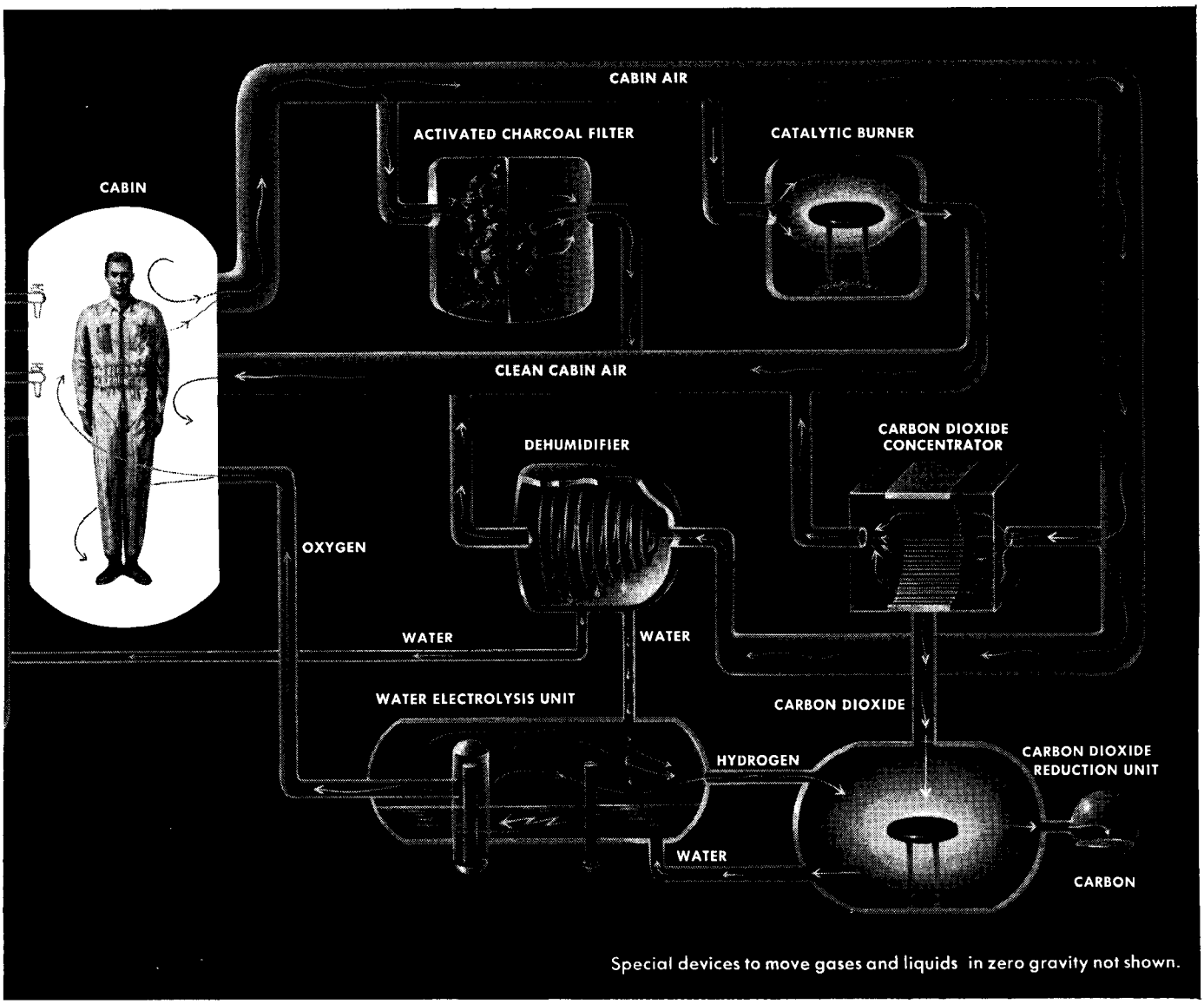
Other facets are an electricity-generating system, mechanisms to circulate gases and liquids, monitoring and control instrumentation, food preparation, storage and other facilities.

Efficient regeneration of food is not yet feasible. So dehydrated food will be carried by the spaceship and resupplied.

All in all, we think the prototype is close to what will be needed in space. But as experimental equipment it's still somewhat heavy—over two tons altogether. We expect the long period of ground testing to be conducted by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to provide further guidelines for the design of much more compact and lighter equipment.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce for defense and industry: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; and machinery, minerals and gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS



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JUST BECAUSE IT'S SO SMALL, DON'T TRY TO KNOCK IT OFF IN A DAY.

"We're planning a trip to Europe, and we'd like to try to squeeze in Israel, too."

Maybe you've said that to a travel agent. Actually, who can blame you?

Nobody should be as close to Israel as Europe is without seeing it. And El Al loves flying you there, but we kind of wish you didn't arrive out of breath.

Many people don't realize what a wonderful place Israel is to take a vacation from your vacation.

No matter what time of the year you show up, there's always someplace to swim, or water ski, or get a tan. Resorts, like the Hot Springs of Tiberias, are natural spots to loll around, especially if you've just caught cold in a European castle.

And when it comes time for looking, it would be a shame to walk into a city like Jerusalem, 3000 years old, and be subject to a time limit. In this one city are both King David's Tomb and The Room of the Last Supper. A morning's drive on is Beersheba (Abraham dug a well and planted a tree there), and a few hours down the road, King Solomon's Mines.

On the Mediterranean is Tel Aviv, Israel's largest city, and the home of Lod Airport, where El Al jets arrive from New York and 12 European cities.

So if you're in the neighborhood, drop in. But don't be fooled by a map.

Israel can't be measured in miles. It's too big for that.

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Career of a Clever Dissembler

Count Rumford of Woburn, Mass., *by W. J. Sparrow (Crowell. 302 pp. $5.95), probes the contradictory life of Benjamin Thompson, a Colonial small-town boy whose undertakings included espionage, diplomacy, humanitarianism, and scientific research into the nature of heat. Richard B. Morris, professor of American history at Columbia, edited "The Era of the American Revolution."*

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

WHENEVER one visits Munich's famous English Garden, passes a soup kitchen, or smothers under central heating, he has been exposed to the variegated talents of a small-town boy from provincial Massachusetts who once made a big splash on the international scene. His name was Benjamin Thompson, although he is better known by his Bavarian title of Count Rumford. His career is every bit as implausible as that of his versatile French contemporary Beaumarchais, and his newest biographer, the late W. J. Sparrow of the University of Birmingham, has labored valiantly to make it seem both credible and understandable.

Thompson was one of the very few eminent men of science to have been a native of the American colonies. In addition, he was both a turncoat and a spy, a man who readily deserted both wife and country without apparent remorse. Yet his shallow egoism was tempered by a broad streak of humanitarian concern, and he applied his scientific knowledge to social ends. The complex drama of his life, staged in four countries on two continents, is related in detail by the author, who has ransacked the libraries in Munich and Paris and examined the archives of the Royal Institution, the Royal Society, and the William L. Clements Library.

The outlines of Thompson's career are well known. A tall, handsome teenager from Woburn, Massachusetts, he married a widow twelve years his senior, who possessed a large estate. Thereafter he never had to hustle for a living, but he did show an exceptional knack for extricating himself from embarrassments of his own making. Using invisible ink, he sent important military information about the Patriot militia to British army headquarters. Ever the huckster, he

—*From the book.*

Count Rumford—"Unloving, he died unloved."

sought at the same time to sell epaulets to the American forces. With exposure only moments away, he converted his assets into cash, deserted his wife and child without making any provision for the latter, and headed for England. There his attractive person, quick mind, and glib tongue made him seemingly indispensable to Lord George Germain, who as Secretary for the Colonies was engaged in running the war against the rebellious Americans. A favorite at once of father, mother, and daughters, Thompson soon became the target of unsubstantiated gossip implying sexual relations with all parties concerned.

With Lord George's political downfall and his future in England clouded, Thompson attached himself to the court of the Elector of Bavaria, whom he advised on social and military reforms, including the setting up of workhouses for beggars. Subsequently he turned seriously to science, founded the Royal Institution in London, and contributed numerous important papers reporting his experiments with heat and light and the simple properties of matter. It is this last but most durable phase of Rumford's career that the author, with his own scientific background, handles most successfully. He shows that Rumford was primarily interested in applied rather than pure science, and that he wanted the Royal Institution to spread popular scientific education rather than to serve as the center for pure science that it became after his departure. His most famous paper, which he presented to the Royal Society in 1798, demonstrated that heat was not a substance but was produced by the motion of particles. While Rumford lacked the disciplined imagination and mathematical competence of the great theorists, his achievements both in theory and practice were considerable. His kitchen ranges, roasters, parlor grates, and fireplaces all attest to his concern with heat radiation.

One episode in Rumford's career remains wrapped in mystery. In 1781 he was summarily dropped from his post as Undersecretary of State for the Colonies and hastily joined the British army in America. It was rumored then and later that he had been leaking secrets from the British Admiralty to France and Spain, then at war with England. Sparrow rather casually dismisses these rumors. However, as I suggested in *The Peacemakers*, Thompson had the audacity, impudence, and amorality needed for the role of counterspy, and the studies he was making of naval architecture and gunnery afforded him firsthand knowledge of the British navy. Perhaps Lord Sandwich, head of the British Admiralty, was wrong about him; but when Rumford was presented to the Court of St. James in 1798 as Ambassador from Bavaria, George III set tongues wagging again by declaring him unacceptable.

Rumford's career petered out to an ignoble end. After the death of his first wife he married Mme. Lavoisier, the rich widow of the famous chemist who had been a victim of the guillotine. As evidence of her lasting attachment to her first husband she clung to the name Lavoisier. Rumford was regarded in French scientific circles as something of an enthusiast and a posturer. A subject of Britain, a pensioner of Bavaria living apart from his wife, a man who rode in a carriage with very wide wheel-rims and in winter, following his own scientific principles, dressed in white from head to foot, Rumford was looked upon in Paris as an eccentric. When he died no pomp and ceremony attended the obsequies. He was buried privately and hastily in an insignificant grave in a little suburban cemetery; not even his wife or his daughter by his first marriage was present. Unloving, he died unloved.

Mr. Sparrow makes no bones about his subject's flagrant opportunism, his lack of deep feeling or loyalty, and his indiscretions, but as a sympathetic biographer he feels obligated to put the best face possible on these defects.

He covers all the angles of the extraordinary life of this strangely talented man. Yet Count Rumford, who kept everyone at arm's length during his lifetime, has succeeded in keeping both his biographer and the reader from penetrating the wall he built around himself.

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A Dream of Indians

The Innocent Eye: The Life of Robert J. Flaherty, *by Arthur Calder-Marshall (Harcourt, Brace & World. 304 pp. $6.95), traces the improbable career of the film director who created "Nanook of the North" and "The Land," a romantic whose vision of the innate goodness of man and nature has led critics to compare him to Melville, Whitman, and Thoreau. Herman G. Weinberg is curator of films at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.*

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

"LIKE Melville," Arthur Calder-Marshall notes, "Flaherty had always the sense of the individual embodying some universal principle." And if he was a Melville sans the apocalyptical visions, he substituted for it something in its own way just as good: an "innocent eye" that saw the world as good, in which there was no villain save natural elements (the harsh Arctic winter of *Nanook*, the storms of *Man of Aran*, the erosion of the earth in *The Land*). "For him there was no Fall in the Garden of Eden," comments Calder-Marshall. "Subjective good and evil were evaded. His moral judgments stopped short at the end of the Creation. There was no Fall and no Redemption. . . . By some magical short-cut . . . the Garden of Eden could be found again—or reconstructed." Even in *The Land*, the only Flaherty film that touches the edge of pain in its telling of the dislocation of American farmers during the Depression, the end result is not a sociological document but a ballad, in the words of Siegfried Kracauer "fragments of a lost epic song that celebrated the immense life of the land."

Who was this singer celebrating the goodness of the earth and its fulfillment through the goodness of man? What was this poet doing in the purlieus of the motion picture world, notorious for its deadfalls? Arthur Calder-Marshall answers these questions and many more in his illuminating biography, aptly named *The Innocent Eye*. For in that appellation lies the secret of Flaherty's art, that pantheism which makes the whole world kin, man and nature in an eternal polarity. It is this that set Flaherty apart not only from the commercial mainstream of film-making but also from his colleagues in the field of the documentary or factual film. Beside their worldliness, he was naïve; beside their realism, he was romantic.

All his life he dreamt of "Indians." Calder-Marshall relates the Tom Sawyer-like childhood of the boy whose father had mining interests in the North Country, of his fascination not only with the North but with the Canadian sub-Arctic as mineralogist, cartographer, and

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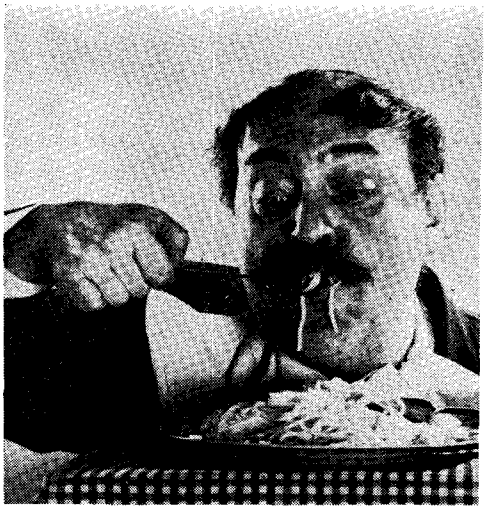
Mobile Face and Brush: I could understand *Zero by Mostel* (Horizon, $10) if Zero Mostel were an entertainer who inspired the cult frenzy of, say, a Ringo Starr, a personage whose admirers were so obsessed with their idol that anything related to him, no matter how contrived, was a necessity at any price. But to my knowledge Mr. Mostel, a much-respected stage actor, is little known beyond the limited confines of the theater world. His enthusiasts are not to be found among the fan-magazine purchasers. Then why this expensive, coffee-table product that is all potatoes and no meat?

The book devotes about one-third of its length (a length I can only guess at, since the publishers have not seen fit to number the pages) to an interview with Mr. Mostel. Typical questions are: "Do you read your reviews?" "How long have you been painting?" The answers reveal that Mr. Mostel has intelligence and a sense of humor, which is hardly news, but what can one expect in reply to questions a junior-high cub reporter could have come up with?

The interview portion, short as it is, is broken up with black-and-white sketches and washes by Mr. Mostel. The art tidbits suggest a smidge of Lautrec here, a dab of Picasso there, and a seriousness of purpose throughout. The reproductions are not suitable for framing.

The remainder of the book is given over to 152 photographs of Mr. Mostel by Max Waldman. The photographs all prove that Mr. Mostel is a comedian with a mobile face.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.



—Photos from the book.

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explorer, finally as documentary filmmaker in *Nanook*, with its directness, simplicity, charm, and above all the poetry of its images. And though he set the classic pattern for this kind of film, "there will be no Flaherty School," Jean Renoir reminds us. "Many people will try to imitate him, but they won't succeed; he had no system. His system was just to love the world, to love humanity, to love animals, and love is something you cannot teach." To which Calder-Marshall adds: "Love cannot be taught. But it can be experienced . . . Flaherty is a country which having once seen one never forgets." John Collier put it another way: "A Flaherty film differs from others. The making of it is an adventure rather than a gamble. It is an exploration into a sort of beauty that cannot be put under contract."

Calder-Marshall tells the rest of the many-faceted Flaherty story: the making of *Moana*, after forty years still the most beautiful film of the Southern Seas ever created; *Man of Aran*, shot off the west coast of Ireland; *Elephant Boy*, after Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants," made in India; *The Land*, a U.S. government-sponsored project, and finally *Louisiana Story*, filmed in the bayou country. There were way-stations in between: *The Twenty-Four Dollar Island*, a visual poem of Manhattan; *Industrial Britain*, and several abortive ventures including *White Shadows in the South Seas*, *Tabu*, and a film on the American Indians. The production of each of the major films receives full treatment. Each one involved considerable *sturm und drang* before it was completed.

ALONG with the artist, Calder-Marshall portrays Robert Flaherty the man, by now legendary as the most genial and convivial of companions, whether in drinking, telling tall stories (including the hilarious "Bozo the Bear," a delight in its innocent naughtiness), or presiding at the parties he liked to give in the Coffee House Club in New York.

Although the book is spiced with occasional Flaherty anecdotes, the biographer admits he has tried to resist the temptation to include the bulk of them —a difficult, almost an ascetic feat when one recalls how irresistible they are (and everyone who ever knew Flaherty can recall scores of them). But Calder-Marshall had a job to do, and he'd never get it done if he didn't stick to the main line of his story—the improbable career of a motion picture director compared by Oliver St. John Gogarty to Walt Whitman, by Orson Welles to Hawthorne and Thoreau.

We go back to his films again and again to renew and refresh ourselves in his crystalline images, for in them is eternal spring, a fountain of youth, a young boy dreaming of Indians.

People Make the Difference

Swans on an Autumn River and Other Stories, *by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking. 224 pp. $4.50), focus on character and situation in thirteen quiet tales set in the English countryside and village. Warren Bower is director of the Writing Center at New York University.*

By WARREN BOWER

IN 1926 Sylvia Townsend Warner made a brilliant first appearance before the American reading public with a most engaging fantasy, *Lolly Willowes*, and followed it a year later with *Mr. Fortune's Maggot*, which confirmed her skill as a novelist with a special inclination toward highly flavorsome and tartly odd characters. Since that time five other novels have been published, as well as six books of short stories and four volumes of poetry, not all of which have been released in America. Her audience may not have enlarged much over that gained by her first novel's having been an early book club choice, but it has certainly remained most satisfactorily faithful.

Now, forty years later, after Miss Warner has apparently turned her back upon the novel, there appears another book of short stories which could convince new readers that her narration is deft and sharp in a way that makes her work especially rewarding in a time when subtlety is not a popular virtue. There are thirteen quiet tales in *Swans on an Autumn River*. A few of them, including the title story, are adroitly told incidents slight in significance; however, there are at least three major stories, and one that is a superb example of a potential "shocker," even in these days, but here told with taste, restraint, and verbal felicity. "A Love Match" is an example of the short story at its most artistic: the full dimensions of the revelations in Miss Warner's unconventional situation open in surges of recognition, maintaining the story's impact long after the reading.

The selections in this volume are alike in that they are only potentially dramatic, never overtly so. Their focus is on character and situation, which are set forth by small incidents and subtle characterizations, chosen for what they reveal, but left without highlighting or underlining. Miss Warner never raises her voice, indicates any excitement, or directs a reader what to feel; her words and images imply all that a good reader needs. Of an elderly mother, who has again gotten her own way, upon which she is insistent, the author writes, ". . . she looked as composed as a sea anemone digestively sealed on its prey." It is this ability to express much in spare, memorably meaningful phrases that makes Miss Warner's work fresh and evocative.

—*Joy Finzi.*

Sylvia Townsend Warner—"taste, restraint, and verbal felicity."

THE English scene of countryside and village has produced a group of short-story writers who are adept at spinning a tale in which the quality of the experience reported and a vivid sense of character are the chief values. The greatest recent exemplar of such writing was A. E. Coppard, who insisted upon the term "tales" for the stories that made up the total of his writing aside from a small amount of poetry. Another writer whose work has that quality of relaxed telling is T. F. Powys, who disdains "plot" and leads his readers to a full re-experience of the events he recounts in his stories and novels. In this good company Sylvia Townsend Warner is wholly at home. She has, to be sure, her own distinction, her own individual style of story-telling; but she is kin to the best of those who hold listeners or readers intent upon the heart of the tale—its people and what they are like.

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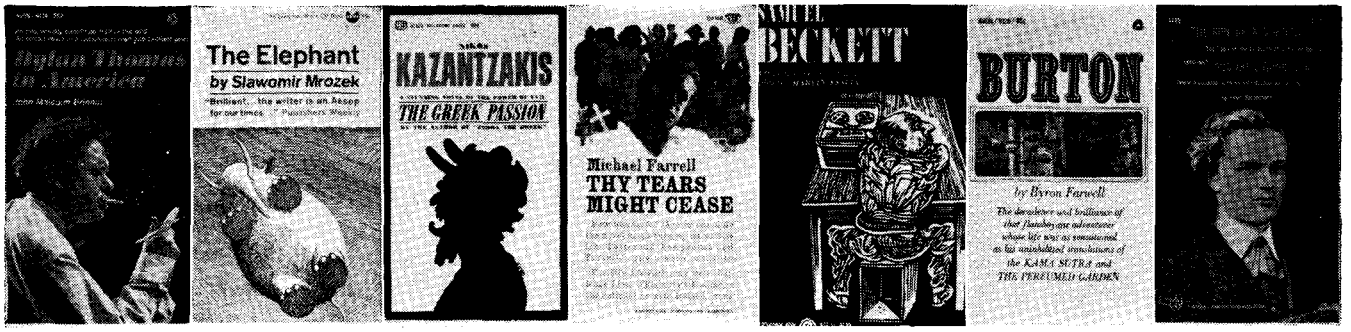

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

To those for whom the war in South Vietnam is both heart-rending and puzzling, some guides are offered by *Vietnam: History, Documents and Opinions in a Major World Crisis* (Fawcett Premier, 95¢), which includes statements by President Johnson, Ho Chi Minh, Bao Dai, Chou En-lai, and John F. Kennedy. Among the subjects covered are the evolution of the two Vietnams and the chances of U.S. success in counter-guerrilla activities. Another problem, less world-shaking, is discussed in *Samuel Beckett* (Spectrum, $1.95), a collection of essays about the playwright who has been called the "creator of the myth of nothingness." Beckett himself wrote to Alan Schneider, who directed *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Happy Days:* "My work is a matter of fundamental sounds . . . I accept responsibility for nothing else. If people want to have headaches among the overtones, let them." We asked Mr. Schneider, who is also known as the director of Edward Albee's plays, what he thought about "the enigma of Beckett" and he replied: "Samuel Beckett has always been to me a poet, not of nihilism or despair but of human tenacity and human hope . . . The only enigma about Beckett is why many of his critics continue to obscure or distort—or be frightened of—what seems so very clear and true."

If Beckett has not received his proper place in the American theater, it is not because we are a nation of Philistines. On the contrary, according to Alvin Toffler, author of *The Culture Consumers* (Pelican, $1.25). Toffler ticked off a few cogent facts for us: each year fifty million Americans visit museums (in 1965 seven million made the long walk through New York's Metropolitan Museum, three times as many as went to Yankee Stadium); while Joan Sutherland sings in Kansas and Isaac Stern fiddles in Nevada, we buy eighteen million classical records annually. "I think it's time to say there's too much carping about our mediocre culture," Toffler said cheerfully. "Sure, years ago the intellectual climate was so chilly that artists like Hemingway and Pound fled to Paris. But that's all changed. As a matter of fact the trend is going the other way. European artists are coming here. This is where the action is."

This month marks the appearance of Atheling, a new quality line of paperback books from the scholarly Atherton Press, specialists in the social sciences and education. The first title, *The Nazi Movement,* by Theodore Abel ($3.75), is based on the autobiographies of more than 600 Nazis and sheds light on just how Hitler was able to come to power in the first place and stay there in the second. . . . Anthologizing poetry can be a simple matter of personal taste; it can also be a complicated project requiring a task force, which is the case with *Modern European Poetry* (Bantam, $1.65), a hefty collection prepared under the general editorship of Willis Barnstone, poet and translator, who teaches at Indiana University. Mr. Barnstone used a team of foreign-language editors to pluck the fairest flowers from France, Greece, Germany, Spain, Russia, and Italy. It took six years, during which more than 5,000 letters crossed the seas seeking not only the poems but good translations and reprint permissions. "We had 900 pages," said Mr. Barnstone, "which finally had to be cut down to 600." He laid great stress upon the importance of the translators, who include Pulitzer-Prize winners Richard Wilbur, W. D. Snodgrass, and Robert Lowell. A good companion book is *A Controversy of Poets,* edited by Paris Leary and Robert Kelly (Anchor, $2.45), an anthology of contemporary American poetry that offers not only Wilbur, Snodgrass, and Lowell but a wide variety of names who are just now coming into their literary own.

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

Current paperback fiction journeys from Dublin to Tel Aviv, Warsaw to Athens. In keeping with the Viking Portables' general excellence, *The Portable James Joyce,* edited by Harry Levin ($1.95), culls the best from the errant Irish genius's writings: included in their entirety are *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Dubliners, Collected Poems,* and Joyce's only play, *Exiles,* as well as selections from *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake.*

All Irish writers seem concerned in one way or another with rebellion, and Michael Farrell, who died in 1962, was no exception. The rolling prose of *Thy Tears Might Cease* (Signet, 95¢) recreates the fierce days of the 1916 strife.

Young Polish writer Slawomir Mrozek's *The Elephant* (Evergreen, 95¢), the first of his works to appear in English, satirizes in brief, pungent sketches everyone from poets to bureaucrats. New and old are combined in an uncommonly interesting collection, *Israeli Stories,* edited by Joel Blocker (Schocken, $1.95). A few tales represent the European Jewish tradition, but most vigorously display the youthful talents of Sabra or native Israeli writers.

In France the non-novel is *à la mode.* Alain Robbe-Grillet's *The Erasers* (Evergreen, $1.95), a detective story in fantasy, is as shifty and nonobjective as Op art. Autobiographical and supremely poetic is Samuel Beckett's *How It Is* (Evergreen, $1.95), a difficult and complex book, though critic Webster Schott declares that what Beckett does here is "more relevant to experience in our time than what Shakespeare does in *Macbeth.*" Comfortingly familiar are *Seven French Short Novel Masterpieces* (Popular, 75¢), a cozy group which ranges from Balzac to Camus, Flaubert to Gide, and holds no great surprises.

In this country Nikos Kazantzakis is best known for his robust *Zorba the Greek,* though *The Greek Passion* (Ballantine, 95¢), with its religious theme,

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is more typical of the larger body of his work. The film *He Who Must Die*, based on this novel about Greek villagers whose lives are transformed by their parts in a passion play, introduced Melina Mercouri to U.S. audiences. *The Fratricides* (Essandess, $1.45), Kazantzakis's last novel, takes its monk hero through the agonies of the Greek civil war.

Literary USA

American literary history is a series of revolts against the past. The essays in *After the Genteel Tradition* (Southern Illinois, $1.95), compiled by Malcolm Cowley from pieces that appeared in the *New Republic* during the Thirties when he was that magazine's literary editor, discuss such writers as Eugene O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis, Carl Sandburg, and Theodore Dreiser in terms of their protest against detachment from real life and turn-of-the-century optimism. H. Wayne Morgan's *American Writers in Rebellion* (Hill & Wang, $1.75) pursues the same theme, with analyses of Mark Twain, Frank Norris, Hamlin Garland, and Theodore Dreiser, writers whose works exemplified realism or a grimmer naturalism.

Dreiser himself was a fascinating, egotistical artist, whose novels, for all their ponderous detail and meandering style, are powerful expressions of determinist philosophy. His passion for detail also appears in his two-volume autobiography: *Dawn*, about his early years, and *A Book About Myself* (Premier, 95¢ each), in which he begins to mature as a newspaperman. His reflections, often about the women he knew and didn't love, are sometimes startlingly unpruned ("Lover-wise, I was tremendously impressed with the sterling worth and connections of this girl . . .").

Fiction of the Forties, by Chester E. Eisinger (University of Chicago, $2.25), ranges from Irwin Shaw and James Gould Cozzens to Wright Morris and Saul Bellow, and contains some provocative opinions, such as that Nelson Algren is a latter-day American naturalist.

In *The American Humorist* (Citadel, $2.45), Norris W. Yates sees the wit of Robert Benchley, George Ade, James Thurber, and Finlay Peter Dunne as "the conscience of the twentieth century." By playing the "wise fool," says the author, they were able to comment pointedly on society.

In *The Fugitives* (College and University Press, 263 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn., $2.25) the critics are criticized. Here John M. Bradbury explores the impact of a group whose voice was potent in the literary renascence of the South. Clustered around John Crowe Ransom at Vanderbilt University during the early Twenties, its members included Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Donald Davidson, Merrill Moore, and Andrew Lytle.

A pioneer in Jamesian criticism is *The Early Development of Henry James* (Illini, $1.95), written thirty-five years ago by Cornelia Pulsifer Kelley, emphasizing as it does the formative period from 1864 until 1881 when *The Portrait of a Lady* was published. A more comprehensive look is F. W. Dupee's *Henry James* (Delta, $1.95), concise, altogether readable, and striking a handsome balance between biography and literary criticism.

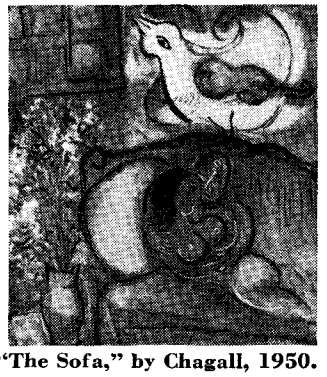
Men

One of history's most flamboyant men was the nineteenth-century adventurer Sir Richard Francis Burton, who discovered Lake Tanganyika, translated the *Arabian Nights*, and journeyed in disguise to sacred Mecca. Byron Farwell's *Burton* (Avon, 95¢) could hardly miss with such a larger-than-life hero. Another adventurer, a more contemplative sort who has made his mark on twentieth-century thought, is Jean-Paul Sartre. In the autobiographical *The Words* (Crest, 75¢) he reflects with gentle irony upon his own bourgeois childhood. The Swedish dramatist August Strindberg was also struck by the effects of his beginnings. *The Son of a Servant* (Anchor, $1.25), which he called "the story of the evolution of a human being," recalls his first eighteen years with all the gloom of his naturalistic dramas.

Caitlin Thomas calls John Malcolm Brinnin's account of her husband, *Dylan Thomas in America* (Avon, 95¢), "one-sided," and indeed it probably is. Nonetheless it's a fascinating, even macabre recollection of the last phase of a life far less poetic than a poet would deserve.

It would be hard to find two more different personalities than Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge. Noel F. Busch in *TR: The Story of Theodore Roosevelt and His Influence on Our Times* (Apollo, $1.95) quotes a British writer who said of our rough-riding President: "Roosevelt is not an American, you know. He is America." However, as biography William Allen White's portrait of Coolidge, *A Puritan in Babylon* (Capricorn, $2.45), does not suffer in comparison. He makes convincing that laconic Vermonter, "that honest, shrewd, sentimental, resolute American primitive" who headed the nation during the improbably sophisticated Twenties.

A long, rich life took Marc Chagall from the tiny Russian village of Vitebsk to international acclaim as one of the masters of twentieth-century art. Jean Cassou's *Chagall* (Praeger, $3.95), a magnificently illustrated biographical study, reviews the splendid array of fiddlers and flowers, of smiling fish and floating brides, evidence of the originality that transformed a private vision into resounding universality.



"The Sofa," by Chagall, 1950.

"Over the Town," by Chagall, 1917-18.

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Medusa Was No Respecter of Politics

The Underground, *by Mario Tobino, translated from the Italian by Raymond Rosenthal (Doubleday. 419 pp. $5.95), portrays members of the Italian resistance in a small fishing port during the twilight of Fascism. Herbert Mitgang's novel "The Return" was set in postwar Italy.*

By HERBERT MITGANG

AFTER twenty years of cultural impalement under Mussolini's Roman numerals Italy's long Dantean night ended. Her first outbreak of fresh ideas was in motion-picture form; the neorealism of *Open City, Paisan, Shoe-Shine,* and *The Bicycle Thief* became the signature of the activist on film. The novels followed the cameras.

One of these novels about the Italian resistance arrives rather late in the game, but its impact still shows what the twilight of Fascism meant to many people. *The Underground,* by Mario Tobino, is in the documentary fiction tradition that struck us so strongly in the movies. The classic scenes are played out here carefully and thoroughly. As with many modern Italian novels, there is a regional quality dominating the story. Tobino, who received the Strega Prize for it several years ago, comes from the coastal town of Viareggio, and obviously draws upon his own experiences in the underground.

Although his Viareggio is here called the fishing port of Medusa, that renaming is about all the symbolism the author imposes. It is appropriate. The Greek maiden violated the temple of Athene and her hair was transformed into serpents; the petty mobsters who thrived under Fascism also behaved like reptiles whose presence caused stonelike behavior. However, the story continues with real people who behave normally, almost too normally compared to the larger-than-life heroism and characters we have met in the French Maquis and Italian underground films.

Only one character stands out: Admiral Saverio, a man of old-fashioned bravery who admired the glory that was symbolized by the king rather than the dictator. He and his mistress, the Countess, form an unusual combination of anti-Fascists. When the local Black Shirt heavy says to him, "You may be an admiral but you're a coward, you found the

Mario Tobino—a Strega for resistance.

right company, a bunch of snotnosed Communists," the imprisoned admiral replies, "They are Italy's noble youths."

When it is a Fascist's turn, there are echoes of Mussolini's own death at the hands of partisans. "I want to be shot in the chest," he says. "I'm from Medusa like you." And that may be the theme of this rather too cool novel (at least for the American reader and moviegoer who by this time knows the story well): Fascist and anti-Fascist in Medusa lived foolishly and dangerously and yet both were Italians. In *The Underground* the times are larger than the story.

COMSA and DISCUS: A prolific writer for many years, J. B. Priestley, now in his seventies, is becoming a natural candidate for the select club of grand old men of English letters. He wouldn't be the first quite minor writer to gain admittance and the public reverence that goes with it; among recent predecessors, for example, are poet John Masefield and novelist Frank Swinnerton. But, somehow, Priestley would appear out of place in such company. Behind the bluff Yorkshire façade and the blunt public opinions—natural trappings for a grand old man—there lies still a healthy, impish irreverence. It can be seen clearly, as often before, in his latest novel, *Sir Michael and Sir George: A Comedy of the New Elizabethans* (Little, Brown, $4.95).

Sir Michael (Stratherrick) and Sir George (Drake) are directors of rival bureaucratic agencies which are supposed to aid and comfort the arts. The names are almost enough to reveal the contrasting characters of these two men. Priestley likes to keep things broad and simple, particularly when he's writing comedy. Stratherrick, something of a bounder, heads up COMSA (National Commission for Scholarship and the Arts); Drake, a pompous Establishment Blimp, controls DISCUS (Department of Information and Culture Services). The two agencies' functions overlap completely in a classic example of civil service redundancy, and this fact having become obvious to the British Treasury, Sir M. and Sir G. are locked in a battle for survival of the fittest (*i.e.*, the least incompetent).

Mingling the two disparate worlds of the civil service and the arts (very

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

Charles Dickens saw to it that none of the characters listed below remained single (and all but one of the marriages are believed to have turned out idyllically). Lorraine Wise of Winnipeg asks you to unite the brides with their lawful grooms and to name the novels in which the nuptials took place. The registry is on page 52.

Susan Nipper ( )	Joe Willet ( )	1. *A Tale of Two Cities*
"The Marchioness" ( )	Tim Linkinwater ( )	2. *David Copperfield*
Rose Fleming ( )	Nathaniel Winkle ( )	3. *Bleak House*
Estella Havisham ( )	Tommie Traddles ( )	4. *Dombey and Son*
Lucie Manette ( )	P. Toots ( )	5. *Nicholas Nickleby*
Arabella Allen ( )	Harry Maylie ( )	6. *Great Expectations*
Esther Summerson ( )	Bentley Drummle ( )	7. *The Old Curiosity Shop*
Dolly Varden ( )	Charles Darnay ( )	8. *Oliver Twist*
Sophy Crewler ( )	Dick Swiveler ( )	9. *Barnaby Rudge*
Miss La Creevy ( )	Allan Woodcourt ( )	10. *Pickwick Papers*

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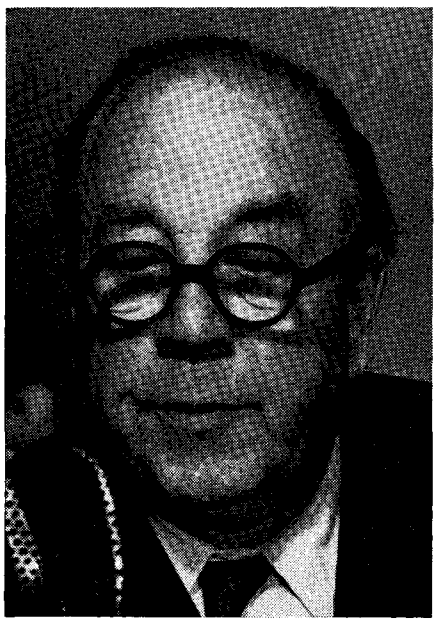
loosely defined) enables Priestley to bring together the kind of gallery of characters for which he's been famous ever since *The Good Companions*. Key figures among them are a wily, boozy, irresponsible little charmer named Kemp, who is slow death as an ally, and a gorgeous, teasing typist named Shirley, whose charms, in their sexual way, are almost as devastating as Kemp's. The rest of the cast includes an artist who'd rather fight than paint, a wildly eccentric old gal who wants to set up a foundation, some stuffy suburbanites, an exuberant family of Irish vaudevillians, and, so help me, even a Middle Eastern prince. Throw in some pretty varied scenes (provincial repertory theater, seamy London night club, etc.) and some fairly mechanical plot construction, and you have the basic ingredients of this head of froth, whipped up with routine Priestleyan competence.

I seem to remember, a long time ago, Priestley admitting in one of his rash public moments that he wrote novels only to keep himself comfortably in funds while he was writing plays, which he always considered his major contribution to letters. He was, at that, once a pretty fair dramatist, even a mildly experimental one for his day, producing plays like *Johnson Over Jordan* and *Time and the Conways*. But his novels, even his better early ones like *The Good Companions* and *Angel Pavement*, have never been anything more than honest, mechanically competent entertainment. The later novels are still mildly entertaining, if even more routinely produced, and *Sir Michael and Sir George* is a fair sample of the standard product—sometimes funny, always harmless, completely ephemeral.

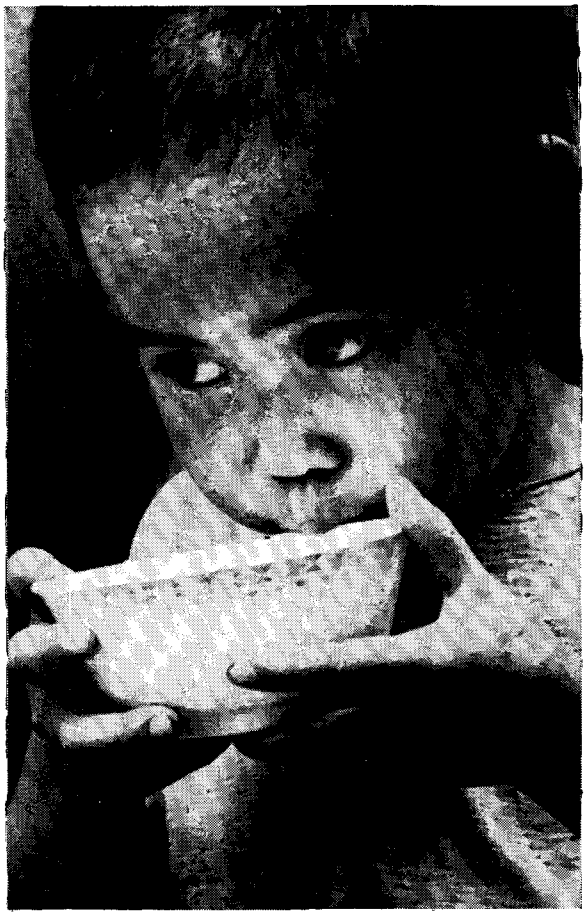
—ERIC MOON.



—*Camera Press.*

J. B. Priestley—behind the bluff façade, a healthy, impish irreverence.

SHE NEEDS YOUR HELP



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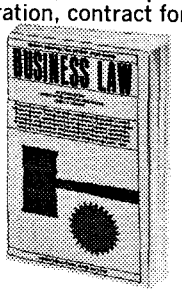

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 4, 7, 8, 6, 1, 10, 3, 9, 2, 5. Column Two: 9, 5, 10, 2, 4, 8, 6, 1, 7, 3.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

THE BOOK OF NEGRO HUMOR. Edited by Langston Hughes. Dodd, Mead. $5.

Anthropology

THE NEW PEOPLE: The Eskimo's Journey Into Our Time. By Edith Iglauer. Doubleday. $4.50.

Business, Economics

MANAGER'S GUIDE TO MAKING CHANGES. By Arnold Judson. John Wiley. $4.75.

MINISTER'S FEDERAL INCOME TAX GUIDE. By Sydney Prerau. Channel Press. Paperback, $2.95.

PROGRAM BUDGETING. Edited by David Novick. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE STRATEGY OF SUCCESSFUL RETAIL SALESMANSHIP. By Allen Zimmer. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Crime, Suspense

POST MORTEM. By Harry Carmichael. Crime Club. $3.50.

Current Affairs

GROWTH AND GOVERNMENT IN SACRAMENTO. By Christian L. Larsen and others. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.95.

THE PHILIPPINES. By Onofre D. Corpuz. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

POLITICS IN LEBANON. By Leonard Binder. John Wiley. $7.95.

SOUTHERN AFRICA. By Brian Fagan. Praeger. $7.50.

THE SOVIET POLITICAL SYSTEM. By Alfred G. Mayer. Random House. $8.50.

THE U.N. AND THE SUPERPOWERS. By John G. Stoessinger. Random House. $3.95.

Education

STUDENTS, SCHOLARS AND PARENTS. By Stephen White. Doubleday. $3.95.

Essays

ANGER, AND BEYOND: The Negro Writer in the United States. Edited by Herbert Hill. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Fiction

THE CRACK IN THE TEACUP. By Michael Gilbert. Harper & Row. $4.50.

HELMET AND WASPS. By Michael Mott. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

THE JOHN WYNDHAM OMNIBUS. By John Wyndham. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

History

THE FALL OF PARIS. By Alistair Horne. St. Martin's. $6.95.

Literary History, Criticism

HISTORY OF ASSAMESE LITERATURE. By Birinchi Kumar Barua. East-West Center Press. $4.50.

POETIC METER AND POETIC FORM. By Paul Fussell, Jr. Random House. $3.95.

THE SONNET. Edited by Robert Bender and Charles Squier. Washington Square Press. $5.95.

Miscellany

THE AMERICAN BIBLIOGRAPHY OF RUSSIAN AND EAST EUROPEAN STUDIES FOR 1963. Edited by Fritz Epstein, Albert C. Todd, and Stephen Viederman. Indiana Univ. Press. Paperback, $3.50.

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—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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Theater Around the U.S.

AS A MATTER of policy, once in its annual seven-play season Washington D.C.'s Arena Stage accepts the financial hazards that attend the unveiling of a completely new work. And while none has gone on to become a Broadway hit, each has added character and purpose to the Arena Stage operation.

This season's venture is a first play by Loring Mandel, who adapted *Advise and Consent* for Broadway. Titled *Project Immortality* it poses a fascinating question. Could the Defense Department preserve the problem-solving genius of a dying scientist by feeding his way of thinking into a computer system? And if so, would this constitute a greater immortality than the scientist might achieve through books, teaching, and human relationships?

The play begins with Martin, a young Defense Department mathematician, invading the scientist's house, and persuading him begrudgingly to give the project some of his precious time. As Martin is exposed to the private life of his subject, we see him change from cerebral instrument to human being. And the sense of a whole household is beautifully evoked by Edwin Sherin's in-the-round staging which permits many actions to occur simultaneously. Thus is emphasized Mr. Mandel's point that one man's personality cannot be plucked out of its context, and that the irrational messes of living are just as important as our rational achievements.

On the other hand the amorphuousness of the production and the author's inability or unwillingness to penetrate his situations more profoundly than we do in real life causes the play to fall considerably short of achieving its promise. That promise seems highest in those scenes where actor Dana Elcar has the opportunity to display great intellectual toughness and sarcastic humor. There is a breathtaking scene in which by means of mathematical equations projected against a screen he solves a complicated problem for a group of stumped Brookhaven scientists. And the play's final touch of having the scientist's wife let us know her music-loving husband has died simply by turning up the volume on the hi-fi, is magnificent in its scorn for death's dominion.

Where the proceedings become less thrilling are in the playwright's attempt to deal with domestic issues naturalistically. Here we descend into an ordinariness that compares unfavorably with the greater theatricality of the leading character's caustic responses to conventional attitudes. Nevertheless these situations do relate to our own lives so that our attention is still held. And whatever our disappointment, we cannot think of a single new American play of the current Broadway season which is as contemporary in its subject matter, as challenging in its concept, or as provocative in its content.

Under the knowing leadership of John Reich, Chicago's Goodman Theatre has built a reputation for tackling old plays freshly and offering American premieres of modern works from other languages. Last season, for instance, it had a great success with a version of *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* in which the narrator and one of the characters were merged into one role. And this year it is pleasing its popular audiences with the first English-language production of Eugene Ionesco's *The Pedestrian in the Air*. (See *SR* June 8, 1963.)

While the latter is less a play than a fitful series of charades, it does disarm its audiences by its comic excursions, its trick scenery, and its flying actors. But, as usual, Ionesco jokes most when he is most serious. Thus he puts into the mouth of his leading character, Berenger, his own despair at the problem of writing anything worth the effort, and at his view of the violently horrible world inside which we construct our tepid make-believe one. The production here is freshly conceived by director Joseph Slowik and features a superb performance by Alvin Epstein as Berenger. Not only does Mr. Epstein make delightful the discovery that he can fly by exercise of will, but, more important, he captures the author's sense of seeing the world freshly, and his tragic forlornness at his lonely vulnerability in it.

On the campus of the University of Indiana what may be a workable formula for the creating of state-supported theater is being tested. The distinguished head of the university's theater department, Richard Moody, has launched a professional company to perform here and to visit other colleges throughout the state. The box-office prices are kept low (a $2 top) and the required subsidy to provide annual fellowships for the actors comes from within the university and thus indirectly from the state. Its current revival of Sheridan's *The Rivals* compares very favorably with the National Repertory Theatre production of the same play, now touring American cities, and is evidence that a popular state theater can be developed in this manner.

—HENRY HEWES.

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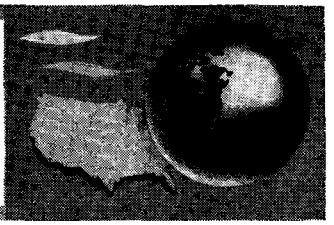


OTTAWA:

Geography and Friendship

THE OBSERVATION that Canada's foremost international preoccupation must inevitably be its relations with the United States is both trite and accurate. So it proved in 1965. The Rhodesian crisis was the only important issue in which this relationship was not involved. Policy on all other questions could only be formulated after careful consideration of its potential effect in Washington. . . .

The Canadian government may have had reservations about United States policy in Vietnam and Santo Domingo, but if so, they were relatively muted. In a speech in Philadelphia early in the year, Prime Minister Pearson suggested a pause in the bombing of North Vietnam targets. His public intervention was reported to have annoyed President Johnson, though this has never been officially confirmed. At any rate, if Mr. Pearson subsequently expressed any doubts about U.S. policy, it was in private rather than from a public platform. Reading between the lines, one could sense a distinct unease over the U.S. intervention in Santo Domingo, but there were no outright criticisms. . . .

Certainly this year has emphasized the words of the late President Kennedy when he spoke to Parliament in May 1961: "Geography has made us neighbors. History has made us friends. Economics has made us partners. And necessity has made us allies."

—*Ottawa Citizen.*

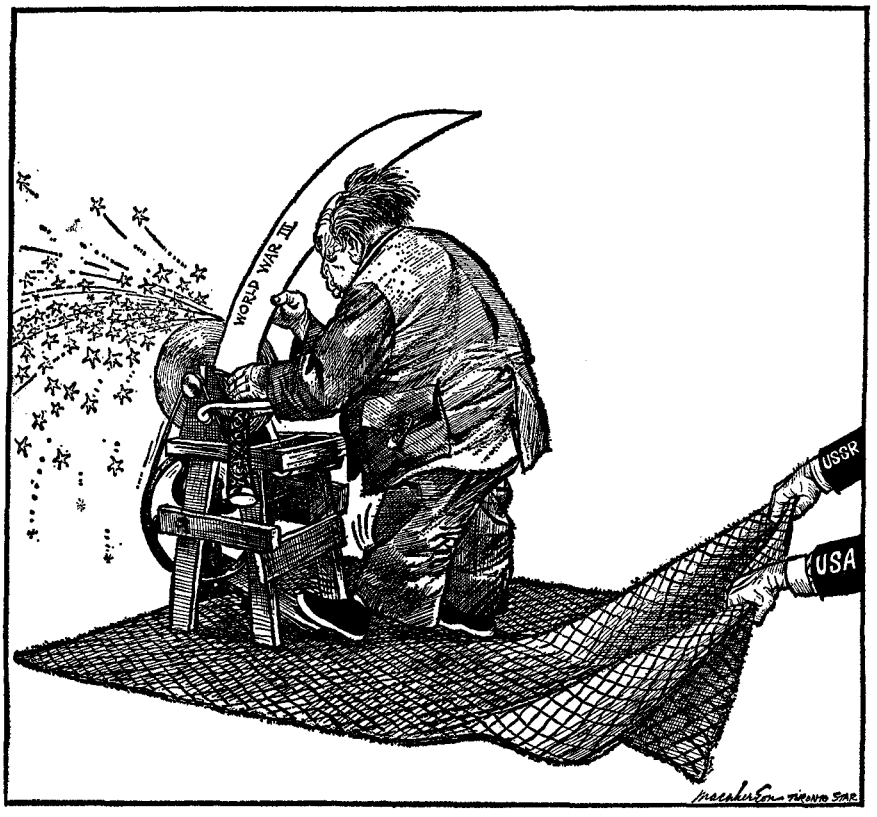
TORONTO:

The Pursuit of Peace

THE PATIENT PURSUIT of peace in Southeast Asia—initiated by the United States—has been punctuated by the sound of war gongs struck by the Communist leaders in Hanoi and Peking. In both capitals, the peace overtures carried to the principal capitals of the world by America's envoys have apparently been rejected in advance by the men who would rule the destinies of Asia's millions and carry their brand of revolutionary Communism beyond the limits of that continent.

Nevertheless, the pursuit goes on, quietly, patiently, and thoughtfully. It is apparent that, while there remains the slightest chance of bringing the Vietnam crisis to the conference table, Washington and its allies will use every corridor that gives promise of leading to that goal. The course is tortuous. It is hazardous. But President Johnson is clearly determined that, if the war in Vietnam should increase in intensity and scope, it will not be because of any lack of vigor on the part of his government. . . .

—*The Telegram.*



A Canadian view of the new international teamwork.

LONDON:

Home Every Night

THE PRIVATE REPORT on the Vietnam war submitted by Senator Mansfield to President Johnson makes even gloomier reading, I believe, than the more public version. Despite the enormous increase in U.S. forces during the last year, no military progress has been made, and the Vietnamese have been further alienated by the destruction of villages and heavy civilian casualties. In the light of this it's odd that *Time* should select General Westmoreland—who carries the responsibility for the conduct of operations—as the Man of the Year. He seems to me to be the Douglas Haig of the Vietnam war. Where Haig had a blind obsession with frontal assaults, Westmoreland cherishes a similar belief in the supremacy of hardware. The British have learned in Malaya and Borneo that what matters in guerrilla warfare are *people*. Our troops are trained to live in the jungle for up to nine months at a time, to become a part of the environment and so meet the guerrillas on equal terms; they also know that the lives of the villagers are sacred, because it is only by gaining their allegiance that the war can be won. What of the Americans? I quote a *Herald Tribune* headline: 'Scorched Earth Policy—GIs Raze Homes, Crops, Where Reds Are Aided.' They go to war by helicopter in the morning and return to their comfortable billets at night. It's not so very different from the Earl of Cardigan, commander of the Light Brigade, who, on the evening of Balaclava, returned to his yacht for a champagne supper.

—*Paul Johnson in the New Statesman.*

ADELAIDE:

No More Troops

AMERICA SOON IS to lift her force in South Vietnam to a possible 400,000 men. Canberra has again said there has been no request for more Australian troops, but the pattern is clear. We will be asked to increase our contribution, and the Australian government carries a heavy responsibility in its reply. . . .

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Further commitments will put eighteen-year-old conscripts into a long and brutal war which everyone except perhaps the Pentagon believes can be won by neither side. . . . Our government must remember, before it commits any more young Australians to this hopeless war, that we are an Asian nation. Our role should be constructive. Let us send doctors, teachers, engineers to Vietnam—but no more troops to a savage and miserable war that cannot be won in the field. —*Adelaide News.*

WARSAW:

New Phase in Vietnam?

THE TALKS OF THE special envoys of the U.S. Government in various capitals of Europe, Asia, and Africa are of a secret character. It is known only that they concern the present position of the U.S. Government in the Vietnamese question, and are connected with the suspension of U.S. bombing over North Vietnam. The numerous trips of President Johnson's envoys are mainly for internal U.S. consumption, and for some Western allies. Apart from that, they aim at justifying the new and more intensive phase of the war.

The French paper *Le Monde* said that what increasingly seems to appear an improvised operation is transforming itself into an advertising undertaking engineered to show U.S. and world public opinion that bad will is not on Washington's side. —*Radio Warsaw.*

TOKYO:

Harriman in Tokyo

AVERELL HARRIMAN'S visit comes closely on the heels of that of U.S. Vice President Hubert Humphrey, who came to Tokyo for a brief stay at the end of December. The Vice President's visit was part of a larger Far Eastern tour, but while here he discussed, among other matters, the war in Vietnam. It was all part of a move to consolidate the already generally good relations between Japan and the United States.

Mr. Harriman's mission, on the other hand, is an ad hoc effort to give the Japanese government firsthand information on the subject of the current American peace drive, and also, of course, to discover how far Japan is able and willing to help forward this drive. . . .

The Japanese government, and the Japanese people as a whole, are eager for peace in Southeast Asia, but when it comes to suggesting some really effective move to that end by this country everyone feels they are in a quandary.

No practical means of persuading North Vietnam, for instance, to agree to unconditional peace negotiations would seem to lie open to Japan—yet therein is the crux of the situation. If the Communists are determined not to negotiate, it is unlikely that any expression of considered opinion coming from Japan—which is about all this country can offer toward a solution—is likely to have effect.

The latest statement issued in Peking certainly does not help matters. President Johnson's "peace offensive" is declared to be a "gigantic conspiracy." And his fourteen-point plan is said to be "nothing but a fresh total exposure of the gangster logic of U.S. imperialism in a concentrated form."

It is obvious from the latest statements in both Hanoi and Peking that a blank wall is being presented to all peace efforts, except upon Communist terms.

Consequently we do not feel that Mr. Harriman's prolonged tour can do more than make this situation clear to all the nations, including Japan, he has been visiting. If he secures a greater understanding of the intransigent nature of the Communist demands, he will have achieved something that may be of use in the future. But for the moment there is undoubtedly a complete deadlock.

—*Japan Times.*

BUDAPEST:

No Agreement

NO REAL AGREEMENT was reached during the talks between the German Chancellor and the American President. . . . It was quite clear that in Johnson's view the time is not yet ripe for concluding a nuclear agreement with Bonn.

The Vietnam problem is now the most important problem for Washington. Washington wants help and cooperation from its European partners. . . . Johnson is a well-known excellent tactician. It seems that he recognizes that a nuclear decision now with Bonn would dramatically destroy all his calculations. A decision on a West German share in nuclear defense is therefore not urgent, and the matter can safely be put into the pigeonhole. —*Radio Budapest.*

One Man's Meat: My dossier on New York waiters, probably the surliest in the Western world, continues to swell toward bursting. But I think they are better images of their city than that journalistic favorite—the taxi driver. The majority of them give the impression of being men who have been drafted into the job during a period of martial law and are only waiting for the end of the emergency to get back to a really congenial occupation such as slum demolition or debt collecting. . . .

Most New Yorkers have so adjusted to this treatment that they no longer notice that their relationship with the waiter is that of a smuggler to a customs officer—as if the laws of the land were being grudgingly bent in their favor as a special concession to allow them to import a helping of food. The British visitor, who asks only for a momentary illusion of equality between seller and buyer, appears to be insisting on some feudal privilege only slightly less outrageous than the *droit de seigneur.*

I find myself continually cast in the role of a grammar-school Randolph Churchill, a blustery champion of socialist free enterprise in a city of capitalist bureaucracy. Sometimes the waiters' tactics, in small, chic places, take on the elaborate, ironic edge of an undergraduate joke. At the next table to me the other day, a BOAC pilot ordered a bottle of beer with his French dish and we all watched as it was served to him in a tall, silvery pedestal bucket of ice. Throughout the meal, a waiter constantly hovered over that beer, pouring it in tiny portions and fluffing up the ice to keep it well chilled to the last drop. It was not that the management felt the tone of the place was lowered by serving any drink but wine, but that it felt cheated by serving any cheap drink instead of wine. At my table we were slugging a red Burgundy. But at all the others, without exception, the customers were sticking to cocktails, American fashion, as a prophylactic against tasting the food, without incurring the reproach of being barbarians. . . .

It would be tedious to instance all the provocations to dyspepsia encountered while eating out in Manhattan. . . . The law of supply and demand has obviously been repealed in vast areas of this metropolis. Though a deep, hard core of poverty can be glimpsed continually beneath the glossy, shellacked surface . . . , it is rare to find anyone who behaves as if his job depended on his efficiency at it. This is the homeland of the universal tip. But it is given like a tax and extracted like a fine. It is as though the whole hierarchy of employment had been settled according to some Hindu caste system which guaranteed each person a perpetual place in his appointed layer, without fear of falling, but equally without hope of rising. Only luck, the random spin of the tumblers in the economic computer, can prise an occasional individual cog out of its place. . . .

—*Alan Brien in the Spectator, London.*

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The Coming of the Jet Age in Samoa

NEXT JULY it will be five years since the results of Clarence Hall's research in the Pacific first appeared in the newsstands. A senior editor for *Reader's Digest*, Mr. Hall had been poking around in the romantic lands and had come upon a situation not very romantic at all. The *Digest* titled his story, "Samoa: America's Shame in the South Seas." Here in the fabulous South Pacific, the American flag was flapping over an island which, said Mr. Hall, "slumbered in tattered neglect." A tourist, he reported, had called it "a Tobacco Road with palms." Scorned by neighboring islanders whose homelands prospered under other flags, Samoans left from the harbor at Pago Pago bound for Hawaii and California.

This year Hall was back to write the new story of Samoa that the *Digest* ran the other month entitled, "Samoa: America's Showplace of the South Seas." While the change from shame to showplace does not show quite as dramatically from first look as in Puerto Rico, the elevation in spirit and purpose of the American Samoans is extraordinary. Just like a housewife who runs a sloppy home and at last is inspired by the forthcoming arrival of unexpected company to spruce the place up, the United States back in 1961, the year Hall's first piece appeared, suddenly realized that some 200 delegates to the South Pacific Conference were about to descend on Pago Pago, bringing with them a retinue of newsmen, photographers, and broadcasters.

The Department of the Interior, which had hardly run up a better record than the Navy, which had previously been responsible for Samoa, was invited to get the house in order in a hurry. President Kennedy got an extra appropriation of nearly half a million dollars and told Secretary Udall to find himself a governor to get the job done. The governor's job had not been a particular plum; one past American governor, out of boredom or melancholia, had blown his brains out in Government House. Udall looked around his own shop, picked Rex Lee of Idaho, short and soft-spoken at first look, hard and determined within. He had been deputy commissioner in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Lee's first look produced what he termed, "a melancholy vista if I ever saw one." No governor seemed to have been able to wake up either Samoa or Washington to responsible action. Lee was in Pago Pago exactly three weeks and then flew to Washington to argue for the things he wanted.

He needed plenty. On Christmas Day, 1961, the Honolulu *Star Bulletin* printed a piece by Lee Howell, a newspaperman from Western Samoa which was to become independent the following month. Visiting in Pago Pago, Mr. Howell wrote: "The condition of the roads in America's lone island territory in the Central Pacific is a slur on their reputation and a blot on the landscape . . . American Samoa's airport is rapidly approaching international standards as regards runways . . . but speak to anyone who has touched down in this remote spot and bitter and scathing are his comments on the facilities provided to passengers . . . it is not possible to buy a cup of coffee, any sort of solid refreshments, or even a can of beer; there is no ice; there is no place to sit but hard wooden benches . . . the washrooms are a sheer disgrace. . . . The one hotel of barracks-like design [is] far too short of rooms for its needs . . . in Pago Pago . . . the streets are appalling in their state of disrepair. . . ." It was a shattering report which ended on the inevitable comparison with the millions of dollars that Washington bestows on foreign lands. "Poor little Samoa," Howell wrote, "does not even get a few gallons of paint to brighten the drabness of her capital town." Howell hoped, as did many of his cousins in American Samoa, "that the new Governor, Rex Lee, will succeed in reminding Washington of its little South Seas possession."

I was in Pago Pago the other week for the first real celebration of the rebirth of American Samoa. The ostensible reason for the celebration was the opening of the Pago Pago Intercontinental Hotel, but it might well have been a testimonial to Lee's legerdemain. There in once drab Pago Pago, where travelers shuddered at the prospect of a night in the battered old Rainmaker Hotel, an ex-Navy nurses' quarters which frequently had to put the beds of the paying guests in the hall to accommodate them, stood a hotel of some magnificence. Designed by Honolulu's George Wimberly, a stickler for adapting his buildings to local design, it is probably the only Intercontinental Hotel in the world that is not an angular, concrete box. It follows the theme of the traditional Samoan *fale*, the soft curving roof supported by timber poles that is the formation of most Samoan homes. In the public buildings Wimberly used shingles but he followed the traditional roof shape, a sort of turtle-back curve, which he had used so successfully several years before in the Pago Pago auditorium.

Some of the separate cottages have high arched roofs and were built in the Samoan technique using coconut midribs, tying the joints with sennit. Here the rooftops are thatched and the showers are done in lava rock. Even the ice machine has a thatch-covered roof. A large pool is spread at the edge of Pago Pago harbor and an American soda fountain that services it, and which features Yankee Doodle hot dogs and hamburgers, has been festooned with dozens of glass float balls which fishermen use on their nets.

THE main dining room has a high arched ceiling relieved with handsome and unusual chandeliers. The kappa shell globe may not be indigenous, but the leis of shells that adorn it were gathered from local beaches. So were the long strings of shells in the dining room and in the bar that have been strung together to form curtains to screen out whatever sun may ever shine here in the setting of Maugham's *Rain*. Only in the decor of the bedrooms can I fault the decorators, who fell back on that weary cliché, the curlicued Victorian rattan line of chairs and headboards made in Hong Kong. With the possible exception of the Hotel Bora Bora, which is, after all, a resort hotel, the Pago Pago Intercontinental is far and away the most sophisticated inn in the South Pacific. Its rooms are air-conditioned. Its young German pastry chef was turning out such an elegance of fancy cakes and pies that Honolulu hotelmen, down for the opening, were having quiet chats with him.

The mixed bag of guests arrived by planes from all directions and at all hours. The Lees and an honor guard were on hand to meet them all, including Pan American's regular flight that pulled in at 5 A.M. The arriving passengers found a stunning airport which provided ultra-modern conveniences, yet faithfully followed local architectural influences. One could land in a jet, order a steak or a sandwich, lounge in a comfortable chair, and even buy duty-free liquor. As Pacific airports go it is a relief from the modernistic monument the French put up in Tahiti and the unfunctional concrete box in Honolulu; and it is a far cry from the grass runway and the ramshackle building that still stands in Mr. Howell's native Western Samoa.

Into the new airport came the Congressmen who had helped Governor Lee push through his program—Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, Michael Kirwan of Ohio, Ben Reifel of South Dakota, John Saylor of Pennsylvania, Alan Bible of Nevada. From Kwajalein, where they had been touring the Trust Territories, a Navy plane brought Congresswoman

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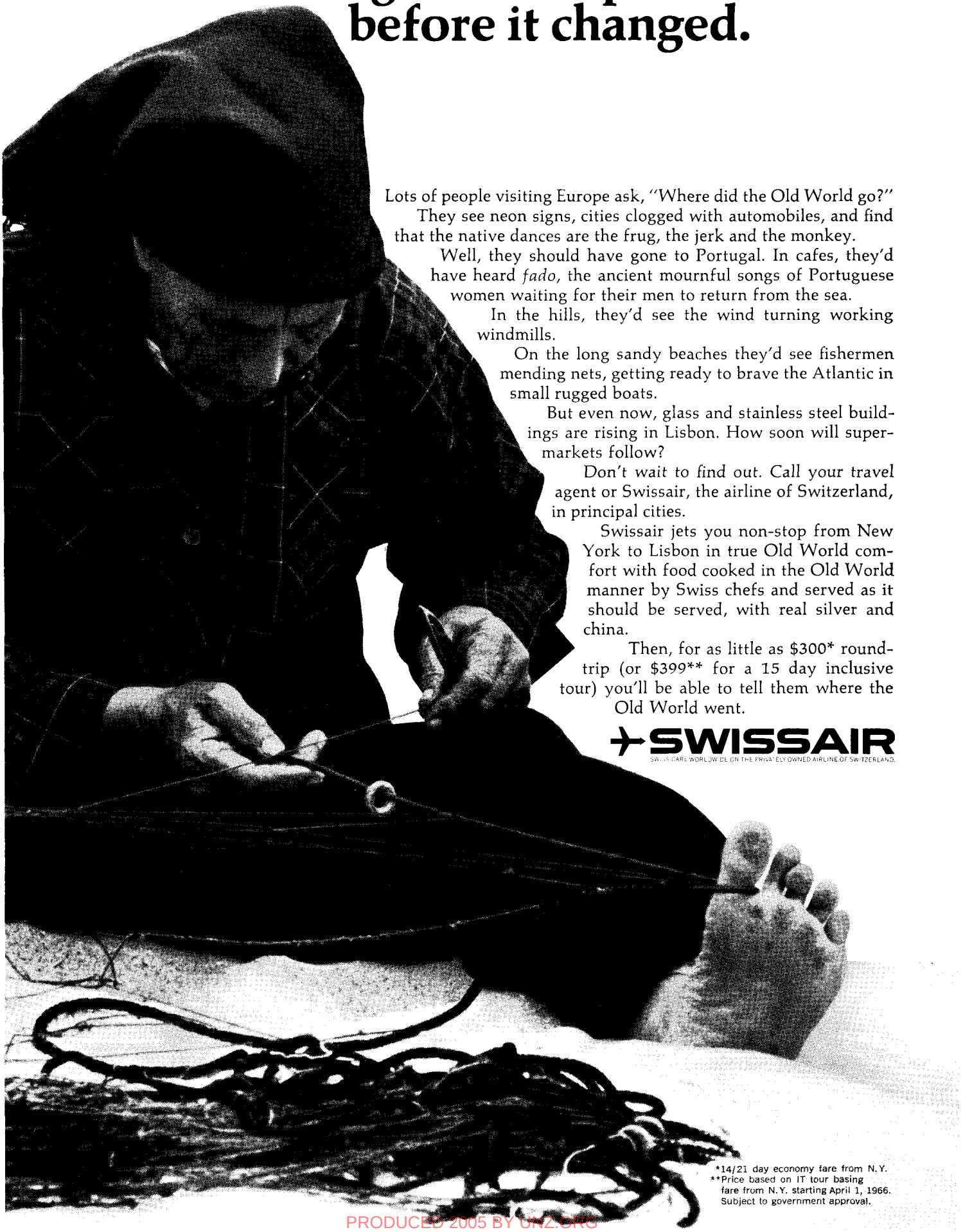
Portugal is Europe before it changed.



Lots of people visiting Europe ask, "Where did the Old World go?" They see neon signs, cities clogged with automobiles, and find that the native dances are the frug, the jerk and the monkey.

Well, they should have gone to Portugal. In cafes, they'd have heard *fado*, the ancient mournful songs of Portuguese women waiting for their men to return from the sea.

In the hills, they'd see the wind turning working windmills.

On the long sandy beaches they'd see fishermen mending nets, getting ready to brave the Atlantic in small rugged boats.

But even now, glass and stainless steel buildings are rising in Lisbon. How soon will supermarkets follow?

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Charlotte Reid of Illinois, Congressman Nieman Craley of Pennsylvania, Richard White of Texas, Roy Taylor of North Carolina, and Ambassador Eugenie Anderson, her husband and her secretary. From Honolulu, four-star General Hunter Harris, commander of the United States Air Force in the Pacific, flew down in his jet bringing Admiral Theodore Fabik, Pacific commander of the Coast Guard, educators Howard Jones of the East-West Center and Thomas Hamilton, president of the University of Hawaii, Hilton hotel executive Edwin K. Hastings, and Pan Am's Honolulu manager, Ernest Albrecht. From nearby Tonga came the regal representatives of the monarchy; from Western Samoa, the head of state of one of the world's newest and smallest independent countries.

For this variegated group Lee and his high chiefs prepared a magnificent spectacle of South Seas color. Flag Day, which had been celebrated since the first hoisting of the Stars and Stripes over Tutuila in 1900, had been postponed from April 17. Drawn up before the old clapboard courthouse was the Samoan militia led by Eseroma Pao Pao done up in the dress blues he had worn as a Marine Corps sergeant in World War II. The white hat was a little faded after twenty years in tropical storage, but his posture was straight. His charges wore T-shirts and black lava-lavas with three bands of red at the bottom of the skirt. Some, who had served in the United States Navy, had the emblems of their old rank sewn above the stripes. They looked somewhat dressier than the only American regulars on hand, members of Aerial Survey Team #7, stationed in American Samoa (to save the dollar drain) while they fly their RB-50s on mapping surveys of the Gilbert and Ellis Islands, and the Fiji group.

THROUGH the tangle of traffic came an old bus, left over from the Thirties, filled with Samoan chiefs. A crack high school band from Western Samoa raised 300 pounds to charter two DC-3s that flew them to the ceremonies. They agreed to stay in American Samoa for a week, and just to make sure they were amply provisioned they sent a ton of taro two days before by sea.

The Mormon band played, the American Samoan band from Aua village played, the Western Samoans banged their tambourines and played and Sgt. Pao Pao brought his men to attention a number of times, but there was clearly a stage wait. Finally a government aide went off in a car and came back bearing Congressman Kirwan who had been sitting in the lobby of the hotel not knowing all this celebration was largely for his benefit. The program started. "American Samoa has leaped into the future," Rex Lee was saying, but he was upstaged by the wailing of a siren that came closer and closer. Through the throng burst a government car. Its doors flung open and government aides helped *Mrs.* Kirwan to the platform. "Four and a half years ago," Lee went on, "as chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Congressman Kirwan heard our needs and showed his faith by voting large amounts of money. . . ." Overhead a tiny yellow cable car slipped upward on its way across the harbor into the furry green hills where Kirwan's funds had built a television transmitter to beam daily lessons to American Samoa's far-flung village schools. "As an official of the American government I wish to thank the Samoan people for their devotion to our country. . . ."

Sgt. Pao Pao commanded "Right About Face." The lava-lavas swirled. The Air Force group came to attention, lances went forward, the flags went up. The leader of the combined Samoan high school choirs raised a huge stick and the reedy young voices rose in *The Star Spangled Banner*. Now Alan Bible was on his feet. "As I stand here, a tear comes to my eye . . . your pride . . . your confidence in the flag. . . ."

The Hon. Rapi Sotoa, president of the Senate of American Samoa, called for three cheers for the USA. Two rang out. Then he asked for three cheers for the Samoan flag. One rang out, and then the visitors filtered across the great square on the way back to the hotel to witness a march past by 4,000 school children. The weather looked threatening, but many marchers had filtered over the mountain trails in the dark of early morning for this event and there was no calling it off. The Leone High School Band was keeping its spirits up singing "Old MacDonald had some farm . . . here a waddle, there a waddle. . . ." And then the rains came.

Through the downpour the children marched, down the road and into the hotel grounds, making a circle around the driveway, under the porte-cochere and out again. The oarsmen from the fifty-man boats who would compete later marched past in their saffron shirts, carrying their oars, and singing and chanting. The Department of Agriculture's float carrying a sow, some stalks of bananas and green and pink chickens evoked great merriment from the Samoan spectators. The pig keeper sallied back and laughed, too. The bands played the marching song from *Bridge on the River Kwai*, and still the serpentine rows of children came on, all in costumes made especially for the parade. They came in aprons of bright yellow leaves, in skirts of red flower petals with croton leaves for crowns. Here and there among the Polynesians, a blond head tossed. "In cadence count," came the command, and they shouted out the numbers as they marched. They came in white skirts made from the inside of plant leaves, they came, ankles jangling with bangles of bottle caps, they came in smart Boy Scout uniforms. They came on floats that said "The Glory of God is Intelligence." They were Cub Scouts in bright green, and 4-H club members on a float alive with chickens and a sign that read, "To Make the Best Better."

UNDER the porte-cochere a Congressman stopped to change film. The old chiefs, bare-chested, wearing tapa cloth skirts and smoking cigars looked on proudly. Still the rains came and so did the marchers and none looked wetter than Aerial Survey Team No. 7. Under the porte-cochere the man from the U.P. was showing a vice president from the Bank of Hawaii the latest Dow Jones. And from the hotel's public address system came the call, "Chief Pula, Chief Pula. You're wanted on the telephone." In Pago Pago it was a Flag Day to remember. —HORACE SUTTON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of two articles on American and Western Samoa.*

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*Three kinds of Little People described by Kevin Danaher in a recent number.

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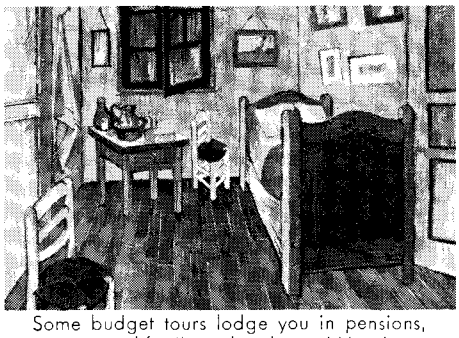

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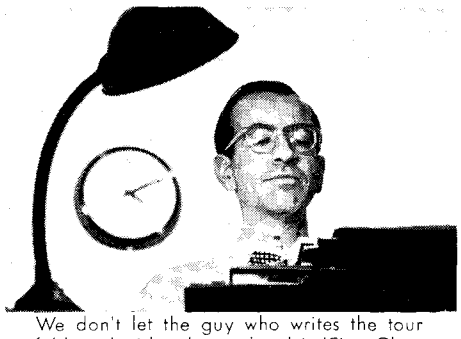

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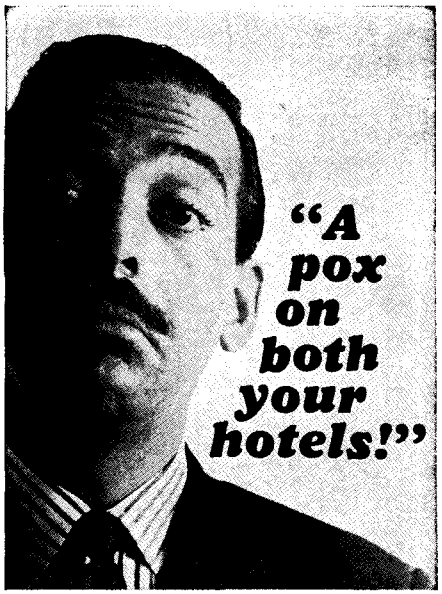

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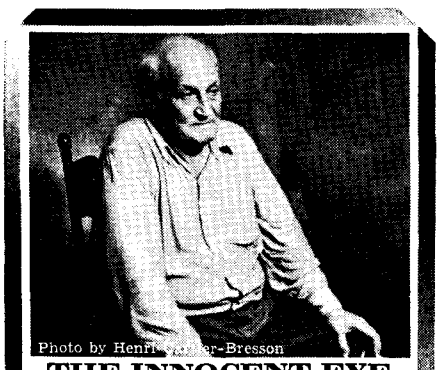
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Olivier's Othello

BERNARD SHAW once described a famous Irish actor walking through *Othello* as if the only line in the play that conveyed any idea to him was the description of Othello as "perplexed in the extreme." I mention this to demonstrate the really enormous efforts of Laurence Olivier to give clarity and meaning to one of the most difficult of all Shakespearian roles, now to be seen in a filmed version of the recent production of Great Britain's National Theatre. One of the problems of acting Othello is that the man starts out as entirely noble and admirable, then descends with almost bewildering rapidity into the torments of jealous rage and an acceptance of murder as the only way of relieving his fancied injuries. By choosing to play Othello instead of the more interesting and, in an odd way, the more likeable Iago, Olivier deserves congratulations. And, if he comes off second best to Frank Finlay's Iago, he was certainly aware of and had accepted the risk. For the most part, though, this *Othello*, thankfully brought to the screen almost whole and pure, is as brilliant and beautifully modeled a version as one would wish to see. All American repertory companies, including that at Lincoln Center, should at once herd their members into the movie houses during the four days of performances throughout the country that are at present scheduled by Warner Brothers, for here is acting of enormous skill and passion.

As is well known by now, Olivier has taken Shakespeare's "black" description of the Moor of Venice as implying "blackamoor," for otherwise Othello would have been of mixed Arab and Berber ancestry. So, he has dyed his body to the darkest of hues, reddened the inner portions of his lips for a broadening effect and crinkled his hair, and to these stereotyped physical characteristics of a Negro he has added a deeper, huskier voice tone than is his usual, and bodily movements that are, again, not his own, but those of certain Negroes he has presumably studied. Olivier has quite obviously done this in order to make clearer the essential nature of Othello as a man of bravery, nobility, and simplicity whose very lack of guile and cunning enable him to be destroyed by the sophisticated and scheming Iago. Rigorous integrity of artistic purpose was Olivier's aim, but there are those who are going to be made unhappy by what might seem an undue emphasis on racial characteristics, and the suggestion (is it Shakespeare's or Olivier's?) of a certain residual primitivism in Othello's psyche.

But, perhaps a greater trouble with the performance is that sometimes it is not always Othello, but Olivier who comes creeping through, or rather, the Shakespearian style of his own that he has made familiar. At the same time, he has given Othello a larger understanding than is customary. Even in the early scenes, Olivier's Othello betrays a puzzlement with Venetian subtleties: they cause him to dissemble with friendly grins and a show of good fellowship, which is the same reaction he has to the prejudice demonstrated by Desdemona's father. This sort of acting interpretation does help to overcome a weakness of the play in that it adds a dimension that prepares us for Othello's later collapse. The hidden physical weakness of the Moor (epileptic attacks that are known only to Iago) is emphasized in a striking scene that reveals a root of sexual disturbance. Yet one feels that no matter how head-on the challenge of the role has been met, it has not been made into an entirely harmonious whole.

Otherwise, though, there is little that disturbs about the performances. We can only applaud wholeheartedly, helplessly, Frank Finlay's masterful Iago, which will simply have to be a model for generations to come (the filming of the play can then be seen to be priceless on a cultural and educational level) because of the consummate ease with which he plays the action and enunciates the rich poetry. No whisker-twirling villain this, but a personality competent and capable and distorted by thwarted ambition into dripping his poisoned words. Maggie Smith's Desdemona is lovely and sweet, beautifully and precisely spoken. Derek Jacobi's Cassio is handsome and eloquent and Joyce Redman's Emilia shows her to be an actress of great capability. But they're all good, the ensemble leaves almost nothing to be desired.

The filming was done in a studio, but the stage settings influenced the unobtrusive design of the backgrounds, and the costumes, too, rich, but keyed into the totality of the design, are based, I am told, on those of the stage production. Very little has been done to make this *Othello* cinematic (as was not the case with Olivier's *Hamlet* and *Richard III*), and, as a result, we have the play itself, benefiting hugely from the use of close-ups, discreet in its shifting of scene, a living proof that theater and film can serve each other and serve us all.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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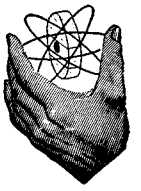

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

DO WE NEED NEW RULES FOR EXPERIMENTS ON PEOPLE?

ONE of the boldest research proposals in the history of science was made in a neglected lecture last May by Dr. José M. R. Delgado, associate professor of physiology at Yale University School of Medicine. Speaking at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City on "Evolution of Physical Control of the Brain," Professor Delgado declared:

> In my opinion, it is necessary to shift the center of scientific research from the study and control of natural elements to the analysis and patterning of mental activities. There is a sense of urgency in this redirection because the most important problem of our present age is the reorganization of man's social relations. While the mind of future generations will be formed by pedagogic, cultural, political, and philosophical factors, it is also true that education is based on the transmission of behavioral, emotional, and intellectual patterns related to still unknown neuro-physiological mechanisms. Investigators will not be able to prevent the clash of conflicting desires or ideologies, but they can discover the neuronal [nerve cell] mechanisms of anger, hate, aggressiveness, or territoriality, providing clues for the direction of emotions and for the education of more sociable and less cruel human beings. The precarious race between intelligent brains and unchained atoms must be won if the human race is going to survive, and learning the biological mechanisms of social relations will favor the cerebral victory.

How would this revolution in human behavior be brought about?

By making use of the fact that the brain is an electric organ.

And how can the organ be played upon?

By placing electrodes at specific control points within it and, through these mechanical intermediaries, introducing electric current either directly by means of wires or by remote radio command.

This is not the whole story of what happens, any more than it is accurate to say that the finger that pushes the launching button for a rocket flight is responsible for putting an earth satellite into orbit. The rocket button simply closes a switch that sets off a long sequence of electronic, mechanical, and chemical events previously designed and arranged to lift the satellite into a position mathematically calculated in advance; electric stimulation of the brain likewise triggers a chain of biochemical, enzymatic, thermal, and electrical processes that are built into the brain.

Having put the rocket together himself, man knows each successive event in the satellite launching sequence. Having inherited his brain complete and in place, man must explore within his own head the pathways, excitements, and inhibitions that relate the cells and synapses of his nervous system to the muscles of his body and to the more evanescent moving forces of his psyche. The hunt has only just begun, but Professor Delgado's own researches have led him to think that behavior may be organized like a symphony, with the brain drawing anatomical and functional fragments together into harmonious patterns.

"Until one or two decades ago," the professor reminded in his lecture, "the brain was treated as a 'black box' which could be reached only through the senses. Psychological investigations analyzed correlations between sensory input and behavioral output, but it was not possible to explore the processes lying in between which were hidden in the mystery of brain physiology." He continued:

> During the last decade we have reached an historical turning point because of the development of methods which permit the coordination and synthesis of physical, physiological, pharmacological, and psychological research. . . . Learning, emotions, drives, memory, consciousness, and other phenomena which in the past belonged only in the realm of philosophy are now the subjects of neuro-physiological experimentation. . . .
>
> I am not so naïve as to think that cerebral research holds all the answers to mankind's present problems, but I do believe that an understanding of the biological bases of social and antisocial behavior and of mental activities, which for the first time in history can now be explored in the conscious brain, may be of decisive importance in the search for intelligent solutions to some of our present anxieties, frustrations, and conflicts. Also, it is essential to introduce a balance into the future development of the human mind, and I think that we now have the means to investigate and to influence our own intellect.

Professor Delgado then cataloged a startling array of psychological and behavioral reactions that have already been produced electrically, at will, in animals and humans.

ITEM: Different species of animals—including cat, dog, and monkey—have been induced to "move the legs, raise or lower the body, open or close the mouth, walk or lie still, turn around, and perform a variety of responses with predictable reliability, as if they were electronic toys under human control."

ITEM: The diameters of the pupils of the eyes of monkeys have been "controlled precisely like the diaphragm of a camera."

ITEM: Cats have been caused to respond "as if threatened by a dog, with

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dilatation of the pupils, flattening of the ears, piloerection [hair standing on end], growling, and well-directed blows with unsheathed claws."

ITEM: A small male cat that enjoyed friendly relations with a larger male would lie close to his friend and purr happily until electrical stimulation was applied to a particular point in the small cat's brain. At the moment of application, the small cat "started growling, unsheathed its claws, and launched a fierce attack against the larger animal, which flattened its ears, withdrew a few steps, and retaliated with powerful blows. The fight continued as long as the stimulation was applied. The effect could be repeated, and the stimulated cat always took the initiative in spite of the fact that it was smaller and was always overpowered in the battle. After several stimulations, a state of mistrust was created between the two animals, and they watched each other with hostility."

ITEM: Similar experiments were repeated in a colony of six cats. When one of the six was stimulated by radio, "it started prowling around looking for fights with the other subordinate animals, but avoiding the one of them which was the most powerful of the group. It was evident that brain stimulation had created a state of increased aggressiveness, but it was also clear that the cat directed its hostility intelligently, choosing the enemy and the moment of attack, changing tactics and adapting its motions to the motor reaction of the attacked animal."

ITEM: When another affectionate cat, which usually sought petting and purred while being held in the experimenter's arms, was stimulated by radio, "it withdrew to a corner of the cage and sat there motionless, uttering barely audible growls from time to time. If any other cat approached, the stimulated animal started hissing and threatening, and, if the experimenter tried to pet him, the growls increased in intensity and the animal often spat and hissed. This hostile attitude disappeared as soon as the stimulation was over, and the cat became as friendly as before."

ITEM: Monkeys are known to form autocratic societies, in which one animal establishes himself as boss of the group. Electrical stimulation of one point in a boss monkey's brain heightened his aggressive behavior. Stimulation of another point inhibited the boss to such a degree that the subordinate monkeys crowded him without fear.

ITEM: When control of the radio commanding a boss monkey's brain was put into a lever that could be operated by monkeys subordinate to him, they quickly saw their opportunity, seized it, and had a delightful time stopping the boss in his tracks whenever he moved to threaten them. But they were careful not to attack him.

ITEM: A bull bred for the fighting ring was stopped in the midst of an infuriated charge by a radioed message to his brain.

ITEM: Monkeys have been sexually aroused by radio command; one pair so stimulated was provoked to copulate eighty-one times in ninety minutes.

ITEM: Retiring young women, upon being electrically stimulated by radio at certain brain sites, have held the hands of their doctors, initiated flirtatious conversation, and even hinted at marriage.

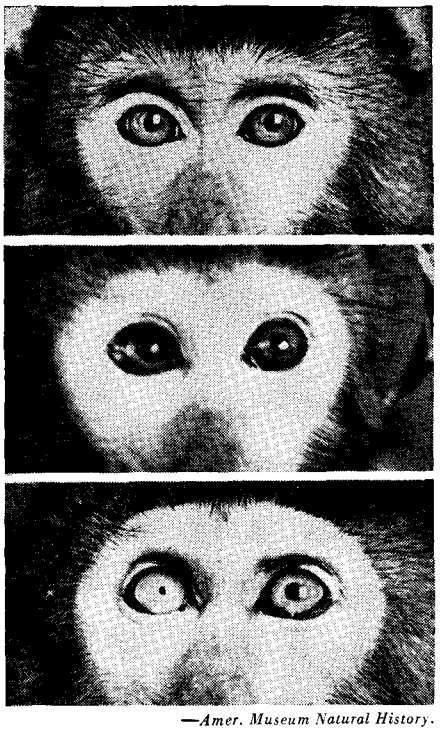
ITEM: Rats, by pressing a treadle, have expressed preference for stimulation of cerebral pleasure centers in opposition to satisfaction of hunger, thirst, and sex drives. People stimulated electrically at comparable points in their brains have openly declared their enjoyment of "pleasant tingling sensations of the body," and their moods have changed from sobriety to giggling and laughter.

ITEM: An 11-year-old boy, who was normally very quiet and spoke only four to seventeen words every two minutes, became animated when his brain was stimulated; he then talked at an average rate of eighty-eight words in a two-minute interval. The stimulation was repeated seven times. Each time the boy "appeared to be especially optimistic, emphasizing the pleasant side of sensory perceptions and the happy aspects of his memories and ideas." His expression "was spontaneous in character, his usual personal style and phraseology were preserved."

ITEM: In other experiments, brain stimulation has "blocked the thinking process, inhibited speech and movement," and induced "anxiety, feelings of loneliness, distortion of sensory perception, recollection of the past, hallucinations, and other psychic manifestations."

ALL the recited effects, Professor Delgado emphasized, have been achieved by electrical triggering "of pre-existing mechanisms which could not, for example, teach a person to speak Spanish although it could arouse memories expressed in Spanish if they were already stored in the brain."

Near the end of his lecture, the Yale research physiologist paused to reflect on what he had reported. He concluded with a question:



—*Amer. Museum Natural History.*

Pupil of monkey's right eye (viewer's left) is focused like camera lens.

"Would it be feasible to control the behavior of a population by electrical stimulation of the brain?"

His answer:

> From the times of slavery and galleys up to the present forced-labor camps, man has certainly tried to control the behavior of other human beings. In civilized life, the intervention of governments in our private biology has become so deeply rooted that in general we are not aware of it. Many countries, including the United States, do not allow a bride and groom to marry until blood has been drawn from their veins to prove the absence of syphilis. To cross international borders, it is necessary to certify that a scarification has been made on the skin and inoculated with smallpox. In many cities, the drinking water contains fluoride to strengthen our teeth, and table salt is fortified with iodine to prevent thyroid misfunction. These intrusions into our private blood, teeth, and glands are accepted, practiced, and enforced. Naturally, they have been legally introduced, are useful for the prevention of illness, and do generally benefit society and individuals, but they have established a precedent of official manipulation of our personal biology, introducing the possibility that governments could try to control general behavior or to increase the happiness of citizens by electrically influencing their brains.
>
> Fortunately, this prospect is remote, if not impossible. . . . Theoretically it would be possible to regulate agressiveness, productivity, or sleep by means of electrodes implanted in the brain, but this technique requires specialized knowledge, refined skills, and a de-

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tailed and complex exploration in each individual, because of the existence of anatomical and physiological variability. The feasibility of mass control of behavior by brain stimulation is therefore very unlikely, and the application of intracerebral electrodes in man will probably remain highly individualized and restricted to medical practice.

In the practice of medicine, however, there is every likelihood that experimental manipulation of mental functions of patients by doctors will increase. To continue quoting from the Delgado lecture:

> Clinical usefulness of electrode implantation in epilepsy and involuntary movements has already been proved, and its therapeutical extension to behavioral disorders, anxiety, depression, and other illness is at present being explored. . . . If we discover the cerebral basis of anxiety, pleasure, aggression, and other mental functions, we shall be in a much better position to influence their development and manifestations through electrical stimulation, drugs, surgery, and especially by means of more scientifically programmed education. . . . Scientific discoveries and technology cannot be shelved because of real or imaginary dangers, and it may certainly be predicted that the evolution of physical control of the brain and the acquisition of knowledge derived from it will continue at an accelerated pace. . . .

Professor Delgado ended his remarks with an expression of hope that the new dimensions of medical practice would point "toward the development of a more intelligent and peaceful mind of the species without loss of individual identity." He conceded that the quest would be surrounded by "tremendous" ethical and moral problems. But he did not touch upon the question of how these problems might be solved, except, in one reference to "obvious" social inhibitions, to suggest reliance on ethical restraints now exercised by the medical profession.

NEITHER the inspiring nor the frightening implications of Professor Delgado's words attracted public attention at the time he spoke them. But eight months later, a far less exciting review of brain research produced a rash of newspaper headlines. The date was the last week of December 1965, the place was Berkeley, California, and the occasion was the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

During two days of that week there was a symposium concerned with what its chairman, University of California psychology professor David Krech, called the "brave new science of the mind." A motion picture of some of the Yale work in electrically controlled behavior was shown, and reports were heard of experiments with two protein-building chemicals. One of these chemicals appeared to improve the memories of rats while the other seemed to erase the memories of goldfish. There was also a description of a third experiment, the results of which were interpreted to mean that actual learning could be transferred from one rat to another by chemical injection. Reviewing all this, Dr. Krech warned:

> For the first time in modern scientific history there now flourishes a sophisticated, multi-disciplinary, serious, and, I may add, 'well-heeled' scientific inquiry into mind-memory, learning, problem-solving, thinking.

For the first time biochemists, chemists, pharmacologists, geneticists, anatomists, and psychologists have been banding together in an attempt to understand the operations of the brain. And all of this has happened with unprecedented speed.

Perhaps even in some of today's papers are the beginnings of genuine breakthroughs into the understanding of the mind. If not today, then tomorrow—or the day thereafter. I need not spell out for you what such understanding of the mind may mean in terms of the control of the mind.

I don't believe that I am being melodramatic in suggesting that what our research may discover may carry with it even more serious implications than the awful (in both senses of the word)

—*Amer. Museum Natural History.*

ELECTRONIC CONTROL OF BEHAVIOR through messages to the brain is dramatically illustrated in the above photography of a charging bull. At top, animal bred for the fighting ring responds to challenge of beckoning cape. Below, at moment of electrical stimulus by radar to "rage control center" in the brain, bull stops charge midway and rears backward some feet away from the cape-holder.

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achievements of the atomic physicists. Let us not find ourselves in their position of being caught foolishly surprised, naïvely perplexed, and touchingly full of publicly displayed guilt at what they have wrought.

DR. KRECH was plainly addressing himself to the lay public. Since his immediate audience was a scientific assemblage, however, he was first of all challenging the immediately concerned biological researchers to think now of future social consequences of manipulated memory. Those consequences are at this stage almost incalculable. To develop abilities of any other than the most brute physical kinds, the human animal must accumulate a store of learning. Therefore, fortification of memory theoretically could create genius, and erasure of memory could reduce the competent to idiocy. Although the finest minds now delving into these possibilities are interested only in discovering the unknown and not in building political empires, Dr. Krech was reminding them that the great minds fascinated by the interior of the atom in the early years of this century were also "just looking" and not in any sense eager to exploit violent explosives; yet nuclear bombs came out of their peaceable nuclear studies, and these bombs now dominate patterns of living all over the planet.

How uneven had been the consideration given to the protection of individual identity during the course of exploring the psyche became apparent at a much lower level of research in New York City in the next month of January 1966. Parents of ninth-grade children in selected public schools there were advised by form letter that the children would be subjected to a psychological test designed to identify neurotics who might become "dropouts." This test digs sharply into the sex life of the child and the family. A registered nurse who was familiar with the test and was worried about the possible effects it might have on her child raised questions about the school's failure to seek parental permission prior to the proposed invasion of privacy, especially since the children were required to sign their names to the test responses. The nurse was told (see her letter, reproduced on this and the next page) by an assistant principal that parents "simply have to trust the judgment of the educators," which, the nurse said, "I can't honestly say I want to do."

About the same time that this psychological test was given, in January 1966, process servers went out from the offices of the Education Bureau of the State of New York at 261 Broadway and placed an official order of the New York State Department of Education in the hands of two physicians who had been charged with "fraud and deceit in the practice of medicine." The research project in which these two doctors had engaged raised broader questions as to the adequacy of existing rules governing medical experiments on humans. For their project lay well within the realm of traditional medicine (as opposed to the new dimensions being opened through the brain) and might have been supposed to be hedged about with clearly delineated safeguards for the patients. The project had to do with cancer.

The orders delivered by the process servers were signed by New York State Education Commissioner James E. Allen, Jr., and advised the two accused physicians—Dr. Chester M. Southam and Dr. Emanuel Mandel—that the Board of Regents had found them guilty as charged by the Medical Committee on Grievances. Whereas the committee had recommended suspension of the two doctors' licenses for one year, however, the regents had voted to treat the accused in the manner of first offenders and to stay execution of the license suspensions, meanwhile placing the two physicians on probation for one year "upon the following terms and conditions:"

1. That the respondent shall conduct himself in all ways in a manner befitting his professional status and shall conform fully to the moral and professional standards of conduct imposed by law and by his profession;

2. That so long as there is no indication of any further misconduct, the respondent may continue to practice as a physician, but the department, upon receipt of satisfactory evidence of any such further misconduct, may forthwith terminate the stay of execution and order that the stay be vacated and the medical license of the respondent be suspended for a period of one year from the date of said order;

3. That any such action by the department vacating the stay of the suspension shall in no way bar further disciplinary action based upon additional misconduct;

4. That the respondent shall notify the department of any change of address or employment;

The Bronx Junior High School Sex Quiz

ON JANUARY 7, 1966, all ninth-grade students in Junior High School 141 in the Bronx received notices dated December 1965 (the casual kind usually buried in school bags until accidentally unearthed for some other reason) telling their parents that they would be given a Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory Test during the week of January 10 (and coinciding with midterms), in conjunction with a research project conducted by the School of Psychiatry at St. Luke's Hospital. The notice added that the children "will be asked to sign their names." No parental consent was either sought or obtained.

Perhaps you are already familiar with this test. It delves deeply and in true psychiatric tradition, unmercifully, into all aspects of the tested individual's personality, leaving nothing to the imagination. It was devised for an age group ranging roughly from later adolescence through adulthood. Colleges used to give it to determine admission eligibility, but a 1963 statement by the College Board rescinded this in most colleges by stating the tests were experimental, not conclusive enough, and posed moral and ethical problems.

I fail to understand how the Board of Education could sanction the use of this test without advising parents more thoroughly, without asking their consent. Particularly, I wonder what safeguards are being taken to insure that school children, *via* the public school system (and, I understand, some private schools also), will not become a vast emotional laboratory serving the quasi-scientific curiosity of anyone who happens to come along with an interesting research project to try out on them.

The most sensible remarks have come from some of the children themselves: "We didn't understand the questions," "we marked *false* those questions which we didn't understand," and in end remarks, asked for by the testing psychiatrist: "We said that this test must have been meant for older children than we are. It didn't make sense to us." Several of the more priceless answers given by twelve-, thirteen-, and some fourteen-year-olds this letter does not permit me now to mention.

In answer to a letter I wrote to the principal of JHS 141, mentioning my doubts as to the wisdom of conducting such tests on children of no more than thirteen—at most fourteen—years of age, I was told that this "pilot project" (these days apparently a euphemism for whatever isn't known) is intended to predict school dropouts, who are to be intensively counseled (I don't know by whom, or in what manner, or how, for that matter, such methods will make them motivated students), and that parents should be "proud" that our school and a few others had been chosen to participate in this project. When I obstinately expressed some further doubts—doubts especially concerning whether such tests had fulfilled their stated purpose—I was assured by the assistant principal that "I would simply have to trust the judgment of the

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5. That upon full compliance with these conditions for a period of one year the respondent may apply to the department for discharge from probation.

The terms and conditions sound definite and positive. But are they so in practice? What is the "manner befitting . . . [a physician's] professional status"? Who sets "the moral and professional standards of conduct"? How speaks the law?

THE questions are inherently confusing because one of the two men whose medical peers have found guilty of fraudulent and deceitful conduct in this case belongs to the small company of research experts who have shaped the manner and professional conduct of cancer research in this country for more than a decade.

Dr. Chester Milton Southam, forty-seven, is now and has been for many years on the medical staff of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, where he holds the rank of full member—the academic equivalent of a professorship—and heads both the section of clinical virology in Sloan-Kettering's division of clinical chemotherapy and the section of oncogenic virology in the division of virology and immunology. He is also associate professor of medicine at the College of Medicine of Cornell University, an associate attending physician at the Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases (affiliated with the Sloan-Kettering Institute), and an associate visiting physician at the James Ewing Hospital, a municipal institution run by the Sloan-Kettering staff for the City of New York.

Dr. Southam serves as a special consultant to the United States Public Health Service and the National Cancer Institute (agencies of the federal government Department of Health, Education and Welfare), as a member of the therapeutic panel that recommends and for all practical purposes chooses the recipients of research grants paid out by the American Cancer Society, as a member of the scientific advisement committee of the Damon Runyon (cancer research) Fund, and as a research advisory panelist for the World Health Organization and for the International Union Against Cancer. He is author of a chapter on the relationship between immunology and cancer in the report of President Lyndon B. Johnson's 1965 Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer, and Strokes.

What standards does the law impose on elite researchers like Dr. Southam, whose personal behavior sets an example for less talented experimenters?

In democratic theory, the law recognizes no hierarchy. Its invocations fall with equal weight on the gifted and on the plodders.

Pending clarifying decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States, however, the precepts of the law do depend on what law the individual physician accepts allegiance to. For those who consider themselves bound by judgments passed upon citizens of other nations by international tribunals in which our country shared the judgment seat, the law governing medical research must include the Nuremberg Code. After an exhaustive trial at which the chief prosecutor was an American barrister, four Nazi German doctors were hanged for violating the Nuremberg Code in Hitler's concentration camps. Nuremberg Rule No. 1 reads:

> *The voluntary consent of the human subject is absolutely essential.*
>
> This means that the person involved should have legal capacity to give consent, should be so situated as to be able to exercise free power of choice without the intervention of any element of force, fraud, deceit, duress, over-reaching, or other ulterior form of constraint or coercion; and should have sufficient knowledge and comprehension of the elements of the subject matter involved as to enable him to make an understanding and enlightened decision. This latter element requires that before the acceptance of an affirmative decision by the experimental subject there should be made known to him the nature, duration, and purpose of the experiment; the method and means by which it is to be conducted; all inconveniences and hazards reasonably to be expected; and the effects upon his health or person which may possibly come from his participation in the experiments.
>
> The duty and responsibility for ascertaining the quality of the consent rests upon each individual who initiates, directs or engages in the experiment. It is a personal duty and responsibility which may not be delegated to another with impunity.

For those physicians who accept only the responsibilities stated in the laws of the United States, the Nuremberg Code is meaningless. For them, the limits on medical experimentation are defined in the 1962 (so-called "Kefauver") amendments to the U.S. Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. Section 505, subdivision (i) of that act exhorts doctors to obtain in advance the informed consent of all persons to whom experimental drugs are given, but the concluding words of subdivision (i) actually give every individual physician freedom to determine, subject only to his own conscience, whether and when it is to "the best interest of such human beings" to tell them even that an experiment is going on, much less ask permission.

Under the Nuremberg Code, Dr. Southam would be guilty as charged. For the charge against him was that he supervised the injection of live cancer cells into the bodies of twenty-two old and helpless patients at the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital in Brooklyn without telling any of the patients that the injected cells were malignant. And Dr. Southam, in his testimony, conceded that he had deliberately omitted mention of the word "cancer" and had advised doctors associated with him in the experiment to do likewise.

Dr. Southam defended his course on the grounds that his own earlier experiments had convinced him that injected

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educators," which, at this point, I can't honestly say I want to do.

Perhaps the funniest consequence of my letter—which did not state that my son couldn't take the test—was that he was not allowed to take it. His comment: "Just because of your letter, I couldn't take the test; I hear it was great, they ask all about your sex life!" I've had to promise him he can take the next one, if one comes up again. One teacher's comment: "Such tests have no business being done in the schools."

To keep some perspective in this situation, let me say I am writing not from the psychologist's, or guidance officer's, or psychiatrist's point of view, but from the point of view of a sane, perceptive parent who does not accept—as many parents don't accept—educators' judgments as final authority as a matter of course.

No one has yet written any papers showing what happens when pre-teenagers are subjected to tests ordinarily not given until later in life. I can predict at this point with certainty only that a researcher into this question would have a marvelous time reading the choice answers some of these prematurely investigated children have given—provided there are any researchers left by that time who can still use a sense of humor.

Meanwhile, a lot of researchers should go to work on questions such as: What constitutes justification for taking two school periods to investigate nebulous problems, with uncertain objectives, at the expense of who knows how many hapless school children? On whose authority may this be done? Preferably before the present comedy of psychological errors turns into a tragedy of city- or country-wide misinterpretations, these questions ought at least to be aired in the interest of education, science, and parents (so far still the custodians of all this emotional raw material).

CHARLOTTE ISLER,
Associate Editor,
RN Magazine.

Bronx, N.Y.

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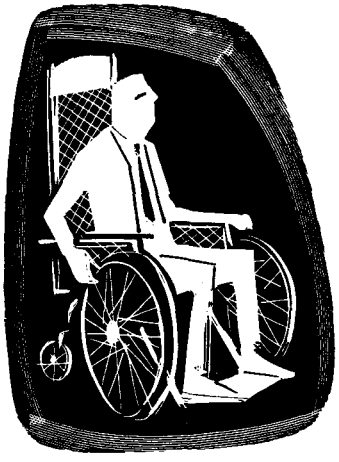
cancer cells were harmless, and that it was not to the best interests of patients to hear the word "cancer," lest the word alarm them to no purpose.

Three prominent researchers at cancer centers elsewhere in the country submitted affidavits saying they wouldn't condemn Dr. Southam's avoidance of the word "cancer" in seeking patient consents. Two of them added, however, that in their own experiments with cancer transplants they used the word "tumor" to make the situation clear. A fourth witness (although he identified himself as a member of the Malpractice and Defense Board of the New York State Medical Society, he said he had never heard of the Nuremberg Code) took the position that if the experiments involved physicians or their families then complete information should be provided in obtaining consent but that complete information was not required in other cases. Asked if he would want his father or mother experimented on without their consent, he replied: "Are you assuming that I am or am not a physician? As a physician, my situation is a little bit



different, I think, than the average son or daughter. . . . My situation is not the same as the average person."

To follow the conflicting threads of the story, as it unraveled first in preliminary questioning by agents of the New York State Department of Education and at subsequent hearings conducted by a three-man panel of the department's Medical Grievance Committee, it is necessary to understand why this particular experiment had any validity at all.

ONE of the best known phenomena of biology is the human body's propensity to reject all substances which the body recognizes as foreign to itself. Transplants of skin or other tissues can succeed normally only if the transfer is made from one identical twin to another. It is this automatic rejection process that explains the difficulties now being encountered in efforts to transplant kidneys, liver, heart or other vital organs to replace originals that have been deteriorated by disease.

DURING the Korean War in the early 1950s, American troops were attacked by an unidentified tropical virus. To learn how to fight the virus, U.S. Army doctors grew colonies of it in the laboratory. Since viruses multiply only when they invade cells, the Army doctors gave this virus cancer cells to work on when other available cells wouldn't do. A vaccine against the virus resulted. Suppose the cancer on which the virus had fed should somehow break through the virus strain; would the vaccinated soldiers in Korea acquire cancer? The doctors thought not but the Army said, "Make sure." So cancer cells were injected into three people afflicted with advanced cancer. The cells were rejected by the bodies into which they had been transplanted, but the rejection occurred much more slowly than would have been assumed from other knowledge of the rejecting mechanism. Dr. Southam took part in the experiment and deduced from it that the progressive spread of cancer in a body lowered that body's ability to carry on normal immunological responses. If this deduction could be substantiated, and if the crippling agent could be found and isolated, it might be possible to develop a vaccine or vaccines (since cancer seems not to be one disease but a whole complex of different diseases, each responding to a different treatment) to prevent or fight cancer.

The first step was to demonstrate that bodies in normal health would reject cancer cell transplants as readily as any other transplants. This was done in an experiment with prisoners at Ohio State Penitentiary, where volunteers, having been told the whole story, consented in writing to undertake the risk. The results showed that healthy bodies do reject the cancer transplants, that the speed of rejection rises with successive transplants, and that the white (disease-fighting) blood cells of the injected prisoners, when transfused into the bodies of other persons (with or without cancer), would speed up the rejection of cancer transplants by those other bodies. All this strengthened Dr. Southam's belief in the long-range possibility of building up an immunity against cancer.

In the following seven years, Dr. Southam repeated these experiments on approximately 600 people, about half of them cancer sufferers. Although many of the cancer victims died before the experiments in their bodies were completed, the statistics continued to suggest that as the stage of cancer worsened, the body's normal ability to throw off cancer transplants declined when measured in terms of time.

It could not be certain, however, that the declining ability to reject cancer transplants was due to mechanisms directly related to the cancer already spreading in an afflicted body or whether the apparent slowdown in the immunological process was simply due to the accumulated debility of the ravaged body. This question could be resolved only by injecting cancer cells into the bodies of persons weakened by the advanced stages of diseases other than cancer.

SINCE medical men in general are notoriously quick to reject lay participation to any positive degree in the study and regulation of medical practice, it is interesting to note how the testimony in this case says Dr. Southam went about extending his cancer experiment from his own patients at Memorial and James Ewing hospitals in Manhattan to the patients of other doctors in a different hospital—the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital in Brooklyn. Instead of communicating directly with the medical director at JCDH or with some member of the JCDH medical staff, he asked a Sloan-Kettering associate, Dr. Arthur G. Levin, to talk to a friend of Dr. Levin's father who sat on the board of directors of JCDH. The inquiry then traveled downward from this member of the board through the hospital superintendent, Mr. Solomon Siegel, to the director of medicine at the hospital, Dr. Emanuel Mandel.

Although Dr. Southam's work is reputed to rank among the most promising of all attacks on cancer, Dr. Mandel testified he had never heard of it. But he did recognize the prestigious name of Sloan-Kettering, and he hoped that by joining Dr. Southam's experiment JCDH might begin a permanent affiliation with that famous research institution. So Dr. Mandel invited Drs. Southam and Levin to lunch at JCDH on July 3rd, 1963.

At that luncheon meeting, the testimony shows, it was clear to everyone present that the experiment Dr. Southam proposed was in no way related to the treatment of JCDH's patients and could not possibly be beneficial to them. In short, what was suggested was research, not therapy. Dr. Southam told Dr. Mandel that it would not be necessary to obtain written consent from the patients, that such consent had not been obtained from some hundreds of patients at Memorial and James Ewing hospitals. Dr. Southam also recommended that the word "cancer" be avoided in speaking to the patients who would be chosen for the experiment.

July 16, 1963 was agreed upon as the date for the injections.

Now part of the money for the experiment came from the American Cancer Society, which has since advised SR's

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science editor that the society depends on individual researchers to follow ethical lines of conduct. No rules are laid down. Other money came from the U.S. Public Health Service, under grant CA 03215. In accepting this grant, Dr. Southam had bound himself to follow USPHS rules and regulations governing experimentation and research. Among other things, the rules say:

> The principal investigator personally provides the assigned volunteer in lay language and at the level of his comprehension with information about the proposed research project. He outlines its proposed purposes, methods, demands, inconveniences and discomforts, to enable the volunteer to make a mature judgment as to his willingness and ability to participate. When he is fully cognizant of all that is entailed, the volunteer gives his signed consent to take part in it.

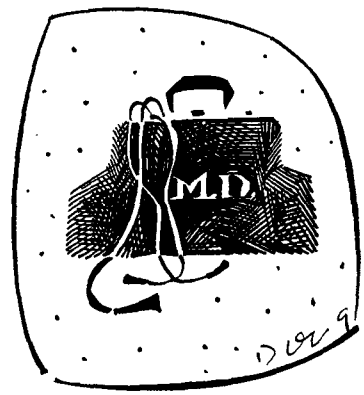
If a doctor is to approach a patient at the level of the patient's comprehension, the doctor must know something of the personal background and physical condition of the patient. And if the patient is to make a mature judgment after becoming fully cognizant of all that is entailed, the patient must have some time to reflect on what he has been told and if necessary to ask that medical terms be translated into his own lay language. Yet Dr. Southam testified that he did not visit the Brooklyn hospital again from the time of the luncheon on July 3rd until the experiment was performed on July 16th. He did not meet any of the patients who were to become concerned. He did not consult any of the hospital charts of the patients. He did not know the patients' names. He left the choices of subjects of the experiment to Dr. Mandel, who chose three cancer victims and then delegated the choice of nineteen non-cancer patients to Dr. Deogracias Custodio, a Philippine-born resident physician at the hospital, not licensed to practice in this country.

WHEN Drs. Southam and Levin returned to JCDH on July 16, 1963, they still did not have a list of the names of the patients who were to be their subjects. Dr. Mandel, to use his own words, "faded out of the picture" after introducing Drs. Southam and Levin to the three cancer patients. Dr. Southam testified he wasn't sure that he made more than the first injection himself, though he said he may have made the first three. Dressed in a long white coat, carrying his syringe and cell suspensions in a little black bag instead of on the customary hospital instrument tray, Dr. Southam was, he said, too busy filling syringes with cancer cells to pay detailed attention to what Dr. Mandel told the first three patients or what Dr. Custodio told the remaining nineteen. Here is a fragment of Dr. Custodio's testimony on that point:

Q.—Did you speak with these patients with relation to what the experiment would be?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—What did you tell them?
A.—Well, I talked with each patient, and I told each one that a certain test is being planned and it was to determine their immunity or resistance to disease and I added the statement that a cell-suspension will be injected under the skin and that a lump will form within a few days and this lump will disappear gradually in a period of several weeks.
Q.—You explained that to each of these nineteen patients?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—Did you have any difficulty because of a language barrier with any of these patients?
A.—What do you mean by language barrier?
Q.—Every patient understood you?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—Every patient spoke perfect English?
A.—Spoke English.
Q.—Without that qualification, just English, every patient could communicate with you?
A.—Yes, sir.

* * * *

Q.—Do you remember the nature of the illnesses of the various patients you selected?
A.—Most of them I can.
Q.—Do you remember _____ _____?
A.—Yes, sir. _____ _____, he is an old man. He is around sixty-four, in his later sixties, most probably in his early seventies. I am not very sure. . . . This patient has Paget's disease.
Q.—What is the nature of Paget's disease?
A.—Paget's disease. The etiology is unknown but the main defect is in the decalcification and demineralization of bones.
Q.—Where was that localized in this patient?
A.—This is a generalized affair, but a typical thing in this patient is enlarged head and exophthalmos.
Q.—Was the patient informed about the experiment you were going to conduct?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—And you told him?
A.—I told him.
Q.—You told him what?
A.—Well, I told him about the test that is being planned which I would repeat is a test for immunity, to test his immunity or resistance to disease, and then I added that a lump will appear in the site of the injection within a few days and will gradually disappear within a few weeks.
Q.—Did you specifically ask this patient whether he had any objection to the injection?



A.—Yes, sir. I asked each patient whether he will permit us to do the test, and each patient readily consented.
Q.—Confining it to Mr. _____ [the previously named patient] at this point?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—He consented?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—How was Mr. _____'s hearing?
A.—He is deaf.
Q.—He is deaf?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Completely deaf?
A.—Not completely deaf, but I was shouting.
Q.—How did you conduct your conversation with him?
A.—I was shouting.
Q.—Was he alone?
A.—Alone.
Q.—Was he the only patient in that area?
A.—No.
Q.—There were other patients in that area?
A.—Yes.
Q.—But you were shouting?
A.—I was shouting in his ear and he heard me. He said, "Yes, go ahead, doctor."

* * * *

Q.—Was there a patient by the name of _____ _____?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—What was the nature of his illness?
A.—Parkinson's disease.
Q.—Was he able to understand this conversation?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—Were Drs. Southam and Levin present during that conversation?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—And he consented?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—What was the result of the experiment with him, same as with the others?
A.—Result?
Q.—The result of the injection?
A.—Oh, I don't exactly remember it in each particular case, but I have an idea.
Q.—Do you have the charts? [He was given not the charts, but Dr. Southam's scribbled record at that point.]
Q.—What were the results of transplantation on Mr. _____?

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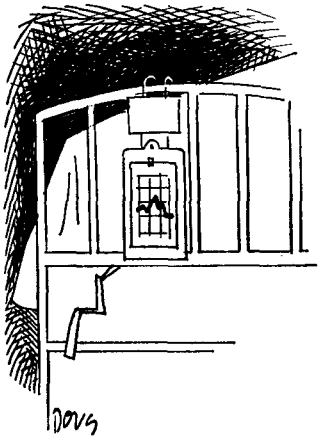
A.—Well, the results here indicate that the patient developed a lump within a few days and it disappeared very fast.
Q.—How long?
A.—In the matter of one month.
Q.—A month?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—Is that very fast?
A.—That is pretty fast.
Q.—What is hematuria?
A.—Hematuria is blood in urine.
Q.—Bloody urine?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Did that present itself in this patient at some time?
A.—Yes.
Q.—What was the cause of that? Did you find out?
A.—Yes. The patient was referred to the urology service, the service that takes care of the bladder and kidney, and he was cystoscoped and they found a bloody tumor in the urinary bladder.
Q.—Was that operated on?
A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—Benign?
A.—Malignant tumor.
Q.—Is that patient alive?
A.—No, sir.
Q.—He died?
A.—Post-operatively.
Q.—When was that operation performed?
A.—I am not very sure of the date of the operation, but I think this happened in mid-October or late October. The patient died in mid-November, two-three weeks after the operation.
Q.—When for the first time—I don't know if you can tell of this—did he complain of bloody urine?
A.—Early in September, late in August, August 29.
Q.—About five or six weeks after your injection?
A.—Yes, sir.

At this point, the hearing record includes a brief, sharp argument over whether the death could have been due to the injected cancer cells, since cancer had not been diagnosed or suspected in this patient previously. Dr. Mandel contended that a causal relationship between the injected cancer and the unexpected death from cancer was impossible because nothing like that had ever happened before in Dr. Southam's experiments. However, in one of Dr. Southam's earlier experimental subjects, the injected cancer cells had moved about ten inches from the injection site under the skin of an arm into a nearby lymph node. Cancer metastases often spread through the lymphatic system. Dr. Southam said he did not believe the injected cells would have gone beyond the node if the patient had lived, but "I just can't give a statement based on fact." He added that another case (not one of his own), in which cancer cells in a transplanted kidney had spread into the body and caused the death of the kidney's new host, should be discounted in relation to the Southam experiments because the patient who received the kidney transplant had undergone radiation and drug suppression of his immunological defenses in order to encourage the transplanted kidney to stay in place and function normally. None of these suppressive methods had been employed on the Brooklyn patients. Neither the logic of Dr. Mandel nor the defenses of Dr. Southam on these particular points were challenged by the members of the Medical Grievance Committee investigating panel. No one either proposed or requested that the question raised by the Brooklyn death be resolved on its own merits through an autopsy.

The Medical Grievance Committee panel did raise questions about another sudden death that occurred among the twenty-two Brooklyn experimental subjects. In this instance, it was pointed out, a patient who had already been designated to undergo elective surgery two days after the injections was subjected to the injections anyhow. He died one day after the operation. The investigating panel's verdict attributed inclusion of that patient to the unusual speed at which the experiment was conducted.

DRS. Southam, Mandel, and Custodio all agreed that the whole proceeding, encompassing introductions, explanations, injections, etc., to twenty-two people on six floors of two separate hospital buildings, had been completed in a couple of hours. Dr. Southam conceded that his remarks to the patients were limited to such reassuring small talk as "How are you?" and (as he prepared a patient's skin for the cell injection) "This is the way we clean the skin. This is alcohol to clean the skin. It feels a little cold. Now, we are going to give a little injection of novocain. This is a local anesthetic. You have had it many times before. . . . This [the cancer injection] you won't feel at all because the needle will go through the novocain." He explained that he was working in Dr. Mandel's hospital and felt he should defer to Dr. Mandel's responsibility for maintenance of doctor-patient relationships there. Dr. Mandel explained his absence from nineteen of twenty-two injections by saying that he had told Dr. Custodio to follow the procedure which Dr. Southam had said was normal at the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Research Center.



Dr. Saul I. Heller, one of the panel of three physicians who heard the testimony and returned a verdict of guilty against both Drs. Southam and Mandel, stated in his formal opinion: "I am extremely concerned with the fact that these chronic, debilitated, sick patients were hurriedly and unexpectedly confronted with a verbal description of a technical procedure which, even to a normal, educated, intelligent, and healthy person, would have been inadequate and untruthful. This is fraud and deceit. I also believe that the omissions from the hospital charts [of mention] that these patients were injected with live human cancer cells constitutes fraud and deceit. I further believe that the rights of these patients and their families were violated by the respondents . . . , who resorted to trickery, false statement, deliberate deception. The respondents by acting in such a manner as to omit and conceal the facts of this experiment . . . [committed] a breach of duty, trust, and confidence to these patients, their families, and their fellow-man."

Dr. Heller listed by number without naming a dozen of the twenty-two experimental subjects whose "mental and physical condition" as described at the hearing "renders it impossible for them to give informed consent, in terms of forming a mature judgment in a matter of one to five minutes on complex scientific subjects." One of the "volunteers" had to be strapped into his wheelchair to remain upright. Another ran about, drooling copiously, bumping into things and falling. "Actually," said Dr. Heller, these people "were subjected to an injection by doctors in hospital attire and were deceived into believing that this injection was of direct therapeutic benefit to them or was essential to their treatment."

THE panel chairman, Dr. Lawrence Ames, agreed that "many of the nineteen [non-cancer patients involved in the experiment] . . . were not physically or mentally capable of understanding what was involved and therefore incapable of giving informed consent, even if such information were given to them by Dr. Custodio. The manner in which Dr. Custodio elected to choose the cases for the experiment, [on] the very morning of the injections, and the total time consumed in giving all these injections, convinces me beyond reasonable doubt that proper informed consent could not have been obtained." He concluded:

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> Every human being has an inalienable right to determine what shall be done with his body. This, without regard as to whether he be confined to a penal institution, or free, or whether he be healthy or debilitated or confined in an institution or hospital. The same rights or privileges must be accorded him. If . . . [he] be so mentally or physically affected . . . [as to] be incapable of making decisions, then the nearest of kin must be accorded the right to make this decision.

THE third panelist, Dr. Morris F. Weiner, joined his two colleagues in the guilty verdict reluctantly, "in view of the apparent current unacceptable method of pursuing the highly laudable purpose of the research program." "If an error has, in fact, been committed," he wrote, "it is in an area of judgmental vagueness. . . . The public interest may be better served by constructive suggestions aimed at greater clarification of more specific guidelines in clinical research." He dissented from the opinion of Drs. Ames and Heller that Drs. Southam and Mandel should lose their right to practice medicine for a year. "The record shows that both respondents are exceptionally well-trained and highly regarded clinical investigators, and strongly endorsed by the highest local and national medical authorities," he stated; "I therefore recommend no further action as to discipline be taken."

Two of the seventeen members of the full Medical Grievance Committee supported Dr. Weiner's position—that the two accused physicians should be found guilty but not punished. The remaining fourteen committeemen voted for a year's suspension of license. These findings went to the Committee on Discipline of the New York State Board of Regents, which recommended unanimously to the Regents that the one-year license suspension penalty be modified to a one-year period of probation.

"We trust," wrote Discipline Committee chairman Joseph W. McGovern and his colleagues, Joseph T. King and Carl H. Phorzheimer, Jr., in their summary of the case, "that this measure of discipline will serve as a stern warning that zeal for research must not be carried to the point where it violates the basic rights and immunities of a human person."

The summary went on:

> There is evidenced in the record in this proceeding an attitude on the part of some physicians that they can go ahead and do anything which they conclude is good for the patient, or which is of benefit experimentally or educationally and is not harmful to the patient, and that the patient's consent is an empty formality. With this we cannot agree. . . .
>
> A patient has the right to know he is being asked to volunteer and to refuse to participate in an experiment for any reason, intelligent or otherwise, well-informed or prejudiced. A physician has no right to withhold from a prospective volunteer any fact which he knows may influence the decision. It is the volunteer's decision to make, and the physician may not take it away from him by the manner in which he asks the question or explains or fails to explain the circumstances. . . .

That the experiment in Brooklyn was successful, that it confirmed Dr. Southam's expectation of prompt rejection of cancer transplants by bodies debilitated by diseases other than cancer, that it may have moved science one step nearer to the still distant dream of stopping or preventing cancer's ravages—these considerations had no extenuating force. They were not even mentioned in the disciplinary document. The one point singled out for attention was the individual human's right to decide for himself whether he is willing to have his body or mind manipulated for the good of his fellow man at the possible expense of himself. As the Committee on Discipline put it:

> There is one point [in this case] which is undisputed, namely, that the patients were not told that the cells to be injected were live cancer cells. From the respondent's standpoint this was not considered to be an important fact. They regarded the experiment as medically harmless. There was not appreciable danger of any harmful effects to the patients as a result of the injection of these cancer cells. It is not uncommon for a doctor to refrain from telling his patient that he had cancer where the physician in his professional judgment concludes that such a disclosure would be harmful to the patient. The respondents testified that they felt that telling these patients that the material did consist of live cancer cells would upset them and was immaterial to their consent. They overlooked the key fact that so far as this particular experiment was concerned, there was not the usual doctor-patient relationship and, therefore, no basis for the exercise of their usual professional judgment applicable to patient care.

THE clarification of definitions that Dr. Weiner had argued for was bravely begun in that passage. But the seemingly plain lines of boundary were blurred when seen through the light of other passages, such as: "We do not say that it is necessary in all cases of human experimentation to obtain consent from relatives or to obtain written consent." What exceptions were those words intended to cover? Testimony in the Southam-Mandel case revealed that many medical and surgical tests (some judged by the doctors present to be far more risky than cancer transplants) are regularly made on patients in hospitals for no purpose contributory to treatment of the patient, simply to assuage medical curiosity or to teach student doctors how to make tests, and that the patient's informed consent is neither sought nor obtained for any of these. Some patients may be aware of these practices, but most of them surely are not. What should the rules be? That the rules weren't what they should have been when the Southam-Mandel case broke seems evident from Dr. Southam's testimony—that while hearing of the charges against him was still in progress, regulations at Sloan-Kettering Institute and at Memorial and James Ewing hospitals were tightened to require patient consents for even simple and low-risk tests.

Articles published in medical journals during and since the hearings range an apparently dominant majority of clinical practitioners in favor of written consents in all experiments undertaken purely for research purposes with no foreseeable benefit to the patients involved. "Whoever gave the investigator the god-like right of choosing martyrs?" asked Dr. Henry K. Beecher of Boston in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The position of the majority is no longer so clear when the scene of experimentation shifts to physicians using new drugs or new surgical techniques on their own patients as part of the treatment of the patients. On this point the New York Board of Regents Committee on Discipline in the Southam-Mandel opinion said:

> When a patient engages a physician or enters a hospital he may reasonably be deemed to have consented to such treatment as his physician or the hospital staff, in the exercise of their professional judgment, deem proper. Consent to normal diagnostic tests might similarly be presumed. Even so, doctors and hospitals as a matter of routine obtain formal written consents before surgery and in a number of other instances, and whether or not a

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—*Aetna Insurance Co.*

WILLIAM A. HYMAN, internationally known lawyer who was one of the founders of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital and sat on its board of directors for many years, discovered the cancer experiment through three young hospital staff physicians who resigned their posts rather than take part in the cancer injections.

specific consent is required for a specific act must be decided on the facts of the particular case.

A paraphrase of the opening sentence of that statement—"When a patient engages a physician he may reasonably be deemed to have consented to such treatment as the physician thinks is required"—has been published more than once in justification of the physician's right to exercise judgment on the patient's behalf in experimental situations. Perhaps many physicians do feel free to experiment on any patient who seeks treatment, but very few patients visit their doctors with any such idea in mind. The intimate trust invited by the physician's oath to "do no harm" leads most people to believe that the doctor will share with them his superior knowledge of the presence of risk. If the patient's traditional confidence in his doctor has been displaced by the mounting pressure for more and more research at all levels of medicine, then whatever new rules are about to be written should incorporate for the patient's protection some forthright variation of that old motto of the marketplace: "Let the buyer beware!"

WRITING apropos of the Brooklyn experiment in *The New England Journal of Medicine,* Harvard University Professor Paul A. Freund, president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, declared: "The law on the whole subject of experimentation will be worked out in close reliance on the moral sensibilities of the community. It therefore behooves the medical profession to take the public into its confidence and to educate public opinion rather than to risk the shock and explosion of pent-up revulsion if the lid is pressed down on information and then blown up by some melodramatic case like that of the hospital for chronic diseases. The primary step is to recognize that difficult moral problems—indeed, moral dilemmas—do exist on which help and guidance may be sought from many sources." One source the public logically looks to for informed and vigilant criticism is the body of prominent citizens who enjoy the prestige of membership on directing boards of hospitals. Before the law, it is these people who are ultimately responsible to society for proper conduct of their institutions. But directors of hospitals, as well as directors of the voluntary health agencies, too often accept the privilege and shun the obligation of raising sometimes embarrassing questions.

One of the most curious aspects of the Southam-Mandel case has been the reaction of the administrators of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital of Brooklyn to the one member of the hospital board of directors who publicly expressed dismay over injection of the live cancer cells into the twenty-two old and helpless patients. Three young physicians on the hospital staff had resigned in 1963 rather than take part in the experiment. But their protest would never have reached the public consciousness if they had not gone to William A. Hyman, an internationally known attorney who had helped to found the hospital in 1926 and had sat on the directing board ever since. Mr. Hyman appealed to his fellow board members for an investigation. They squelched him on the advice of Dr. Mandel and hospital superintendent Solomon Seigel, through whom Dr. Southam had traveled in obtaining the Brooklyn hospital's participation in the cancer experiment. Mr. Hyman next appealed to the New York State Department of Education, but heard nothing favorable to his cause there for a period of months. He then went to the Supreme Court of Brooklyn to assert his right, as a hospital director, to examine the hospital records of the twenty-two injected patients. The court granted his petition. The hospital administrators refused to make the records available to him, and appealed the Supreme Court order. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court reversed the lower court. Mr. Hyman appealed the reversal to the Court of Appeals of New York—highest tribunal in the state—and finally won his case. The court battle whetted interest in the case in the New York State Department of Education, and the hearings by the Medical Grievance Committee ensued. One wider result has been discussion in the New York State Legislature directed toward amendment of the law covering judgment of medical grievances. As the rules now stand, a verdict of guilty can be found against an offending doctor only by a unanimous vote of the seventeen members of the Medical Grievance Committee. This weights the effect of law more heavily in favor of a physician defending his license to practice than is true of other accused persons in civil and criminal court proceedings. The desirability of reform in this and allied legal processes related to medicine are visible today because of Mr. Hyman's initiative. The patient consent requirements of all New York City hospitals are more strictly drawn now in acknowledgement of the correctness of his attitude. What recognition has Mr. Hyman received for his extraordinary exhibition of public spirit? The nominating committee of the board of directors of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital of Brooklyn declined to place his name on the ballot for re-election to the three-year term beginning with the year 1966.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

ONE OF THE PRIMARY JUSTIFICATIONS FOR THE CONDUCT of cancer experiments discussed in these pages of *SR* has been that "cancer" is too dreadful a word to be cheerfully borne. Dr. Chester M. Southam, author of the experimental line that went too far in Brooklyn, concedes that most victims of cancer intuitively know somehow that they have the disease. But he says most of them would rather be spared mention of the word. Other cancer researchers share Dr. Southam's ambivalence but nonetheless feel they do patients no harm by using the word "tumor."

Symposium No. 11 of the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry was published in New York in monograph form in the first weeks of 1966. It makes clear that doctors' distaste for discussing cancer with patients is at least as much a reflection of the doctor's own internal psychological pressures as of the feelings of the patients. Most people do know when they have cancer, whether they are explicitly told so or not, and the knowledge is bearable with dignity and even cheerfulness as long as the patient is confident that he will not be left in pain or isolation. In the protective presence of love, fear shrinks away.

Too many hospital routines are designed to discourage husbands and wives from bedside companionship. Anxieties occasionally attendant to such visiting sometimes raise questions that are tedious and time-consuming to doctors and nurses. But dealing with anxiety is what medicine is all about. —J. L.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Tame Cats

As a graduate student in chemistry, I am quite in sympathy with Philip Abelson's article on the allotment of federal research money ["Are the Tame Cats in Charge?" *SR*, Jan. 1]. But I would like to point out two fallacies which he perpetuates.

First, although we chemists get a mere $60 million from Big Brother, we are not as badly off as Dr. Abelson would have everyone believe. Federal monies constitute only a fraction of the total expenditures on chemical research, and the simple fact is that beakers are cheaper than bevatrons. Sixty million dollars will buy a lot of chemical research, but it will hardly buy one decently equipped astronomical observatory. What we need is a higher percentage of approved grants in basic research.

Second, money alone will never cure cancer or sharpen memory. Only hard work and intellect can accomplish these goals. The future scientists of America can and must be encouraged to choose careers in the life sciences. Perhaps if less publicity were devoted to the spacemen and more to the achievements of our bioscientists, more young minds could be turned toward cancer research. If the brains are there, the funding will take care of itself.

Stephen S. Washburne,
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Cambridge, Mass.

Editor's note: *According to a National Academy of Sciences report published at the close of November 1965 under the title, "Chemistry: Opportunities and Needs," almost two-thirds of the money going into basic research in chemistry at universities came from federal government sources ($57 million out of $90 million). Beakers are considerably cheaper than bevatrons, as Mr. Washburne says, but the cost of major chemical apparatus other than computers (which are very expensive and widely used in chemical research) has been rising at the rate of 20 per cent per year. In advocating a higher percentage of approved grants in basic research, Mr. Washburne is agreeing with Philip Abelson, not contradicting him. If science were as idealistic as Mr. Washburne, the enthusiasms of young and vigorous brainpower could determine the direction of expenditures; unfortunately, science is no different in this respect than any other area of human endeavor.*

Water Crisis

It is fitting that *SR*, spokesman for the humanities, should present the water crisis [*SR*, Oct. 23] from the viewpoint of human and domestic consumption, pollution by human activities, and the political (in the broad sense) predicaments that have resulted. This viewpoint, however, threw some important parts of the picture badly out of focus.

Precipitation stimulation as a practical technique is only just now emerging from scientific disfavor, due as much to the success of commercial operations in this field as to pure research. Despite lingering doubts, despite gaps in the chains of reasoning, the accumulated experiences of many cloud-seeding programs now point to increases of from 10 to as much as 20 per cent as reasonably and probably within our reach. Perfection of the technique and its application for useful purposes within the legal and social framework of our institutions is being recognized as an urgent need.

Consider the implications for the Catskill watersheds alone. Let us for the sake of argument suppose that cloud seeding is less than half as effective as it appears to be and reckon on a 5 per cent increase. A 5 per cent increase in the 1,000-or-so square miles of developed watershed area would cost at least $50 million, involving carrying charges and operating costs in excess of $3 million annually. Any scheme to realize a similar yield from the lower Hudson River, requiring construction of intake works protected from tidal infusion, purification plants, pumping plants, etc., would involve the same scale of cost. Yet a tenth of this expenditure is ample to support a full-time program of applied precipitation stimulation with supporting research and development; and since this would eventually run only during the occasional periods of anticipated or actual stress, costs can be expected to be much lower.

Nor does this reflect the full range of benefits to be obtained from even the modest degree of control we now appear to have over the weather, for domestic supply is perhaps the least efficient use. Where a domestic supply system may benefit from artificial stimulation 10 per cent of the time, and agriculture (including forestry) makes economic use of marginally increased precipitation fully 60 per cent of the time, most hydroelectric installations can use more precipitation something like 80 per cent of the time. The utility rises to near 100 per cent in areas where heavy pumping of underground water supplies is causing a steady retreat in the water table—where water is being "mined" faster than it gets replaced.

Wallace E. Howell,
President,
W. E. Howell Associates, Inc.
Bedford, Mass.

Editor's note: *Mr. Howell is a commercial rain-maker, naturally enthusiastic about expanding business prospects. Below are excerpts from a letter on the same subject recently published in "Science" by a retired chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau.*

A short decade ago there was much enthusiasm about artificial cloud nucleation (ACN) as a means of augmenting natural precipitation. Now much less is heard about it. Its possibilities are given relatively little consideration at high levels of authority and planning for the world's water supplies. But it is possible that ACN could be the best means of augmenting water in certain interior regions, especially mountainous parts.

Theoretically, the seeding of supercooled cloud droplets associated with up-slope winds which provide moisture for condensation more or less continuously should yield more precipitation than has in general been obtained in field experiments on mountainous coasts. The reasons for the difference between theoretical and actual yields are not fully known. Research meteorologists have not neglected this field. Its importance is too great and its identity with basic phenomena which must be understood for the advancement of weather prediction are too obvious for meteorologists to overlook. Since 1946 many excellent and productive studies have been pursued in cloud physics and related problems of condensation and precipitation in the free air. Thousands of field tests have been made. But the possibilities and results of ACN in its several techniques are still unknown quantitatively. While much knowledge has been acquired of many of the individual features of precipitation processes, comparatively little is known about the yield from the seeding of clouds in particular cases. Clearly this question would soon be answered if a practical method were found for identifying rainfall or snow-

"Why, it's exactly the same age I am."

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fall caused by artificially introduced nuclei and distinguishing it from the precipitation due to natural causes operating at the same time.

Much time has been lost and many efforts misdirected. As long ago as 1950 competent research scientists showed the need for basic research in the physics of condensation and precipitation of water vapor in the atmosphere and demonstrated beyond doubt the careful design and conduct of experiments necessary if invalid conclusions were to be avoided in "rainmaking" tests. [See *American Meteorological Society Bulletin* vol. 29, p. 266 (1948); vol. 30, p. 289 (1949), and other sources for reviews of the classic work by Gunn *et al.* in cloud-seeding tests.] But commercial rain-making operators and others claimed great successes. Scientists who advocated basic research to resolve the many unknowns before releasing the techniques of cloud-seeding for practical applications were put off with the argument, "We can't wait for fundamental studies—we need rain now!"

There has been progress. Extremists on both sides are less extreme. The public is less credulous when exaggerated claims of having "made rain" are published. The universities and other research institutions, including government agencies, have conducted research which has contributed much to scientific knowledge of particular features of the precipitation cycle. But a comprehensive and concerted program is needed to fill the wide gaps in knowledge. Several such programs have been proposed, among the earliest those of Hall and Kline of the U.S. Weather Bureau, in 1950-55. The National Academy of Sciences, the World Meteorological Organization, and the International Council of Scientific Unions (International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics) are among the organizations that have sponsored committees to review the possibilities and problems of the atmospheric sciences and to include in their recommendations related plans for research in weather modification. The probability that advanced ACN techniques will yield worthwhile increments of precipitation from *orographic clouds over certain mountain* ranges, and the possibility of increasing yields from cumulo-nimbus clouds and in other favorable situations, should be thoroughly explored. Perhaps, as was suggested many years ago, the complexity of the phenomena may necessitate an examination or "diagnosis" for each individual synoptic situation or cloud system to make sure of maximum yields of precipitation and to settle uncertainties about overseeding and unintentional reduction in coalescence of droplets; but the benefits not only to the understanding of the possibilities of weather modification but also to the advancement of weather prediction and the solution of other atmospheric problems are ample justification for giving very high priority to such research. F. W. Reichelderfer.

Washington, D.C.

Orbiting Potato

I am commenting on the article "The Orbiting Potato" [*SR*, Sept. 4] and on reader Kenneth Manly's letter [*SR*, Dec. 4], in which he suggests shielding the potato from the earth's magnetic field using an iron box, or a more sophisticated equivalent. This, he says, would be cheaper and more convenient than placing it in a solar orbit. You correctly object that such "magnetic shielding" merely attenuates the strength of the external field, but cannot reduce it to zero. Even so, it is not necessary to place the potato in orbit. Instead of imperfectly shielding against the earth's field, it is possible to cancel the field exactly with a field of equal strength, but opposite direction. Circuitry which would exactly cancel the earth's static field as well as any fluctuations in it is readily available or easily built. In fact, apparatus to "buck out" the earth's field is in daily use in hundreds of laboratories. The cost of such apparatus would be perhaps 1/10,000 that of a rocket, satellite, and telemetry stations. In any event, contrary to the implication of the article, there *is* a small and violently fluctuating interplanetary magnetic field. I refer you to *Science*, February 26, 1965, vol. 147, no. 3661, p. 991.

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New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: *Existence of an interplanetary magnetic field has been referred to repeatedly in SR reports of the last several years. Below is further comment on Mr. Gollon's letter from the sponsor of the "orbiting potato" experiment.*

The object of the "orbiting potato" is far from simply removing the potato from a magnetic field. Magnetic fields probably occur throughout the universe. Their strengths, but especially their temporal characteristics of variation, differ from place to place. For the "potato" experiment the point at issue is whether, away from the earth's field of influence, with its twenty-four-hour lunar day (24.8-hour), and annual geophysical variations, in innumerable parameters of subtle physical forces of the earthly environment, a living creature (even a potato) will continue to display its "biological-clock-timed" vital activities which do have these same major periods. Will the clocks still run? Will living things survive if their omnipresent daily, monthly, and annual clocks perchance do depend on the atmospheric fluctuations, and hence stop in outer space? These are the "potato" objects.

But to return to the specific proposal of Gollon, which deals only with magnetism. He forgets some very important points in his suggestion of cancelling the earth's magnetic field through a coil system controlled by magnetic "sensors" (field probes). One is that only the point in the system occupied by the "sensor" itself has its field completely cancelled, and both a living organism and a sensor cannot occupy the same point at the same time. The second is that if the organism does use natural magnetic variations, then it, too, must be a kind of "sensor" or field probe receiving information about the terrestrial magnetic variations concurrently with the "sensor" in the physical system. Any system that requires a field probe with feedback to maintain a compensated constancy is therefore impossible to use in a critical biological study.

Frank A. Brown, Jr.,
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Evanston, Ill.

"Now that we've learned to talk—try to understand me."

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War with Nature

Continued from page 29

was precisely at the moment when the industrial revolution forged the weapons for a total victory over nature that scientists, poets, philosophers, and historians, seized with a mysterious impulse, began to proclaim with one voice the littleness of man and his powerlessness to shape his fate. Man, declared Huxley in 1860, "strives in vain to break through the ties which hold him to matter and the lower forms of life." Instead of being in the vanguard of the Promethean struggle we find the most gifted members of the species on the sidelines jeering at the clamorous multitude that set out to tame and straddle God's creation.

THE intellectuals entered the nineteenth century flushed with the conviction that they were the new makers of history. Had not their words set in motion the earth-shaking events of the French Revolution? Coleridge boasted that the most important changes in the world had their origin not in the cabinets of statesmen or the insights of businessmen but "in the closets and lonely walks of theorists." Heine was more blatant: "Mark this ye proud men of action; ye are nothing but unconscious instruments of men of thought who, often in the humblest seclusion, have appointed you to your inevitable tasks." Few of the educated knew in the first decades of the nineteenth century that they had an industrial revolution on their hands. Everywhere the intellectuals were strutting, posturing, and declaiming, each fancying himself a man of destiny. Then one morning they woke up to discover that power had fallen into the hands of their middle-class relatives; their lowbrow brothers, uncles, in-laws, who had not only taken possession of everything they could lay their hands on, and thus gathered the economy of the country into their pockets, but aspired also to impose their values and tastes upon the whole society. The revulsion from a middle-class society that came to dominate the nineteenth century alienated the intellectuals from the machine age. Writers, poets, artists, philosophers, and scholars poured their scorn on the money-grubbing, mean-spirited, sweating, pushing, hard-working philistines who dared vie with God. "The steam engine," cried Baudelaire, "is a negation of God." Flaubert described his joy at the sight of weeds overrunning abandoned buildings, "this embrace of nature coming swiftly to bury the work of man the moment that his hand is no longer there to defend it." One also wonders how much the refusal to countenance history made by a despised middle class contributed to the tendency of the learned during the nineteenth century to downgrade man as a maker of history.

The cold war between the intellectuals and the middle class that started more than a century ago has been gathering force in the twentieth century, and the intellectual seems to be coming out on top. In many parts of the world the intellectual is at present at the center of the stage as ruler, legislator, military leader, and large-scale industrialist. One of the greatest surprises of the twentieth century was sprung by the educated when they came to power. Gandhi once said that what worried him most was "the hardness of heart of the educated," and it staggers the mind that education rather than education of the heart often makes the heart savage. We have discovered that nature prefers to lodge its fifth column in the minds and hearts of the educated. We have yet to assimilate the fact that it took "a nation of philosophers" to produce Hitler and Nazism, and that in Stalin's Russia professors, writers, artists, and scientists were a pampered and petted aristocracy. These privileged intellectuals did not let out a peep against one of the most brutal tyrannies the world has seen. The Stalin cult was the work of intellectuals.

It is remarkable how worshipful of the machine intellectuals become when the economy of a country is in their keeping, and how naturally they take to treating human beings as a cheap, all-purpose raw material. They have processed human flesh and bone into steel mills, dams, powerhouses, etc., and it was all done in the name of a noble ideal. It needs an effort to realize that the twentieth century is the century of the idealists. No other century had seen so vast an expulsion of practical people from the seats of power and their replacement by idealists. In no other century has there been so powerful an attempt to realize ideals, dreams, and visions. The unprecedented dehumanization our century has seen was conceived and engineered by idealists.

Societies ruled by intellectuals tend to approach menageries; the fences and walls which usually enclose them are there not to keep anything out but to keep the animals from running away. The return of nature in these societies manifests itself not only in the attitude of the rulers toward the people, but in the attitude of the ruled toward the government. In a Communist country, for instance, people tend to view the government as a force of nature, and the misfortunes that overtake them as natural calamities. You do not protest or conspire against a natural catastro-

"If they only know how uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

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phe, nor do you feel humiliated when struck down by a natural force. You do not feel humiliated when the ocean spits on you, or the wind forces you to your knees. To outsiders, too, there is something terrifyingly unhuman about these societies. We tend to overestimate their power, and view them as implacable forces of nature. Every child is aware of Russia's and China's unhuman strength, while it needs an exceptional acuteness, a sixth sense almost, to have anything like a realistic grasp of America's capabilities.

WHY should power corrupt the intellectual more than it does other types of humanity? One of the reasons is to be found in the assumption that education readies a person for the task of reforming and reshaping humanity – that it equips him to act as an engineer of souls and a manufacturer of desirable human attributes. Hence when power gives him the freedom to act, the intellectual will be inclined to deal with humanity as with material that can be molded and processed. He will strive to arrange things so that he will not be thwarted by the unpredictability and intractability of human nature. The antihumanity of the intellectual in power is not a function of his inhumanity. An élite of intellectuals is more vowed to the service of mankind or of a nation than any other élite. But a savior who wants to turn men into angels will be as much a hater of human nature as a monster who wants to turn them into slaves and animals. Man must be dehumanized, must be turned into an object, before he can be processed into something wholly different from what he is. It is a paradox that the idealistic reformer has a mechanical, lifeless conception of man's being. He sees man as something that can be taken apart and put together, and the renovation of the individual and of society as a process of manufacturing. Robert Owen used a manufacturer's vocabulary to describe his intended reforms not mainly because he was a manufacturer but because he was a reformer. He spoke of his new social order as "the new machinery" which "will facilitate the larger production of happiness."

Another source of the intellectual's corruption by power is that no matter how powerful he becomes he continues to utilize the devices of the weak. It is curious how even at the height of their power Hitler, Stalin, Mao, and others tend to speak and act as if they were the leaders of "a company of poor men," of an oppressed tribe or a persecuted minority. Absolute faith and monolithic unity that enable the weak to survive are unequaled instruments of coercion in the hands of the powerful.

Finally, intellectuals in power are chronically afraid, and herein lies one more cause of their corruption by power. For the intellectual cannot admit to himself what it is that he is afraid of. When we are aware of the cause of our fear we can be afraid of only one thing, but when we cannot face the truth the fear becomes general. An élite of intellectuals is afraid chiefly of its own people and cannot admit it, hence its fear of the whole world; and when power is mated with a great fear it becomes virulent.

As we have seen, the war with nature proceeds both around and within us, yet we have no precise knowledge how the happenings on one front affect the other. Up to now, an increased command over nature around us did not automatically reinforce our humanness. On the contrary, in many parts of the world the taming of nature by rapid industrialization gave rise to a greater or lesser degree of social barbarization. Some thoughtful persons have questioned the wisdom of seeking further command over nature until means have been devised to prevent the misuse of the enormous power we already have in our hands. Nevertheless, the overcoming of nature, so crucial in the ascent of man, can be a most effective agency of humanization in the decades ahead—if for no other reason than that it may divert aggressive impulses and wild energies from social strife. We are told that a decade from now 60 per cent of the people in this country will be eighteen and under. The Negro population is already more than half juvenile, and the same is true of the populations of Latin America, Asia, and Africa. The presence of a global population of juveniles spells trouble for everybody. No country is a good country for its juveniles, and even in normal times every society is in the grip of a crisis when a new generation passes from childhood to manhood. The enemy is within the gates. The trouble with the juvenile is not that he is not as yet a man but that he is no longer a child. He has lost the child's capacity for wonder and for total absorption in whatever it does, and its hunger to master skills. The juvenile's self-consciousness robs him of genuineness, while his penchant for self-dramatization prompts him to extremist poses and gestures. In his restless groping for an identity he will join any mass movement and plunge into any form of spectacular action. His humanness is a precarious thing, easily sloughed off. Both the Bolsheviks and the Fascists made use of juveniles to do the dirty work of killing.

My feeling is that the humanization of billions of adolescents would be greatly facilitated by a concerted undertaking to master and domesticate the whole of the globe. One would like to see mankind spend the balance of the century in a total effort to clean up and groom the surface of the globe—wipe out the jungles, turn deserts and swamps into arable land, terrace barren mountains, regulate rivers, eradicate all pests, control the weather, and make the whole land mass a fit habitation for man. A hundred years ago Alfred Russel Wallace envisioned the time "when the earth will produce only civilized plants and domestic animals; when man's selection shall have supplanted natural selection; and when the ocean would be the only domain in which that power can be exerted which for countless cycles of ages ruled supreme over all the earth." So, too, did the prophet Isaiah envision total domestication at the end of time when the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, the lion and the calf, the bear and the cow shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them.

There is a phase of the war with nature which is little noticed but always impresses me. To me there is an aura of grandeur about the dull routine of main-

"I hope you've collected enough fines from overdue books to pay your overtime parking fine."

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tenance; I see it as a defiance of the teeth of time. It is easier to build than to maintain. Even a lethargic or debilitated society can be galvanized for a while to achieve something impressive, but the energy required to maintain things is of a different order.

From talking with foreign-born longshoremen and ships' crews I gained the impression that the capacity for maintenance is a peculiarity of Western Europe and the Scandinavian countries, of the Anglo-Saxon world and of Japan. The reports of travelers confirm this impression. Lord Kinross, while traveling in Turkey, was struck that though the Turks made excellent mechanics they had no talent for maintenance; "indeed, until lately, no word for maintenance existed in the Turkish language." Mr. André Siegfried sees the process of maintenance as "something which belongs essentially to the Westerner" and thinks "it is here that we must look for his distinct characteristic." Though the West has unprecedented powers to wreck and destroy, it cannot stand ruins. Still, it is strange that in Asia, where civilization had its birth, the separation from nature and the ability to hold it at bay should be much less pronounced than in the younger civilization of the Occident. In Asia, Africa, and Latin America the man-made world seems precariously stretched over the writhing body of nature. At the edge of every cultivated field, and around every human habitation, nature lies in wait ready to move in and repossess what man has wrested from its grasp. You see trees cracking walls, heaving blocks of stone from their sockets, and reclaiming once mighty cities. In Australia nature reclaimed the dog from its human domesticator, and almost reclaimed man himself.

There is the story about Georges Clemenceau that when he traveled around the world in 1921 he came to New Delhi and was taken to see the huge Baker-Lutyen office buildings, which were just then completed. He stood gazing at the buildings for a long time without uttering a word. Finally the British officer who was with him asked what he thought of them. "I was thinking," said Clemenceau, "what ruins these will make!" As so often with Clemenceau, his chance remarks threw a searching light on the human situation. Standing at the heart of Asia, Clemenceau felt himself primarily an Occidental and saw the British Empire as Occidental rather than British. He also knew that the days of the Occident in Asia were numbered, and that once the Occident withdrew its hand, the dragon of Asia would move in and sink its yellowed teeth of time in all that the Occident had built and wrought, and gnaw away till naught was left but a skeleton of ruins.

Faces of Fascism

Continued from page 40

Hitler's extreme command had—it now became apparent—begun with the next man in line in the government." "Even the chief of the Security Police and Security Service, SS Obergruppenfuehrer Kaltenbrunner, had, *according to his testimony* [italics mine], endeavored to apply the brakes and improve the situation wherever he could." "After the Fuehrer's death, the core of leadership of the National Socialist state snapped back . . . to its original position and became a body of well-meaning and cultured Central Europeans." Professor Nolte goes on: "The astonishment of many prosecutors, who had naïvely imagined a Fascist dictatorship to be a conspiracy of bandits, was no doubt considerable. Not a single one of the accused made any attempt whatever to justify the extermination measures."

It may be difficult to convince the reader that Professor Nolte is not speaking here with bitter irony, or that his remark "There is reason to believe the statement of one of the participants that scarcely more than a hundred persons were involved in this undertaking [the extermination of the Jews]" is not meant as a sort of macabre joke.

Professor Nolte has evidently never studied the excellent scholarly books and articles written by emigrants, for example Kurt R. Grossmann, former executive secretary of the German League for Human Rights, or the courageous mathematician and statistician Professor E. J. Gumbel (now in New York), who revealed, at risk of his life, the secrets of the Black Reichswehr, an institution which Professor Nolte ignores. Nor does he ever mention the banker von Schroeder who, together with the stupid intriguer von Papen, saved Hitler at the last moment from bankruptcy and blackmailed the senile Hindenburg into appointing Hitler to the office of Chancellor in 1933. The name of Thyssen, most important of the great industrialists who supported Hitler financially, turns up only once, among the footnotes. On the other hand, a ridiculous pamphlet by Hitler's friend Dietrich Eckart is carefully analyzed and traced to its remotest roots; the dissection even includes a long discussion of Aristotle's and Parmenides's differing conceptions of transcendency.

I would like to hope that the German students of philosophy and history will seek in more objective sources the "true story" of the fantastic, pathological, and catastrophic phenomenon of Adolf Hitler and Nazism.

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

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NEW JERSEY MANUFACTURER requires liberal arts teacher of three to five years experience for "uncommon school," to extend human and conceptual understanding of already proficient professionals of all levels. Must have overt interest in behavioral sciences and believe that Success is self-expression at a profit. Excellent compensation. Box P-840.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Russian History in The Department of Russian. Candidates should be specialists either in period 1905-1917 or 1927 to the present. Salary on the scale £1,050 × £75 — £1,275 for an Assistant Lecturer or £1,400 × £85 — £2,505 (efficiency bar £2,165) for a Lecturer. Initial appointment at any point on the salary scale. Applications (three copies) stating age, qualifications and experience and naming three references, should reach The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, England (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 14th February, 1966.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MOUNTAIN HOME in famous Thermal Belt, western N.C. Renovated old farmhouse—9 rooms, electric heat, original fireplace, floors, paneling. Superb mountain views. 58 acre hilltop with other fine building sites. Fig and pecan trees on lawn. $28,600. Box P-760.

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ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES. Furnished 3 bedroom, 3 bath house; electric kitchen, good water. Hillman Minx included. Price $75,000. A. S. Plummer, Albert B. Ashforth, Inc., 12 East 44th Street, NYC 10017.

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4 BEDROOM HOUSE—perfect setting for artists, writers, retirees. Swimming, riding, dining available at exclusive Motel San Cayetano. Apdo. 23, Zitacuaro, *Michoacan, Mexico.*

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MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

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Unfurnished

GREENWICH VILLAGE. SR staff member seeks 3 room apartment, brownstone—unfurnished. Must be reasonable and rent controlled. Box P-859.

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GORGEOUS FAMILY HOMESITE. Coveted, pastoral, cosmopolite area. Slope, hilltop, meadows, woods. 6½ acres. $25,000. Box 118, New Milford, Connecticut.

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THE WAITSFIELD SUMMER SCHOOL. Boys. Grades 7, 8, 9, 10, English and Math. Small classes. Outdoor program. R. A. Montgomery, Director, Waitsfield, Vermont.

SUMMERLANE CAMP in the tradition of The Little Commonwealth, Summerhill, The Gorky Colony. Continuing an exploration of the boundaries of freedom in democracy; seeking to teach that love is something more than need; that work and creativity are inseparable. Now in our 4th summer. Boys and girls, ages 5-19. Buckbrook Farm, North Branch 20, N.Y.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, *Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts (coed 6-16).* Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

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BROWN LEDGE — Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, trail riding, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Mrs. H. E. Brown, 81 Tilden Road, Box C, Scituate, Massachusetts.

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PERRY-MANSFIELD, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. June 28th-August 19th. Girls, 2nd through 10th grades. Horsemanship. Pack Trips. Swimming. Drama. Dance. Art. Singing. Inquire: Miss Alice Koontz, Director, Perry-Mansfield Camp, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri 65201.

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THE ROCK provides a summer of venturesome concerns and adventurous activities. An intimate atmosphere with activities a young person 12-16 would expect to find at a camp plus some in another dimension. RFD Williamsburg, Massachusetts. 413-268-7069.

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"HAVE YOU SEEN MEADOW LAKES?" If you are planning retirement, plan to visit this retirement community of garden-level apartments situated on 103 scenic acres near Princeton, N.J. A monthly service charge provides menu-selected meals, maintenance, maid service, medical, surgical and nursing care. The Presbyterian Nursing Care Center at Meadow Lakes is now accepting patients for short term or permanent residence. For Retirement Community or Nursing Center brochures write: Presbyterian Homes of N.J., Meadow Lakes, P.O. Box 70, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.

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THERE'S A PLACE you'll like—white sand beaches—uncrowded Island—nice. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

RELAX! Three thousand acre guest ranch in Catalina Mountains. Beautiful accommodations, reasonable rates. Riding, swimming, golfing, trips included! Color brochure. Saddleback Ranch, Route 2, Box 716, Tucson, Arizona.

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SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD. The Phillips Academies, Andover, Massachusetts and Exeter, New Hampshire. Fully-accredited high school junior year in Barcelona, Spain. Open to advanced and average students of accredited schools who have completed 10th grade and at least one year Spanish. Intensive study of Spanish language, culture. Full academic program. Enter American senior year with full credit. Well-qualified Spaniards augment Andover-Exeter faculty. Some scholarships. Travel during vacations. Live with Spanish families. Write Administrator, Schoolboys Abroad, 216 School Street, Andover, Massachusetts 01810.

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SUMMER SCHOOL CAMPUSES: Wonderful opportunities for students ages 15 to 19. Study French or Spanish in Mexico, Spain, Switzerland. Chaperoned. Classroom study plus excursions. Write for details: Summer Schools-International, Box 199, Northfield, Minnesota 55057.

LESLEY FROST, daughter of Robert Frost, is now considering applications for her third summer (July-August) of her school in Spain (near Segovia), for girls 15-17. Spanish and French taught; art and history emphasized. Weekends in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, etc. Tour of Granada, Sevilla, Cordoba. Address Miss Frost, 129 East 10th Street, NYC 10010.

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CULTURAL AFFAIRS INSTITUTE, late June, July. Travel Great Britain, Italy, lectures. Youth and adult groups. Drama. Writing. Art. Renaissance Florence. Among lecturers: Albert Finney, Lord Snow, Sir John Rothenstein, Prof. Gulfo Frulla. Write P.O. Box 5181, Santa Barbara, California.

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INVITATION TO . . . ADVENTURE IN PARADISE aboard a large, luxurious private yacht. Help share expenses and sail to Tahiti and other remote South Pacific Islands. So-Pac Cruise, P.O. Box 1277, Santa Monica, California 90404.

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EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

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GOLF—PLAY PORTUGAL, Spain, Morocco with British gentleman; personal tour arranged. Box P-836.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1661

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the popular vertical stunts of the old barnstorming aviators (3 wds.)	84 52 164 119 19 190 75 9 41 100 91
B. Exaggerated in the telling.	174 80 109 184 148 54 97 89 44 202
C. Not yet imagined (comp.)	105 103 126 93 48 183 163 51 69 187 53
D. Not worth remembering.	113 101 15 124 173 65 11 27 49 142 172
E. Piece of camping equipment specially prepared to withstand sudden natural inclemencies (2 wds.; not specifically listed).	98 157 210 114 34 178 133 18 86
F. World-wide.	28 13 153 57 146 50 203 99
G. Familiarized.	207 35 154 10 111 165 76 212 3 150
H. Most unceremoniously brusque (as in an interview, conversation, etc.)	192 43 196 26 120 40 12 147 30
I. Objects made by Dr. Manette in the Bastille (2 wds.)	121 88 29 138 191 110 55 141 87 197
J. Bulky, inky soot deposited by imperfectly burning carbonaceous matter.	216 5 16 36 25 74 171 200 63
K. Kidded on some matter of fact.	21 186 168 94 206 67 144
L. The retired naval officer in Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*.	108 90 123 62 140 167 92 151
M. Declared positively.	46 6 160 17 175 122 145 61 107 127 194
N. Light vessels without motor or sails.	77 179 139 71 31 118 1 166
O. State of affairs which was said to be "just around the corner" in 1932.	135 78 155 59 106 130 23 102 32 95
P. Larvae of certain beetles that infest granaries, important in diet of many caged animals (often seen as one wd., though WNI says 2).	195 208 116 38 213 152 188 47 115
Q. Brought up repeatedly for mental consideration.	58 8 182 81 131 137 189 149 204
R. Aromatic tree whose root is valuable in pharmacy.	156 112 70 117 199 161 180 85 128
S. Sounded with fine, sharp noises, mixed pleasant and unpleasant, tinkling and harsh.	60 193 159 83 215 176 198 20 42 104 64 181 134
T. Make public something which might have been kept concealed.	162 45 185 205 14 170 73 214 132 66 56
U. Reservation in New York State which includes ruins of old Revolutionary fort, etc. (2 wds.)	7 136 158 96 82 37 33 24 68 169
V. Refuse heap of great value to the archaeologist (2 wds.)	201 79 22 129 2 39 125 4 211 177 209 72 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 N	2 V	3 G		4 V	5 J	6 M	7 U	8 Q	9 A	10 G	11 D	12 H		13 F
14 T	15 D	16 J	17 M	18 E	19 A		20 S	21 K	22 V	23 O	24 U	25 J	26 H	27 D	28 F	29 I	
30 H	31 N		32 O	33 U	34 E		35 G	36 J	37 U	38 P	39 V	40 H	41 A	42 S		43 H	44 B
45 T	46 M	47 P	48 C		49 D	50 F	51 C		52 A	53 C		54 B	55 I	56 T		57 F	58 Q
59 O		60 S	61 M	62 L	63 J		64 S	65 D	66 T	67 K	68 U	69 C	70 R		71 N	72 V	73 T
74 J	75 A		76 G	77 N	78 O	79 V	80 B	81 Q	82 U	83 S		84 A	85 R	86 E	87 I		88 I
89 B		90 L		91 A	92 L	93 C	94 K	95 O		96 U	97 B	98 E		99 F	100 A	101 D	102 O
103 C	104 S		105 C	106 O		107 M	108 L	109 B		110 I	111 G	112 R	113 D	114 E	115 P		116 P
117 R		118 N	119 A	120 H	121 I	122 M	123 L	124 D	125 V		126 C	127 M	128 R	129 V	130 O	131 Q	132 T
133 E	134 S		135 O	136 U	137 Q	138 I		139 N	140 L	141 I		142 D	143 V	144 K	145 M	146 F	147 H
148 B	149 Q	150 G		151 L	152 P	153 F		154 G	155 O	156 R	157 E	158 U	159 S	160 M		161 R	162 T
163 C	164 A	165 G	166 N		167 L	168 K	169 U		170 T	171 J	172 D		173 D	174 B	175 M	176 S	177 V
	178 E	179 N		180 R	181 S	182 Q	183 C	184 B	185 T		186 K	187 C	188 P	189 Q	190 A		191 I
192 H	193 S	194 M		195 P	196 H	197 I		198 S	199 R	200 J	201 V		202 B	203 F	204 Q	205 T	206 K
	207 G	208 P		209 V	210 E		211 V	212 G		213 P	214 T	215 S	216 J				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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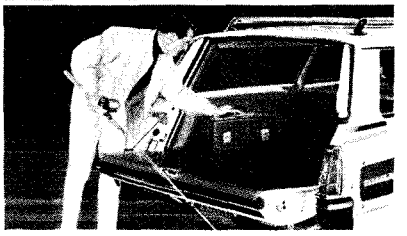
A tailgate that turns into a door...

a door that turns into a tailgate...



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Mercury could have won the station wagon game on looks alone. You can see that in the classic distinction of the Colony Park's sweeping lines. And in the youthful spirit of the Comet Villager. Also, in the rich simulated walnut paneling that warms them both. But Mercury didn't stop with beauty. You also get a great idea: it's called the Dual-Action Tailgate. You can drop it down, like tailgates have always opened. Or, swing it wide like a door. That makes entering easier for people. The Dual-Action Tailgate is standard on Mercury wagons and the Comet Villager. Mercury wagons also have Channel-Aire, to keep dust, snow and dirt off the rear window. No wonder Mercury is considered America's wagon master.

the move-ahead cars from

Mercury

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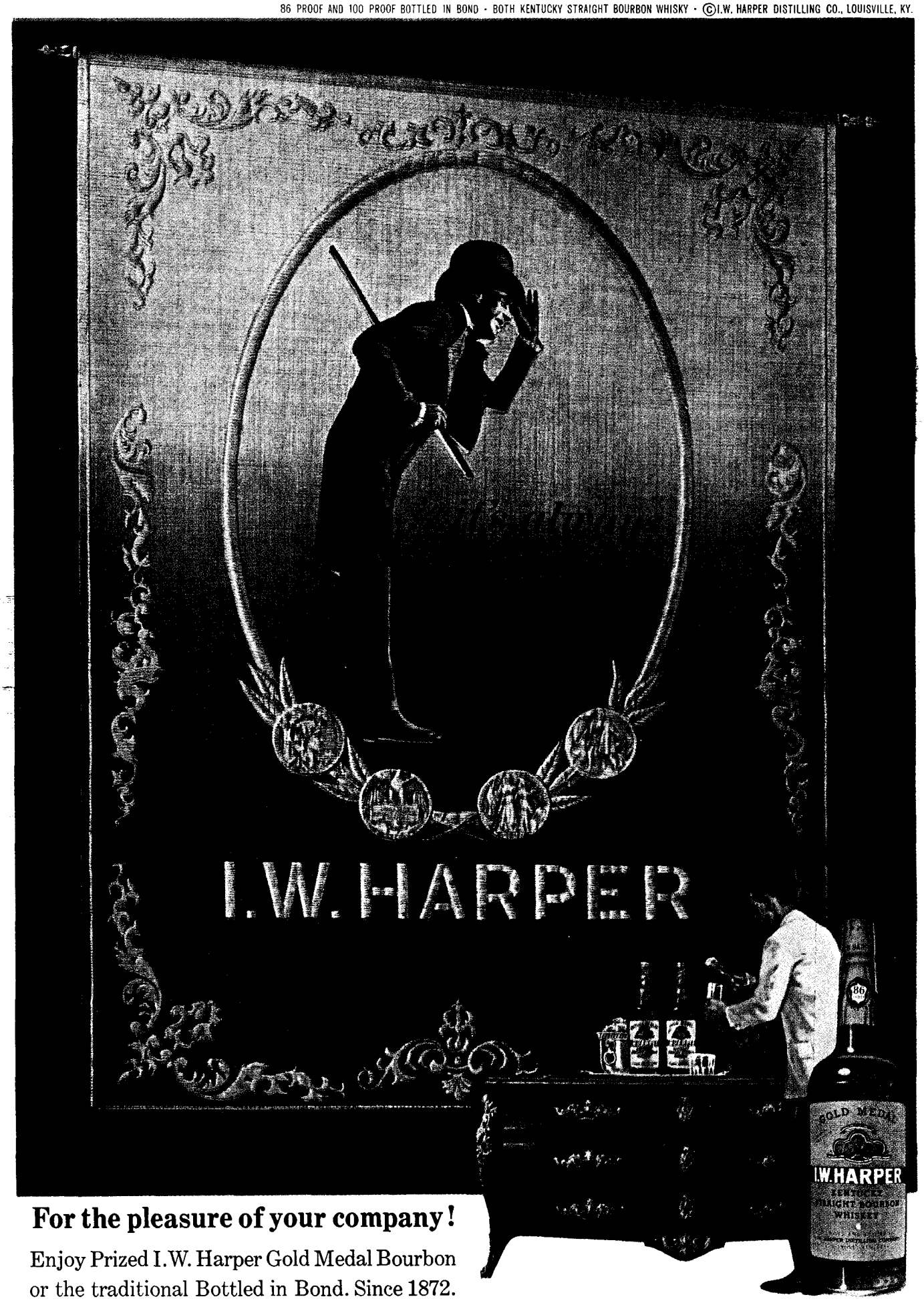
86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND · BOTH KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · ©I.W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



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